THE
FINEST
OF THE
WHEAT
Nos. 1 & 2 COMBINED

2 2 - 1
7 3 - 2
6 8 - 2
4 - 1
0 - 1

5-8'
109
105
143
179

48
36
120

June 29. 1909.

164. J. C.
391. 3-4.
397.
160. F. W. P. 2.
471. 3-4.
147. F. W. P. 1.
166. J. C.

Willis. C. Grant.
Alton.

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THE

FINEST OF THE WHEAT

HYMNS NEW AND OLD

FOR

MISSIONARY AND REVIVAL MEETINGS

AND

SABBATH-SCHOOLS

EDITED BY

GEO. D. ELDERKIN

FOR

C. C. McCABE JNO. R. SWENEY
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
THE WHYTE BROTHERS OF CANADA AND F. A. HARDIN

CHICAGO:
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PREFACE.

THAT "The Finest of the Wheat" may prove worthy of its name is the highest ambition the Editor can have for it. Many of the pieces are the very latest productions of the Authors whose names appear upon the title page. All the selections have been made under the watchful supervision of the Authors themselves and the leaders of sacred song associated with them.

In *Camp Meetings, Social Meetings, Missionary Meetings and Conventions, and Sabbath-Schools* they have noted the pieces that have in them the "swing of conquest," and have garnered into this book their favorites.

"The Finest of the Wheat" is the real successor of "Winnowed Hymns.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.

1 The Battle Hymn of Missions.

RAY PALMER. JOHN WHITAKER.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all
2. We wait thy tri - umph, Sav- - ior King; Long a - ges
3. Thy hosts are mus - tered to the field; "The Cross! the
4. On moun - tain tops the watch - fires glow, Where scat - tered
glo - ry shall ob - tain; That he who once a suff - 'rer
have pre - pared thy way; Now all a - broad thy ban - ner
Cross!" the bat - tle call, The old grim tow'rs of dark - ness
wide the watch-men stand: Voice ech - oes voice, and on - ward
bled Shall o'er the world a con - qu'ror reign.
fling Set time's great bat - tle in ar - ray.
yield; And soon shall tot - ter to their fall.
flow The joy - ous shouts from land to land.

5

O fill thy Church with faith and pow'r,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6

Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

(NOTE.—There is in this tune a strain of the "Marseillaise," and of "The Watch on the Rhine." When choir congregation or Sabbath-school sing it, the music is most inspiring. The hymn is the 921st of the Hymnal. The tune is found on page 154 of the Hymnal. If the people could be induced to commit the hymn to memory, and sing it without their books, it would afford a most instructive lesson as to the sort of Church music we ought to have. Try it.

The hymn should become as familiar to the Church as Ray Palmer's other great hymn—"My faith looks up to Thee.")

Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, presen
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Listening ev-'ry
a-ges let his prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall prevail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter-nally by love's strong cord, O-ver-coming dai-ly with the Spirits' sword,
moment to the Spirits' call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the promises of God. Stand-ing, Stand-ing,
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,
Stand-ing.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Standing on the promise,
Stand-ing,
Standing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.

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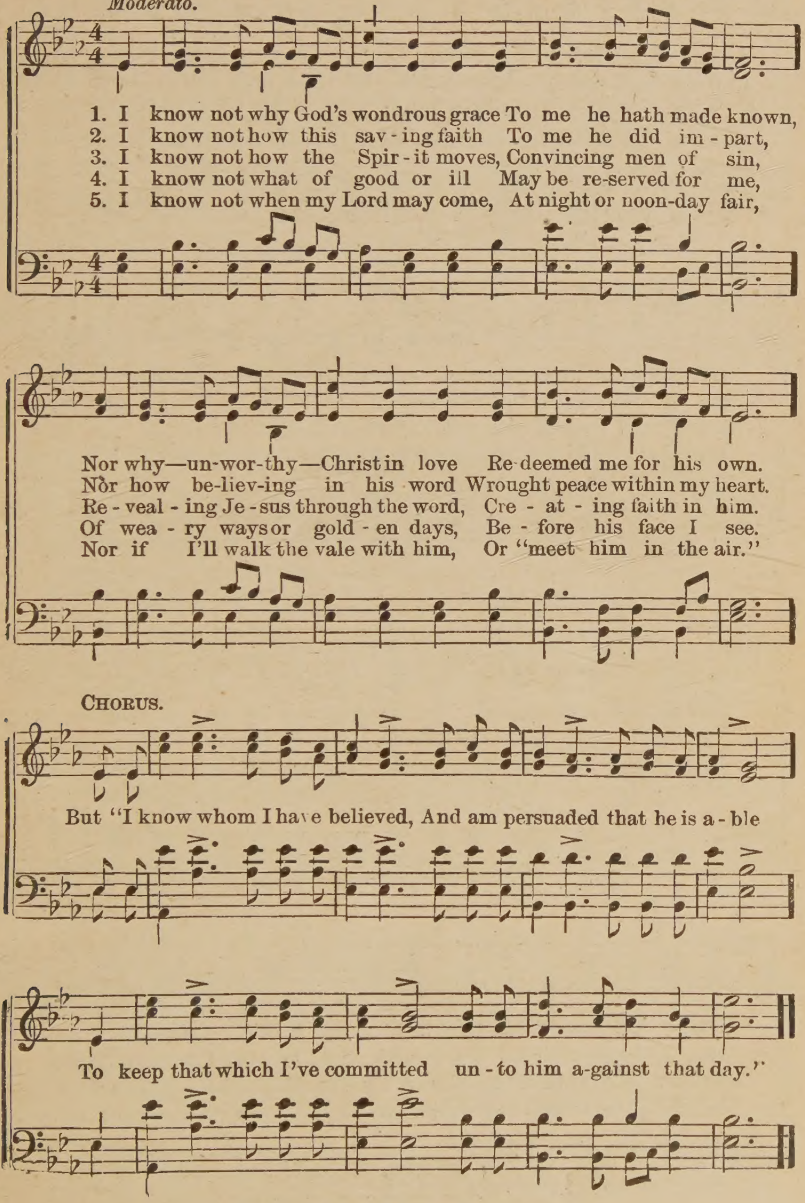
3 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 Tim. i. 12.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me he did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Convincing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for his own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re-veal-ing Je-sus through the word, Cre-at-ing faith in him.
Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore his face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him, Or "meet him in the air."
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that he is a-ble
To keep that which I've committed un-to him a-gainst that day."

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Seeking for Me.

E. F. HASTY.

1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Jesus, my Savior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,
4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won der ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.
for me..... for me.....
Seek ing for me, seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seeking for me;
Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call ing for me;
Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;
Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him de-scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

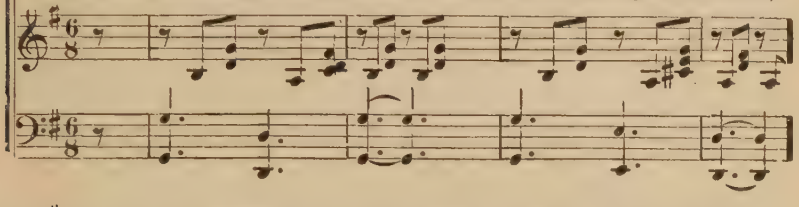
From "Good Will," by per.

My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W. Mrs. M. E. Willson, by per.

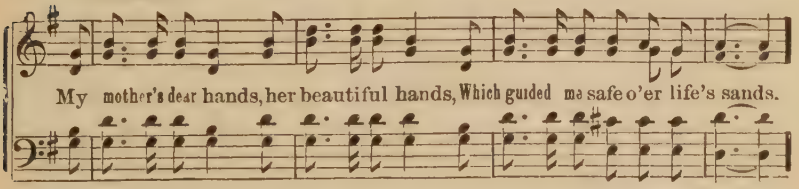
Slow and with great expression.

1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my in-fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her coffin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,

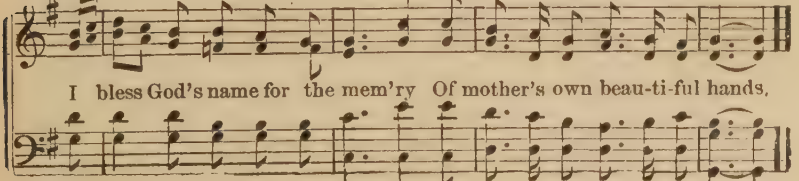


Yet my mother's hands were the fair - est, And love-li-est hands of all.
They guided my feet in - to pleasant paths And smoothed all the rugged ways.
They cooled the fev-er and eased the pain, Me - thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shin - ing shore.

Chorus.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands.



I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beau-ti-ful hands.

6 I Will Tell it to Jesus my Lord.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE

1. When times of temp - ta - tion bring sad - ness and gloom, I will
2. When out on the hill - tops, a way from all sin, I will
3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will
4. When dark - ness is dim ming my path to the sky, I will
tell it to Je sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne
tell it to Je-sus my Lord; When joy - ous and hap - py the
tell it to Je-sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fu - ses to
tell it to Je-sus my Lord; When help - ers shall fail me and
out to the tomb, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
sun - shine with - in, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
hear my com-plaint, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
com - forts shall fly, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
This earth hath no sor - row For to - day or to - mor - row,
To know I'm for - giv - en Is a fore - taste of heav - en,
I'll cheer - ful - ly bear it, When I've Je - sus to share it,
Though blurred my life's pa - ges By my sin and its wa - ges,
But Je - sus hath known it and felt long a - go, And
And Je - sus is dear - er to me than be - fore, Such
His yoke it is ea - sy, his bur - den is light, When
He's yes - ter - day, now, and for - ev - er the same, I'll

By permission of John J. Hood

I Will Tell it to Jesus. Concluded.

when it comes o'er me, And I'm tempt-ed so sore-ly, I will
peace-ful ness fills me, Such an ec-sta-cy thrills me, I will
life be-comes drea-ry, And I'm foot-sore and wea-ry, I will
not be for-sak-en, Tho' my life should be tak-en, I will
Chorus.
tell it to Je-sus, my Lord. I will tell it to
tell it to Je-sus, my Lord. I will tell it to Je-sus, I will
Je-sus, to Je-sus my
tell it to Je-sus, I will tell it to Je-sus, to
Lord,..... I will tell..... it to
Je-sus my Lord, I will tell it to Je-sus, I will
Je-sus, I will tell it to Je-sus my Lord
tell it to Je-sus.

Tell it Again.

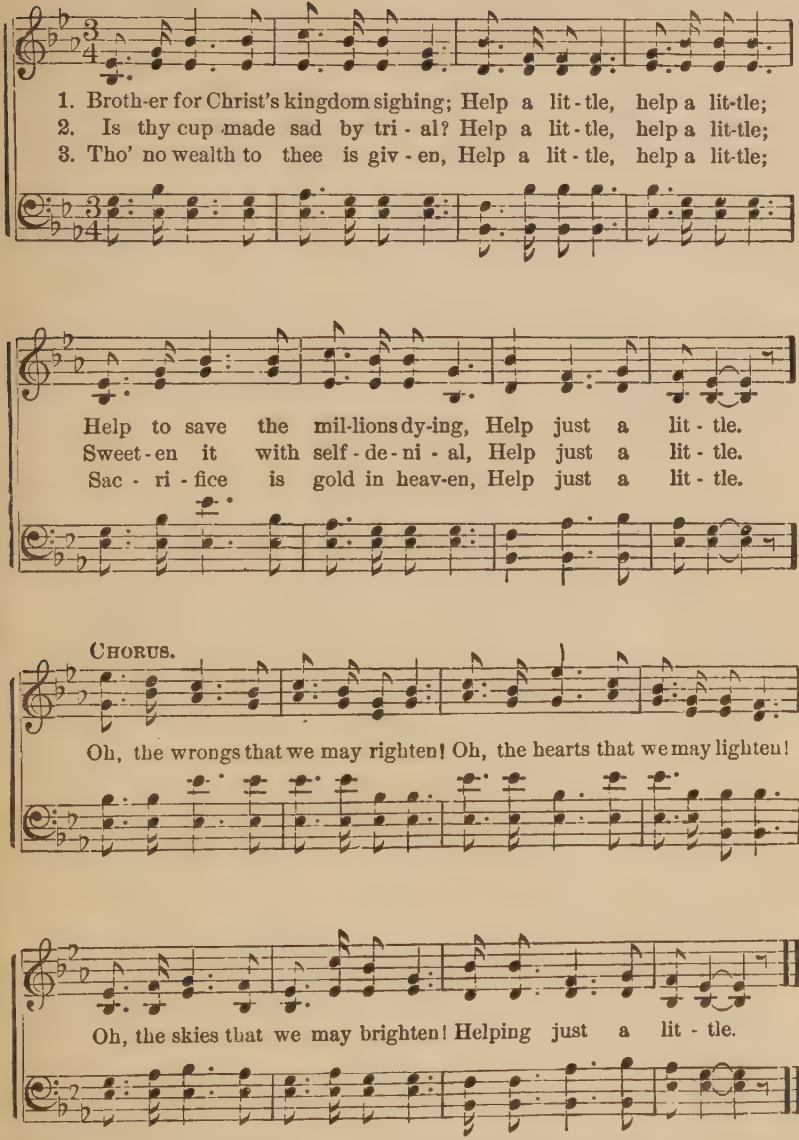
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3 Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for
close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we carried, said he.
tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
val - ley of death, "God sent his Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said he;
me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
Refrain.
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
"Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"
Tell it a gain! Salvation's sto-ry re peat o'er and o'er, Till none can
say of the children of men, No-bod-y ev - er has told me be - fore."

By permission.

Help Just a Little.

Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Broth-er for Christ's kingdom sighing; Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Tho' no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.
Chorus.
Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look tow'rd God's to-morrow
Help just a little.

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9 Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. H. S. Perkins.

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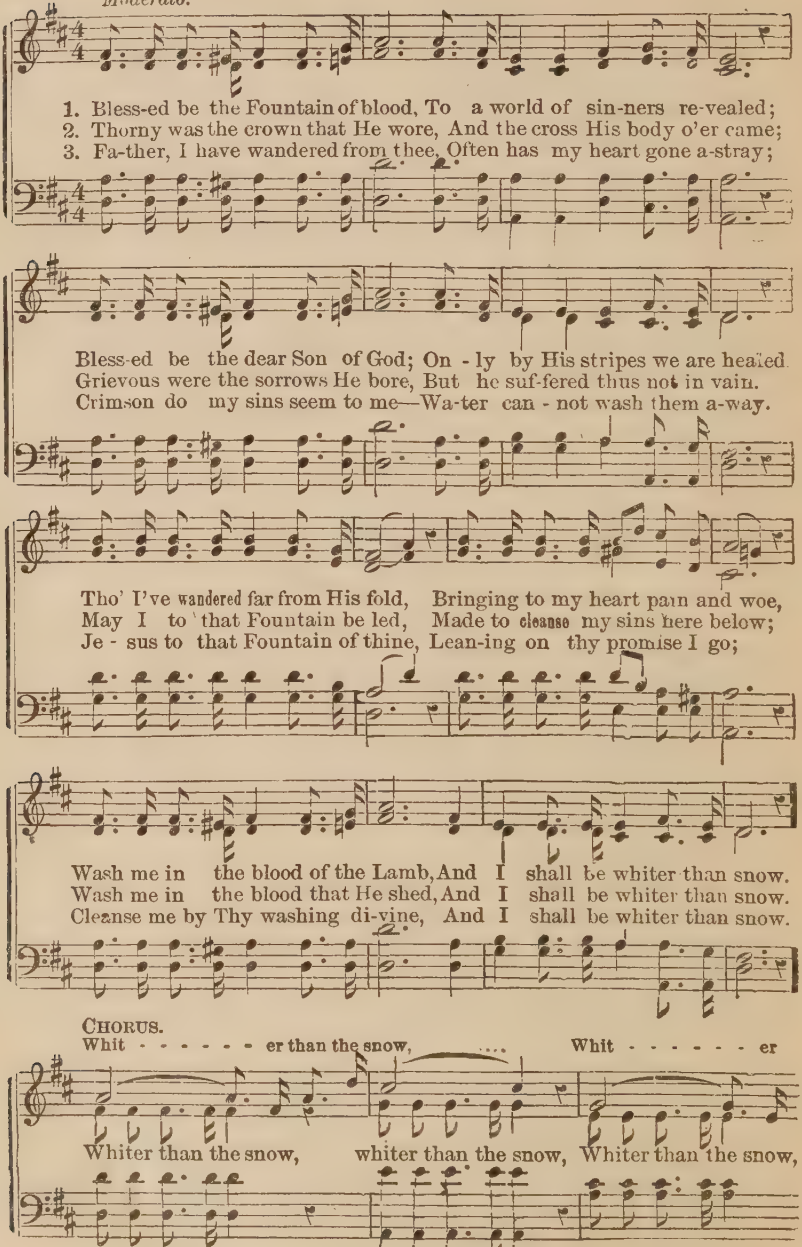
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But he suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crimson do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can - not wash them a-way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je - sus to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Chorus.
Whit - - - - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - - - - er
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

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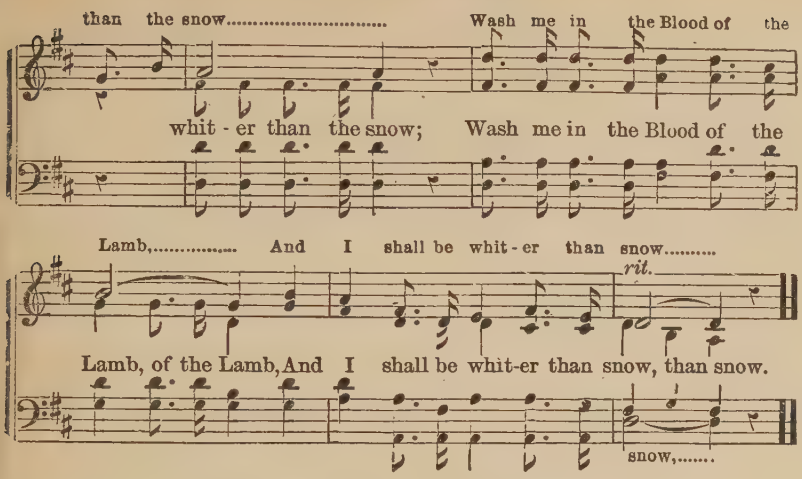
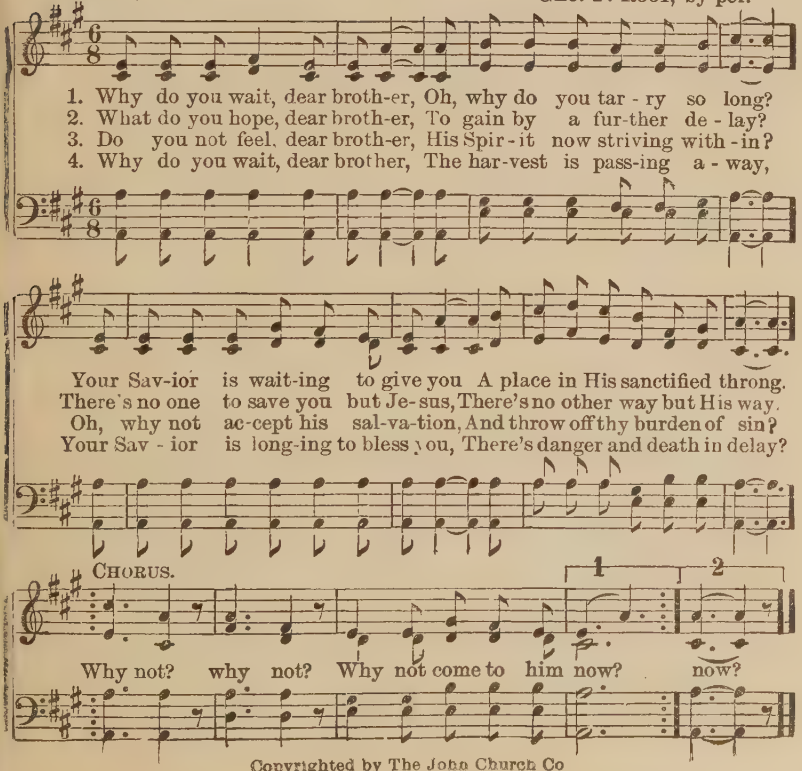
Blessed be the Fountain—Concluded.


than the snow.....
Wash me in the Blood of the
whit - er than the snow;
Wash me in the Blood of the
Lamb,.....
And I shall be whit - er than snow.....
rit.
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, than snow.
snow,.....

10 Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striving with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanctified throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept his sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
Your Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

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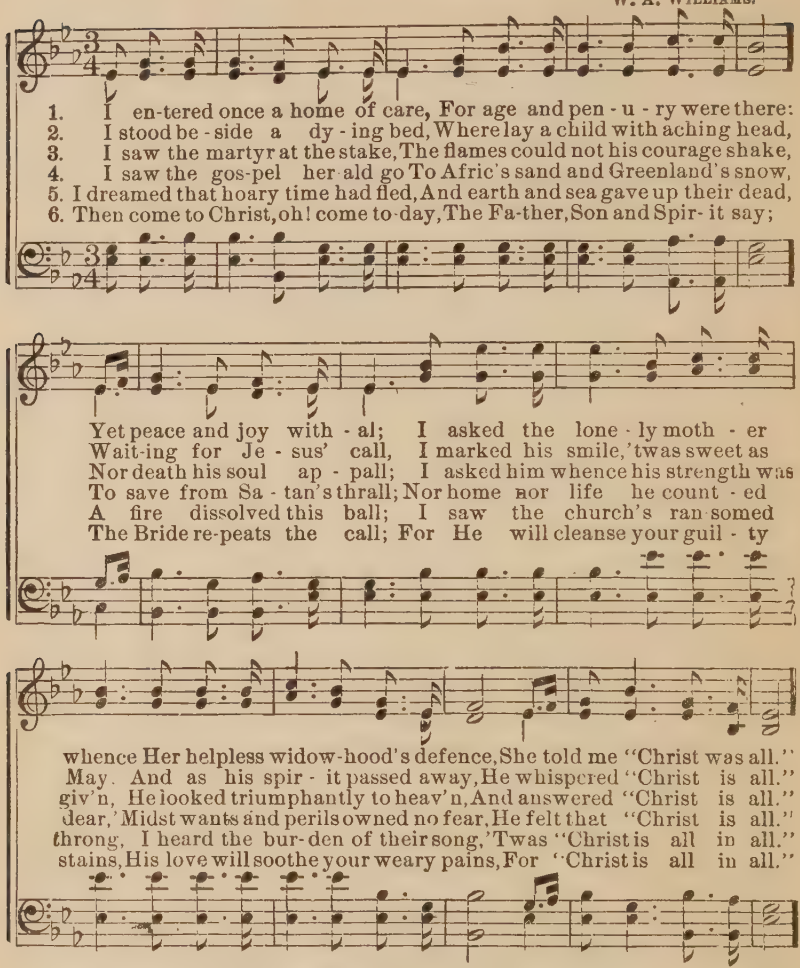
Christ is All.

...o you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii: 7.

W. A. Williams.


1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there:
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos-pel her-ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son and Spir- it say;
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
Wait-ing for Je - sus' call, I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ran-somed
The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guil - ty
whence Her helpless widow-hood's defence, She told me "Christ was all."
May. And as his spir - it passed away, He whispered "Christ is all."
giv'n, He looked triumphantly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
dear, 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."
Chorus.
1
2
Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

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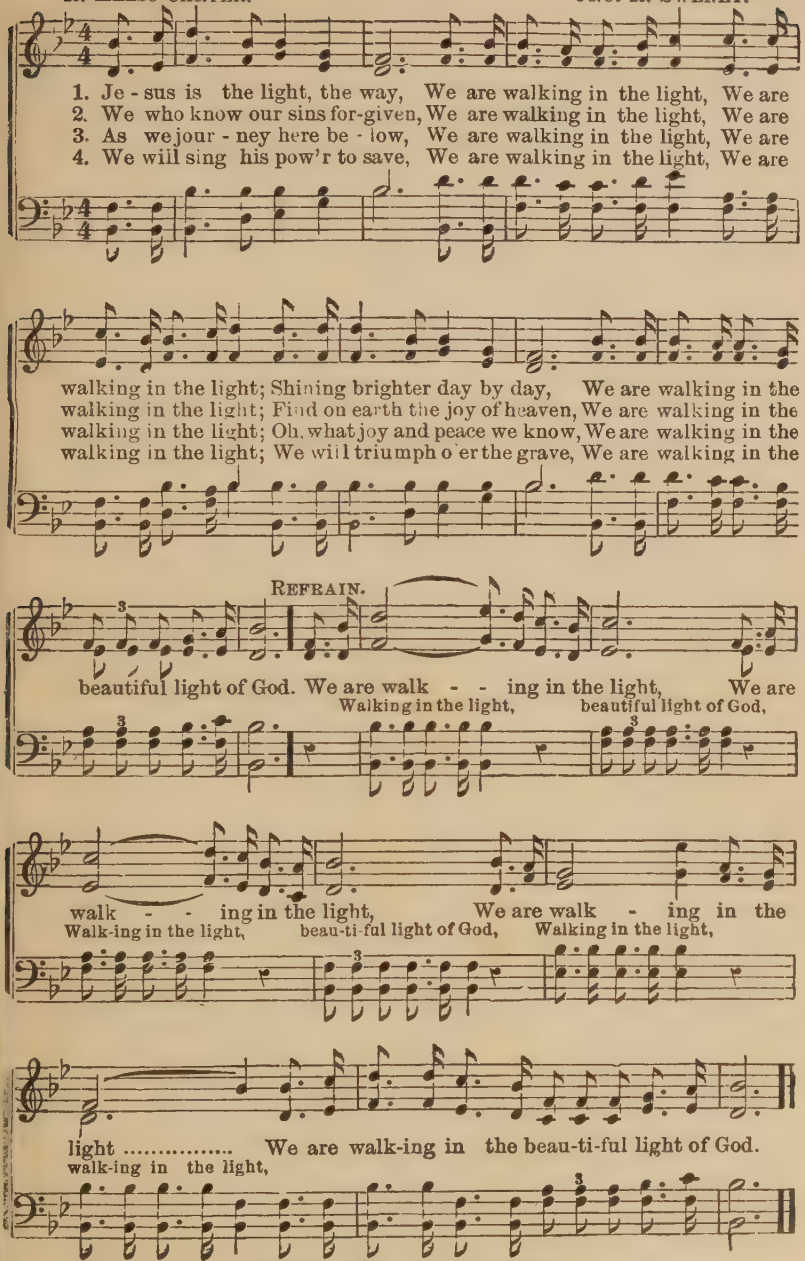
The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins for-given, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing his pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are
walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the
REFRAIN.
beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,
walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
Walk-ing in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,
light ..... We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
walk-ing in the light,

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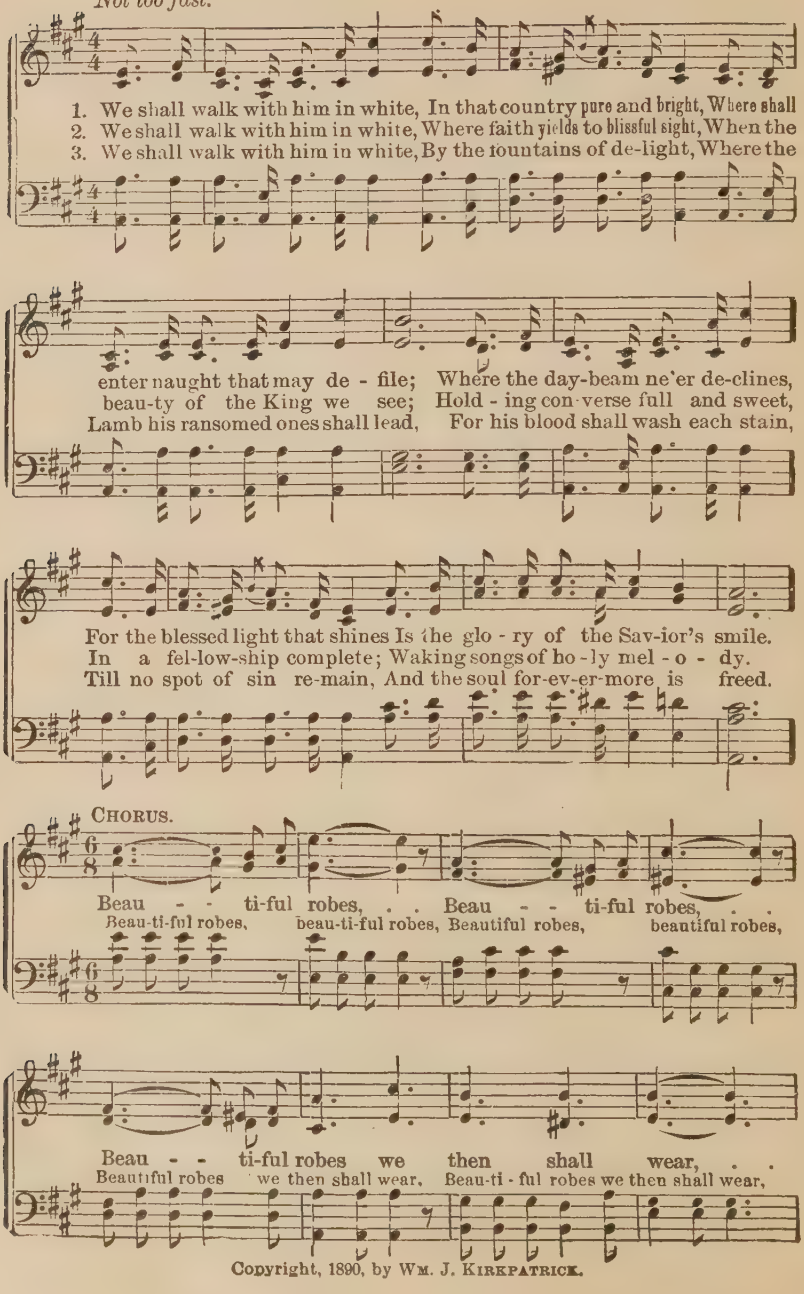
Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.


1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of de-light, Where the
enter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er de-clines,
beau-ty of the King we see; Hold - ing con-verse full and sweet,
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain,
For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-ior's smile.
In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.
Chorus.
Beau - - ti-ful robes, . . Beau - - ti-ful robes, . .
Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,
Beau - - ti-ful robes we then shall wear, . .
Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

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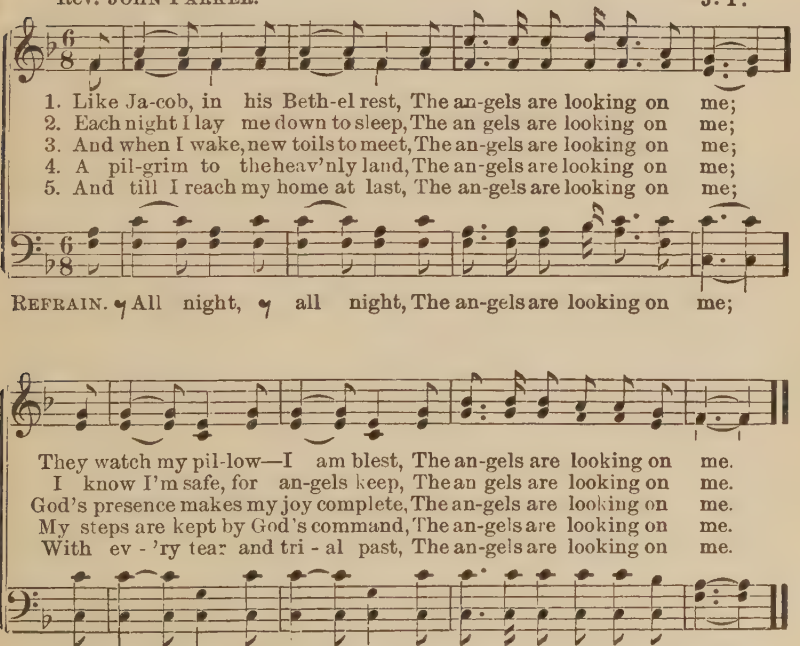
Beautiful Robes—Concluded.

Gar - - ments of light, . . . love - - ly and bright, . .
Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,
Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

14 The Angels are Looking on Me.

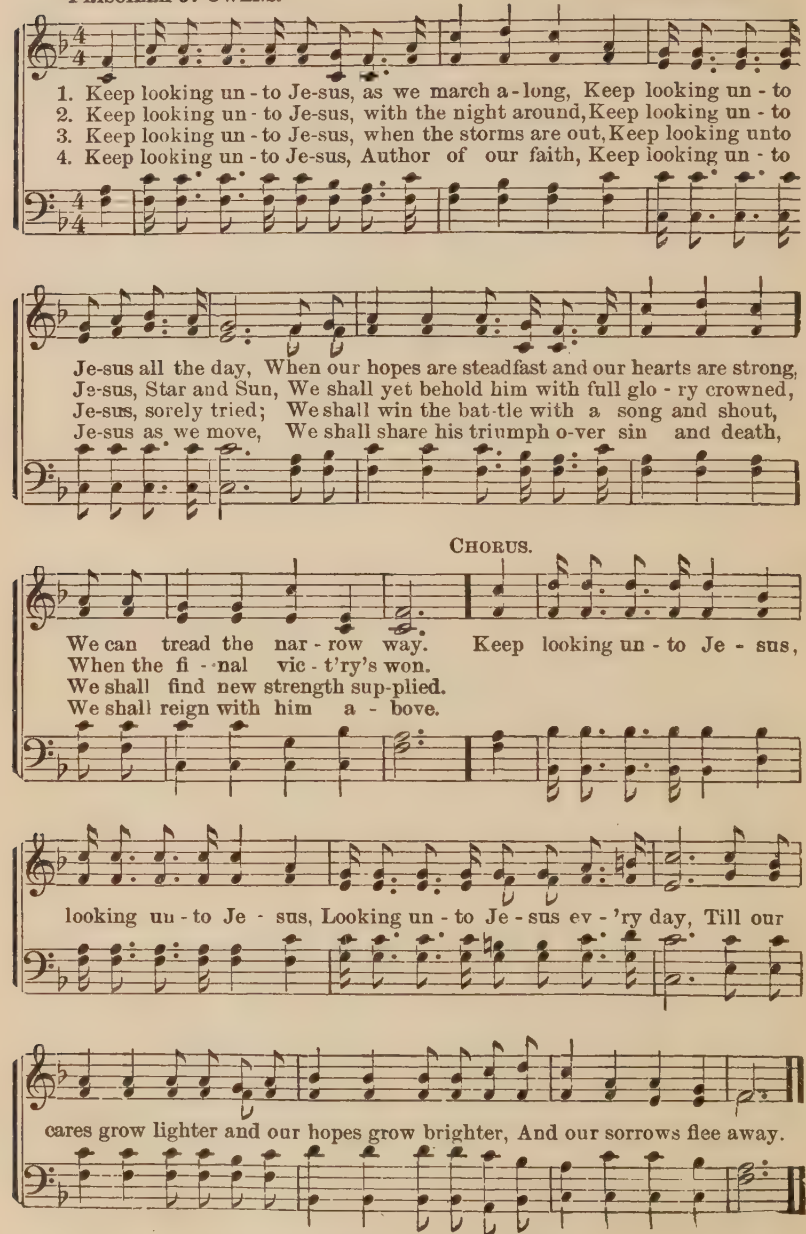
Rev. JOHN PARKER. J. P.


1. Like Ja-cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are looking on me;
2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an gels are looking on me;
3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are looking on me;
4. A pil-grim to the heav'nly land, The an-gels are looking on me;
5. And till I reach my home at last, The an-gels are looking on me;
REFRAIN. All night, all night, The an-gels are looking on me;
They watch my pil-low—I am blest, The an-gels are looking on me.
I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an gels are looking on me.
God's presence makes my joy complete, The an-gels are looking on me.
My steps are kept by God's command, The an-gels are looking on me.
With ev - 'ry tear and tri - al past, The an-gels are looking on me.
All night, all night, The an-gels are look-ing on me!

By permission.

15 Keep Looking unto Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, as we march a - long, Keep looking un - to
2. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, with the night around, Keep looking un - to
3. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, when the storms are out, Keep looking unto
4. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, Author of our faith, Keep looking un - to
Je-sus all the day, When our hopes are steadfast and our hearts are strong,
Je-sus, Star and Sun, We shall yet behold him with full glo - ry crowned,
Je-sus, sorely tried; We shall win the bat-tle with a song and shout,
Je-sus as we move, We shall share his triumph o-ver sin and death,
CHORUS.
We can tread the nar - row way. Keep looking un - to Je - sus,
When the fi - - nal vic - t'ry's won.
We shall find new strength sup-plied.
We shall reign with him a - bove.
looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Till our
cares grow lighter and our hopes grow brighter, And our sorrows flee away.

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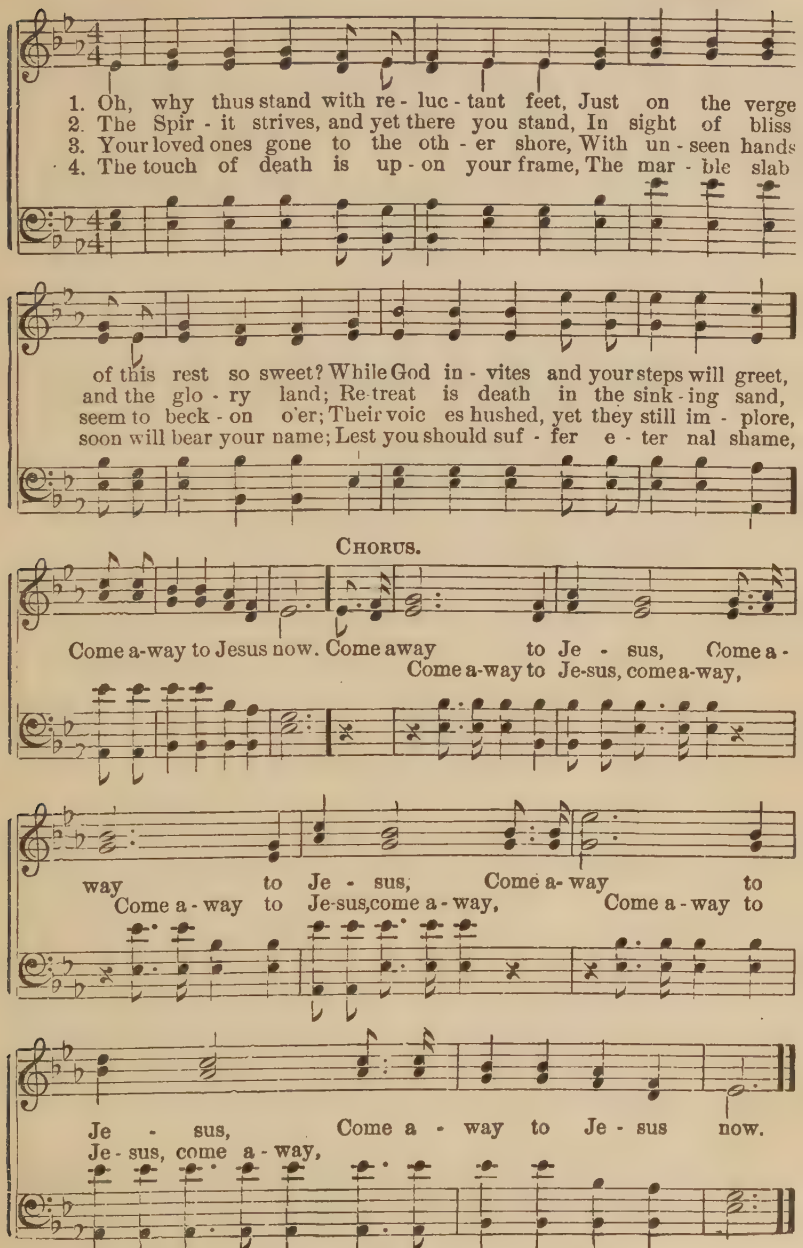
Come away to Jesus Now.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. Oh, why thus stand with re - luc - tant feet, Just on the verge
2. The Spir - it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With un - seen hands
4. The touch of death is up - on your frame, The mar - ble slab
of this rest so sweet? While God in - vites and your steps will greet,
and the glo - ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink - ing sand,
seem to beck - on o'er; Their voic es hushed, yet they still im - plore,
soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf - fer e - ter nal shame,
CHORUS.
Come a-way to Jesus now. Come away to Je - sus, Come a -
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,
way to Je - sus, Come a- way to
Come a - way to Je-sus, come a - way, Come a - way to
Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
Je - sus, come a - way,

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17 No Shelter but in Christ.

JAMES L. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is no shel - ter for the soul, On earth, in heav'n a - bove,
2. There is no shel - ter from the night, So cold and dark and drear,
3. There is no shel - ter from the storm That frowns a-bove our head,
4. There is no ref - uge but in Christ, Tho' we the world should gain;
No shel ter but in Christ the Lord, No ref - uge but his love.
But in the Lord, our right-eous - ness, Whose kind - ly aid is near.
But in the Lamb of Cal - va - ry Whose blood for all was shed.
The soul with-out his grace is lost, All oth - er hope is vain.
REFRAIN.
Then fly..... to the ark where the wea - ry dove Came
O fly
rit.
a tempo.
back to the place of rest, O fly to the arms, ... to the sheltering
O fly to the arms,
arms..... Of the Sav - ior who loves thee best.
shel - ter - ing arms.

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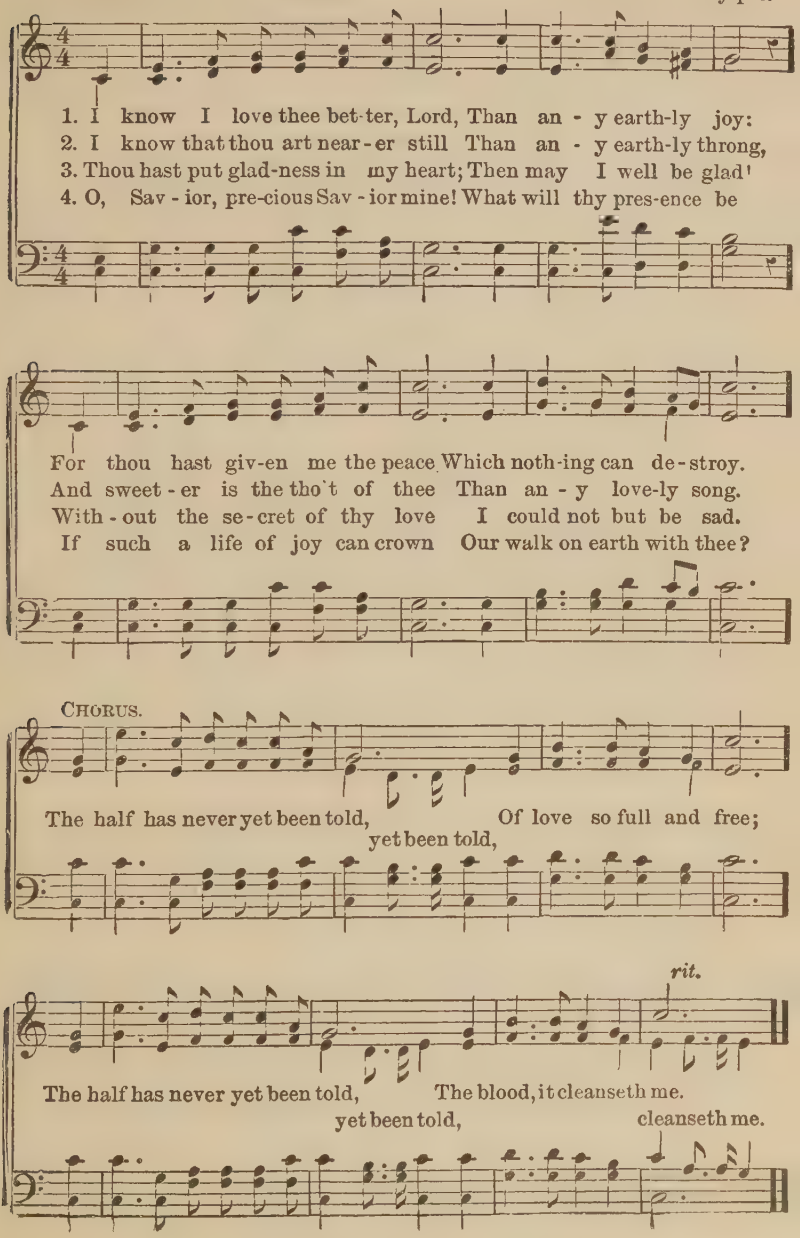
The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON. By per.


1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy:
2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an - y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O, Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will thy pres-ence be
For thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of thee Than an - y love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?
CHORUS.
The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,
rit.
The half has never yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

Jesus is Calling You Now.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

DUET.
1. Why do you wait a con - ven - i - ent day?
2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years,
3. Dark - ness is deep - 'ning, and oh, 'tis so late!
QUARTET.
Je - sus is call - ing you now;
Je - sus is call - ing you now,
Je - sus is call - ing you now,
DUET
Why do you turn from his
Joys have de part - ed and
What if the spir - it leave
QUARTET.
plead - ings a - way? Je - sus is call - ing you now.
sor - row ap - pears, Je - sus is call - ing you now.
you to your fate? Je - sus is call - ing you now.
DUET.
He stands at the door of your heart just now; The dews of the
The prom - ise you made him was nev - er kept. When down by the
Es - cape for thy life, tar - ry not, O soul, Es cape for thy

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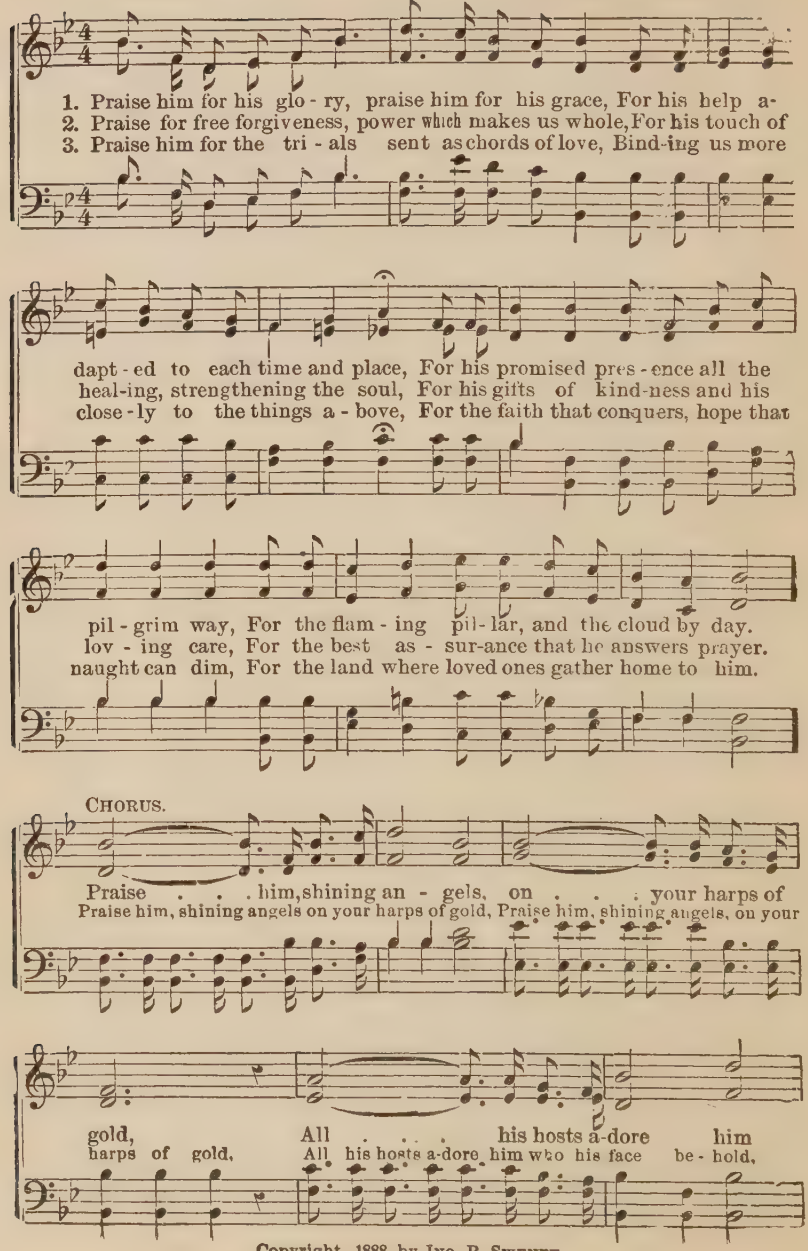
Jesus is Calling You Now. Concluded.

morn - ing are on his brow; He is there wait - ing and
grave - side you mourn'd and wept; Turn to him now and his
life, you may miss the goal, And if you miss it, what
QUARTET.
call ing you now, O will you not come to him now?
free grace ac-cept; O will you not come to him now?
hor-rors, O soul! O will you not come to him now?
CHORUS.
Will you not come to him now? Will you not
Come to him now, come just now,
trust in him now? Just now, right
right now? Come to him now, trust in him
now, O hear him, he's call - ing you now.

Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Praise him for his glo - ry, praise him for his grace, For his help a-
2. Praise for free forgiveness, power which makes us whole, For his touch of
3. Praise him for the tri - als sent as chords of love, Bind-ing us more
dapt - ed to each time and place, For his promised pres - ence all the
heal-ing, strengthening the soul, For his gifts of kind-ness and his
close - ly to the things a - bove, For the faith that conquers, hope that
pil - grim way, For the flam - ing pil - lar, and the cloud by day.
lov - ing care, For the best as - sur-ance that he answers prayer.
naught can dim, For the land where loved ones gather home to him.
CHORUS.
Praise . . . him, shining an - gels, on . . . your harps of
Praise him, shining angels on your harps of gold, Praise him, shining angels, on your
gold, All . . . his hosts a-dore him
harps of gold, All his hosts a-dore him who his face be - hold,

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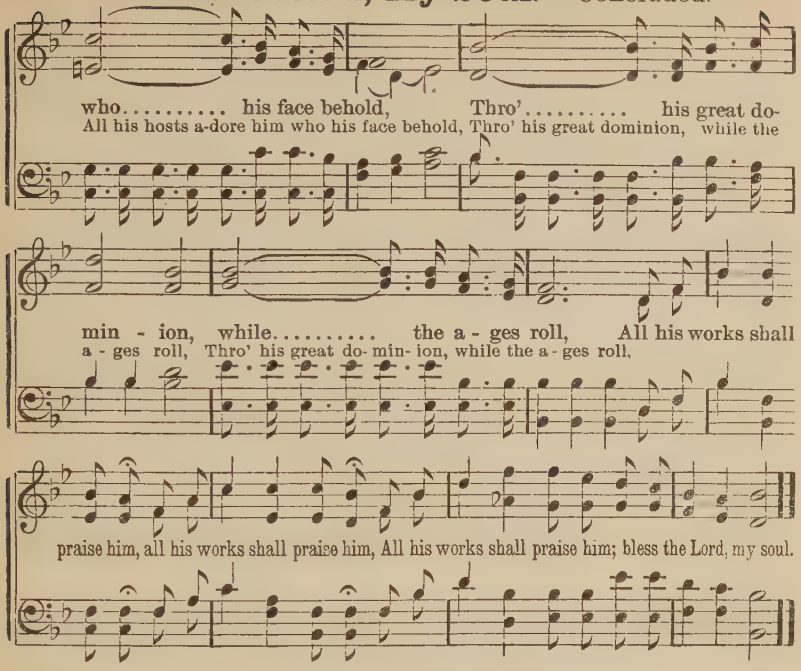
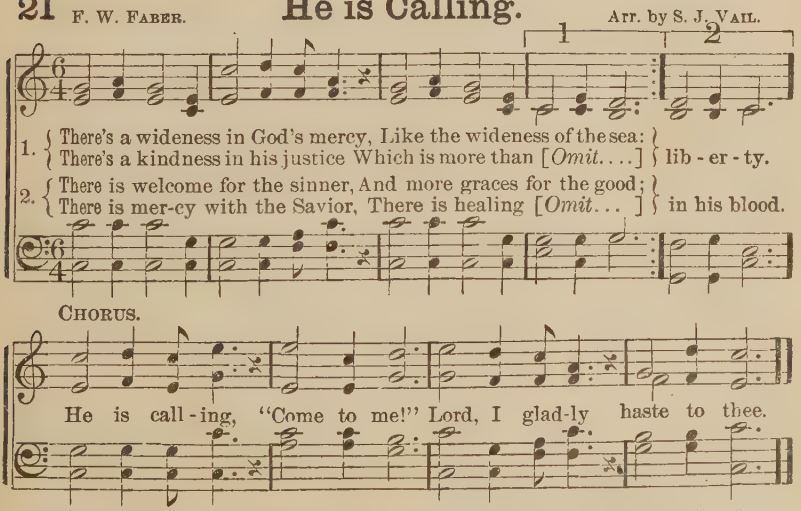
Bless the Lord, My Soul.—Concluded.


who..... his face behold, Thro'..... his great do-
All his hosts a-dore him who his face behold, Thro' his great dominion, while the
min - ion, while..... the a - ges roll, All his works shall
a - ges roll, Thro' his great do- min- ion, while the a - ges roll,
praise him, all his works shall praise him, All his works shall praise him; bless the Lord, my soul.

21 He is Calling.

F. W. Faber. Arr. by S. J. Vail.


1
2
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than [Omit....] lib - er - ty.
2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
There is mer-cy with the Savior, There is healing [Omit...] in his blood.
Chorus.
He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to thee.

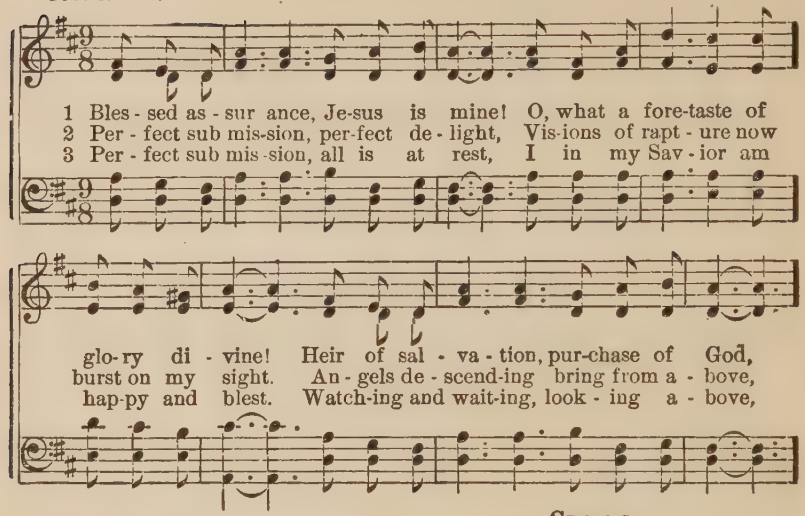
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

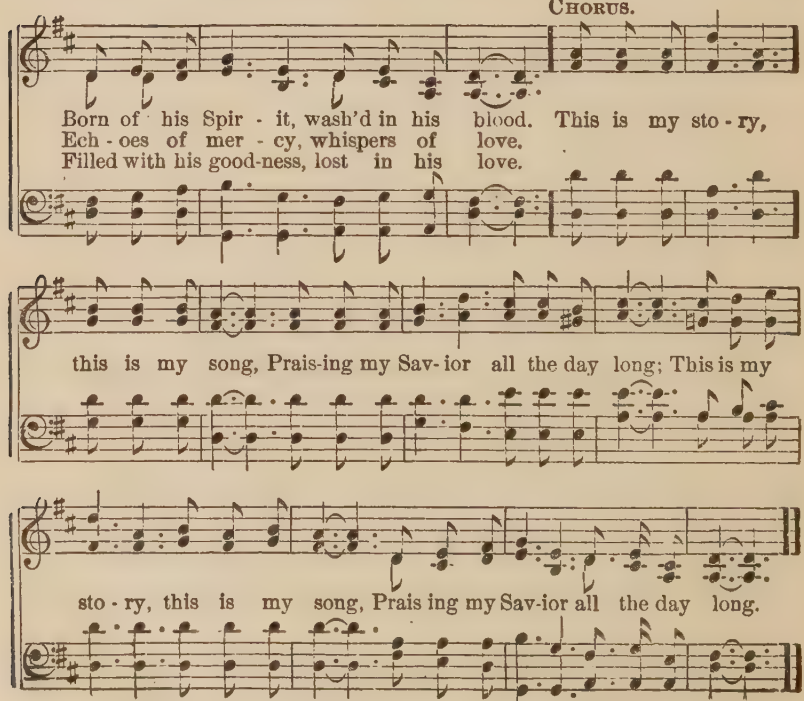
Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.


1 Bles - sed as - sur ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
2 Per - fect sub mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure now
3 Per - fect sub mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo-ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend-ing bring from a - bove,
hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.


Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

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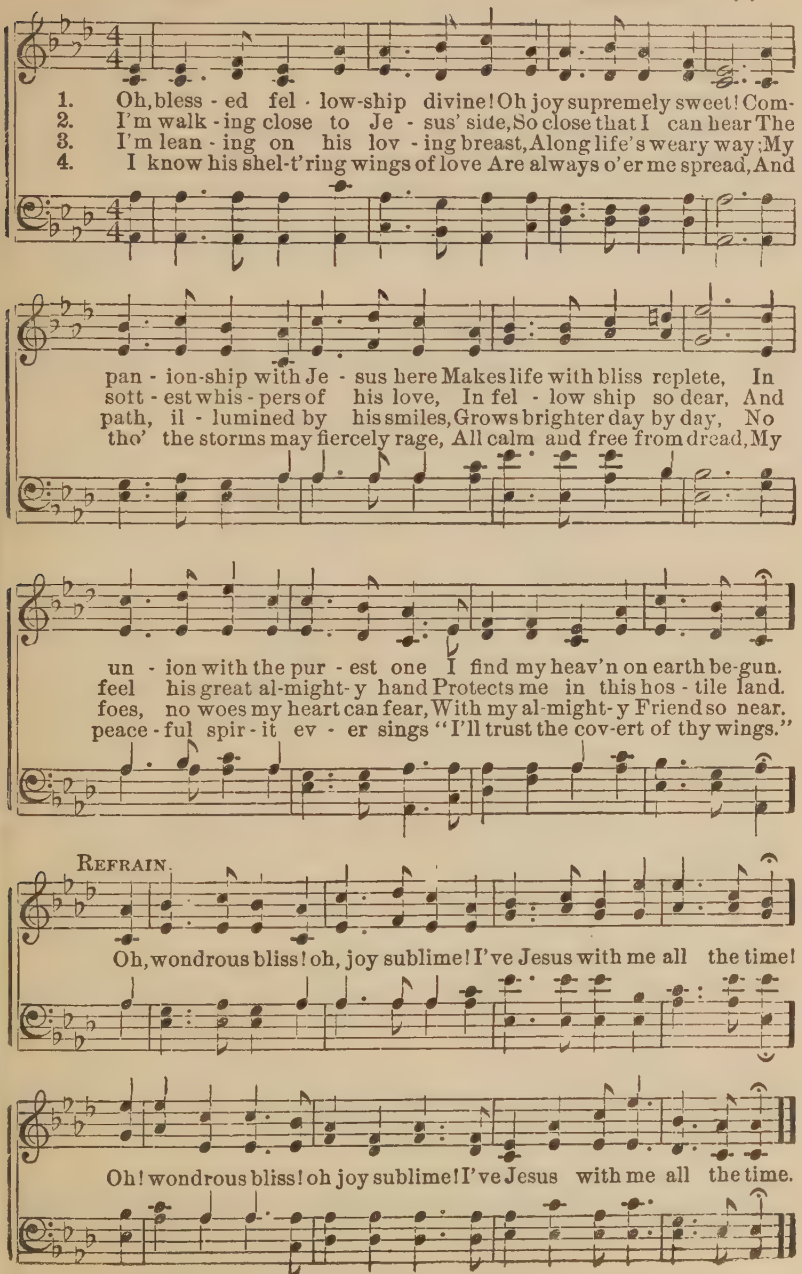
23 Companionship with Jesus,

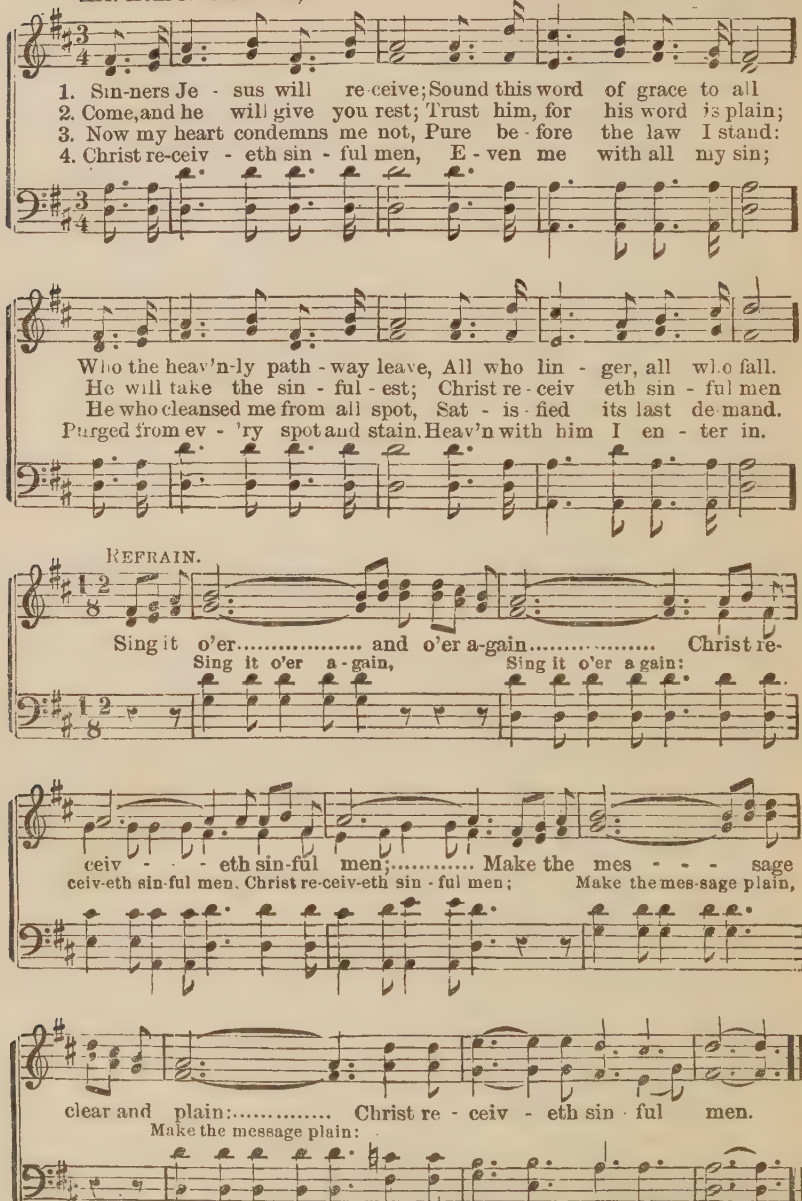
MARY D. JAMES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK By per.


1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low-ship divine! Oh joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean - ing on his lov - ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
4. I know his shel-t'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And
pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss replete, In
sott - est whis - pers of his love, In fel - low ship so dear, And
path, il - lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day, No
tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My
un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel his great al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.
peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."
REFRAIN.
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!
Oh! wondrous bliss! oh joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time.

24 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. ix: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand:
4. Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv eth sin - ful men
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain. Heav'n with him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a-gain..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men. Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the mes-sage plain,
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

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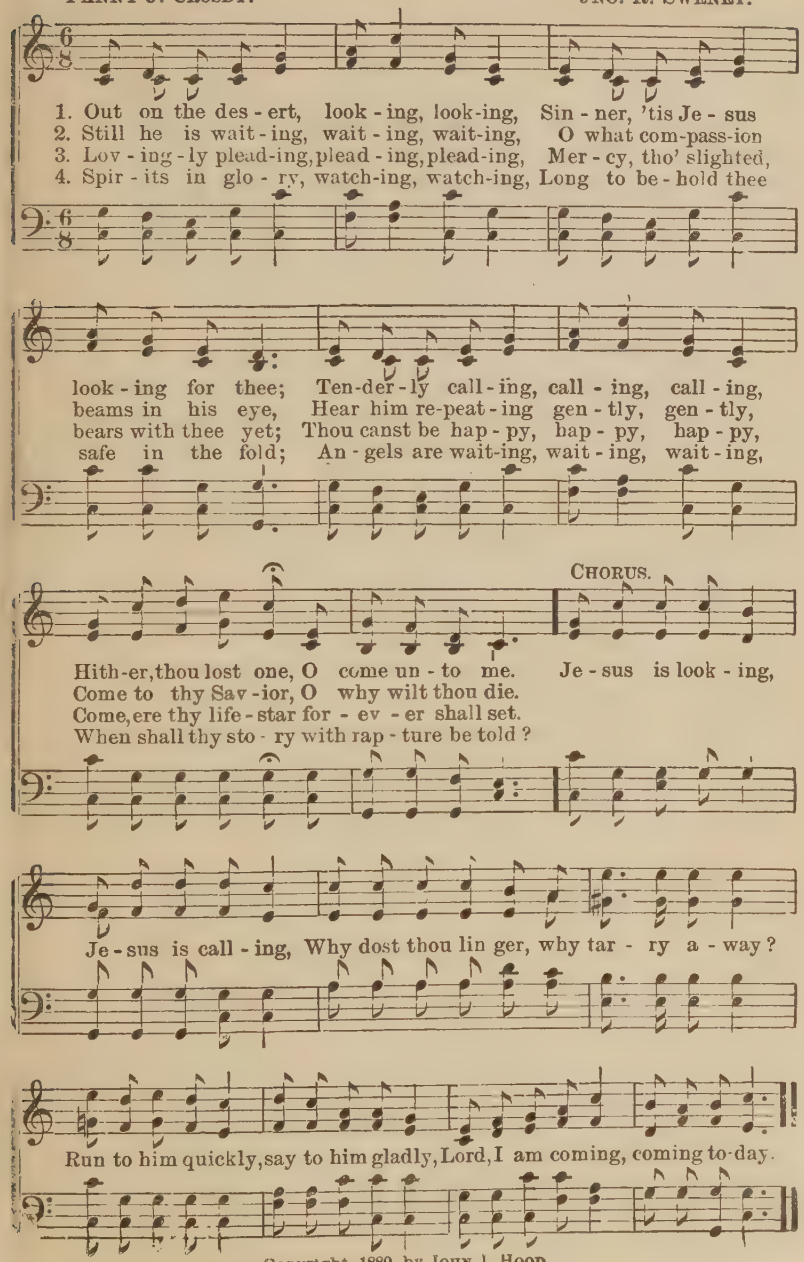
Coming To-Day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Out on the des - ert, look - ing, look-ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still he is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait-ing, O what com-pass-ion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead-ing, plead - ing, plead-ing, Mer - cy, tho' slighted,
4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watch-ing, watch-ing, Long to be - hold thee
look - ing for thee; Ten-der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
beams in his eye, Hear him re-peat - ing gen - tly, gen - tly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
safe in the fold; An - gels are wait-ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,
CHORUS.
Hith-er, thou lost one, O come un - to me. Je - sus is look - ing,
Come to thy Sav - ior, O why wilt thou die.
Come, ere thy life - star for - ev - er shall set.
When shall thy sto - ry with rap - ture be told?
Je - sus is call - ing, Why dost thou lin ger, why tar - ry a - way?
Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

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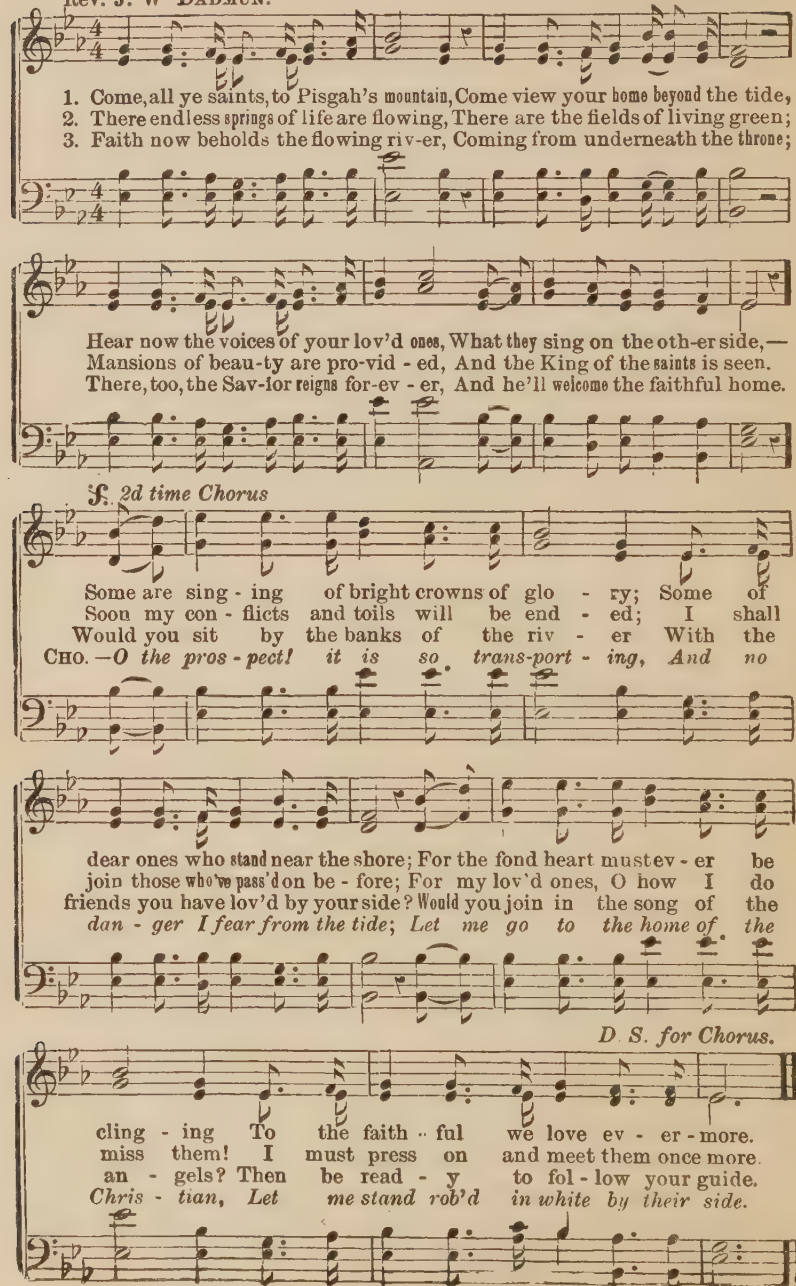
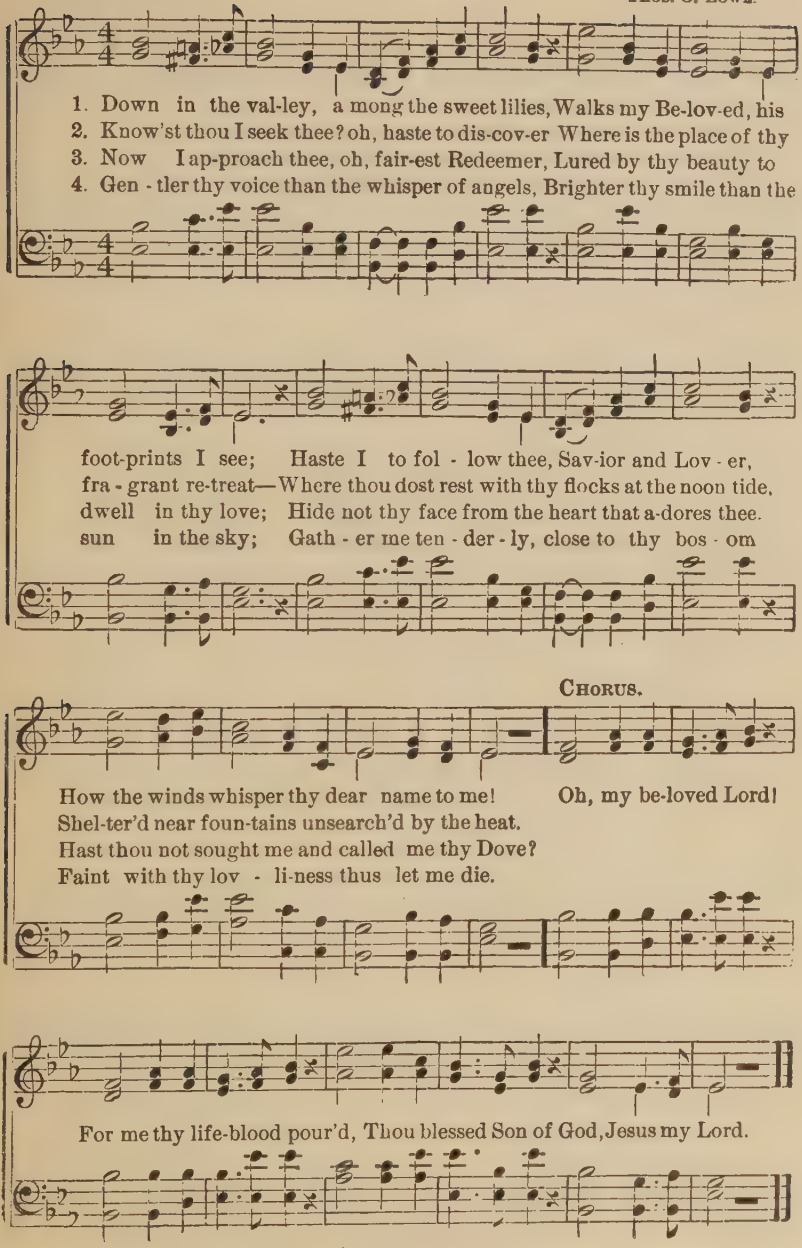
Our Loved Ones in Heaven.

Rev. J. W DADMUN. LESSUR.


1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide,
2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of living green;
3. Faith now beholds the flowing riv-er, Coming from underneath the throne;
Hear now the voices of your lov'd ones, What they sing on the oth-er side,—
Mansions of beau-ty are pro-vid - ed, And the King of the saints is seen.
There, too, the Sav-ior reigns for-ev - er, And he'll welcome the faithful home.
F. 2d time Chorus
Some are sing - ing of bright crowns of glo - ry; Some of
Soon my con - flicts and toils will be end - ed; I shall
Would you sit by the banks of the riv - er With the
CHO. —O the pros - pect! it is so trans-port - ing, And no
dear ones who stand near the shore; For the fond heart must ev - er be
join those who've pass'd on be - fore; For my lov'd ones, O how I do
friends you have lov'd by your side? Would you join in the song of the
dan - ger I fear from the tide; Let me go to the home of the
D. S. for Chorus.
cling - ing To the faith - ful we love ev - er - more.
miss them! I must press on and meet them once more.
an - gels? Then be read - y to fol - low your guide.
Chris - tian, Let me stand rob'd in white by their side.

The Beloved.

H. M. Bradley. Thos. O. Lowe.

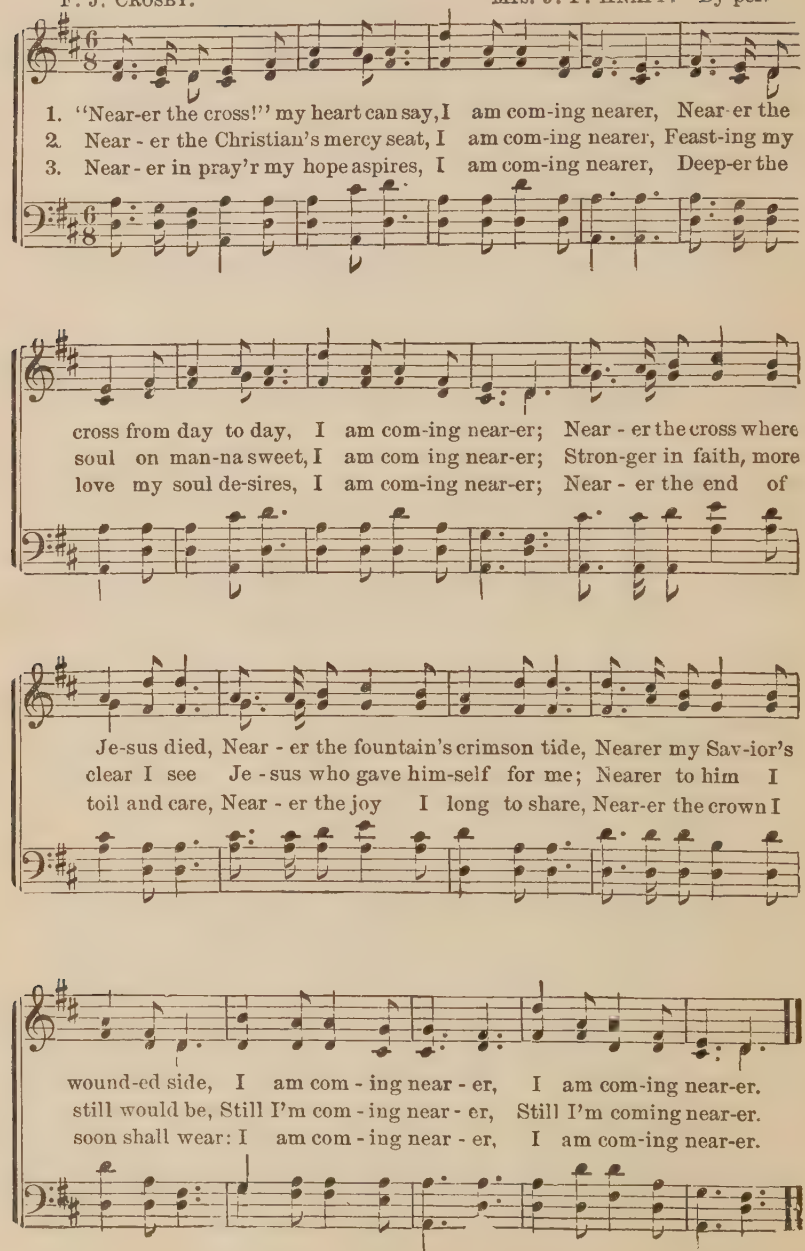

1. Down in the val-ley, a mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Be-lov-ed, his
2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to dis-cov-er Where is the place of thy
3. Now I ap-proach thee, oh, fair-est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
4. Gen - tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the
foot-prints I see; Haste I to fol - low thee, Sav-ior and Lov - er,
fra - grant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon tide,
dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that a-dores thee.
sun in the sky; Gath - er me ten - der - ly, close to thy bos - om
Chorus.
How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be-loved Lord!
Shel-ter'd near foun-tains unsearch'd by the heat.
Hast thou not sought me and called me thy Dove?
Faint with thy lov - li-ness thus let me die.
For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord.

By permission.

Nearer the Cross.

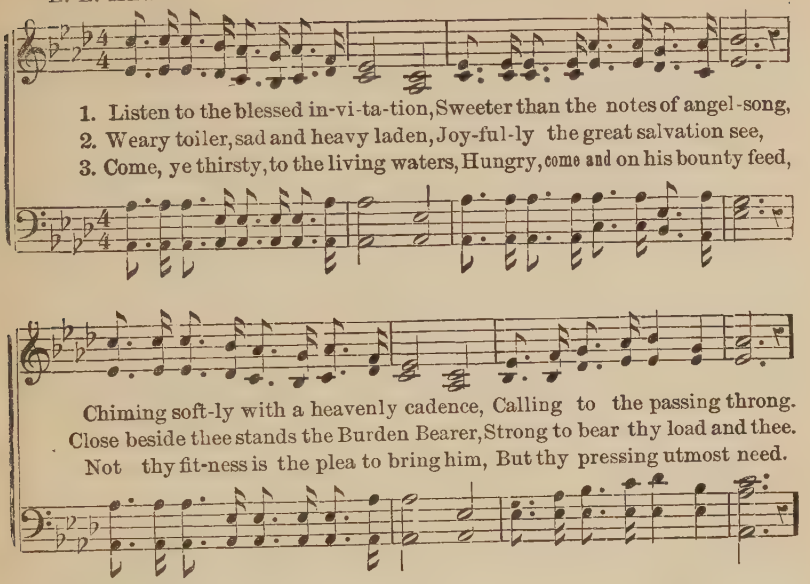
"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi: 14.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing nearer, Near-er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing nearer, Feast-ing my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing nearer, Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com ing near-er; Stron-ger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the end of
Je-sus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide, Nearer my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je - sus who gave him-self for me; Nearer to him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm coming near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.

Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Listen to the blessed in-vi-ta-tion, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
2. Weary toiler, sad and heavy laden, Joy-ful-ly the great salvation see,
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,
Chiming soft-ly with a heavenly cadence, Calling to the passing throng.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bearer, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.
Chorus.
Him that cometh unto me, unto me, Him that cometh un-to me, unto me,
Him that com-eth un-to me, un - to me, I will in no - wise cast out.

4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful,
Cometh for his healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Savior,
Breathing all the heart to him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

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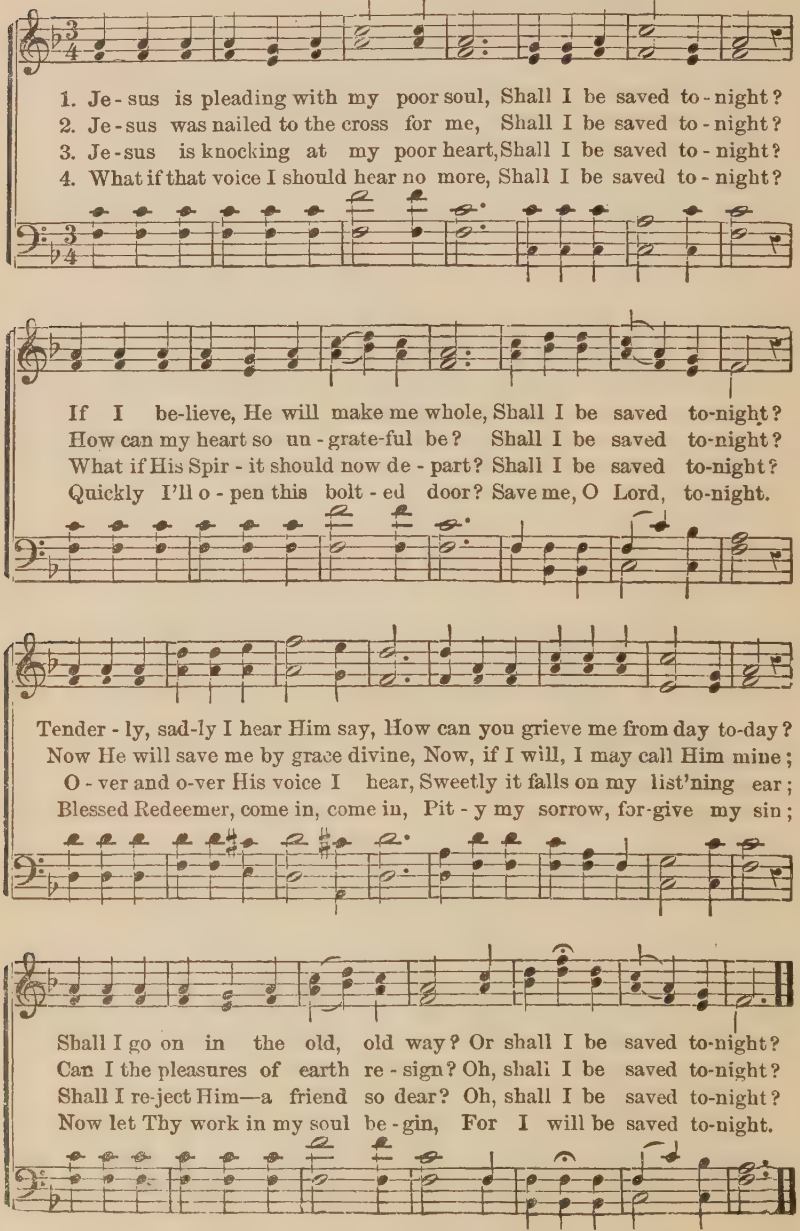
Shall I be Saved To-Night?

"*Look unto me, and be ye saved.*"—Isaiah xlv: 22.

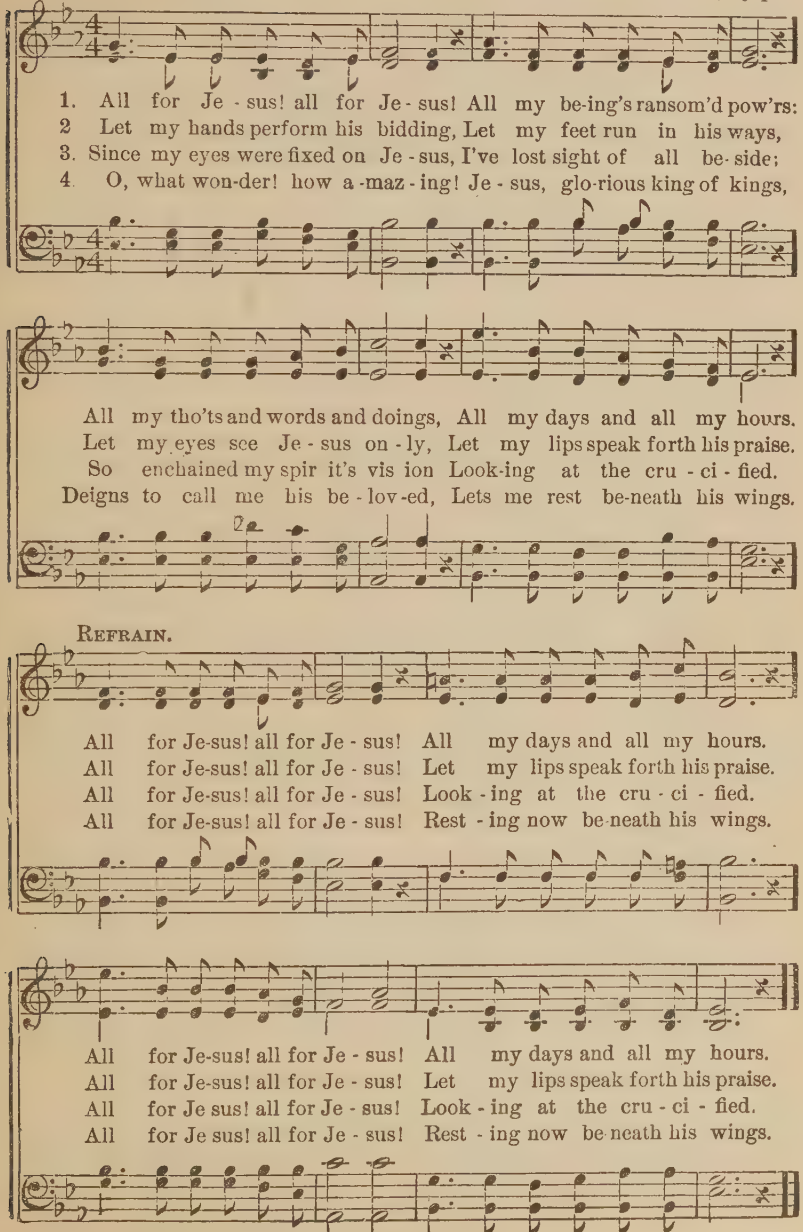
FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. M. BLISS WILLSON, by per.


1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
3. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?
If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un - grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door? Save me, O Lord, to-night.
Tender - ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to-day?
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o-ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, for-give my sin;
Shall I go on in the old, old way? Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

All for Jesus.

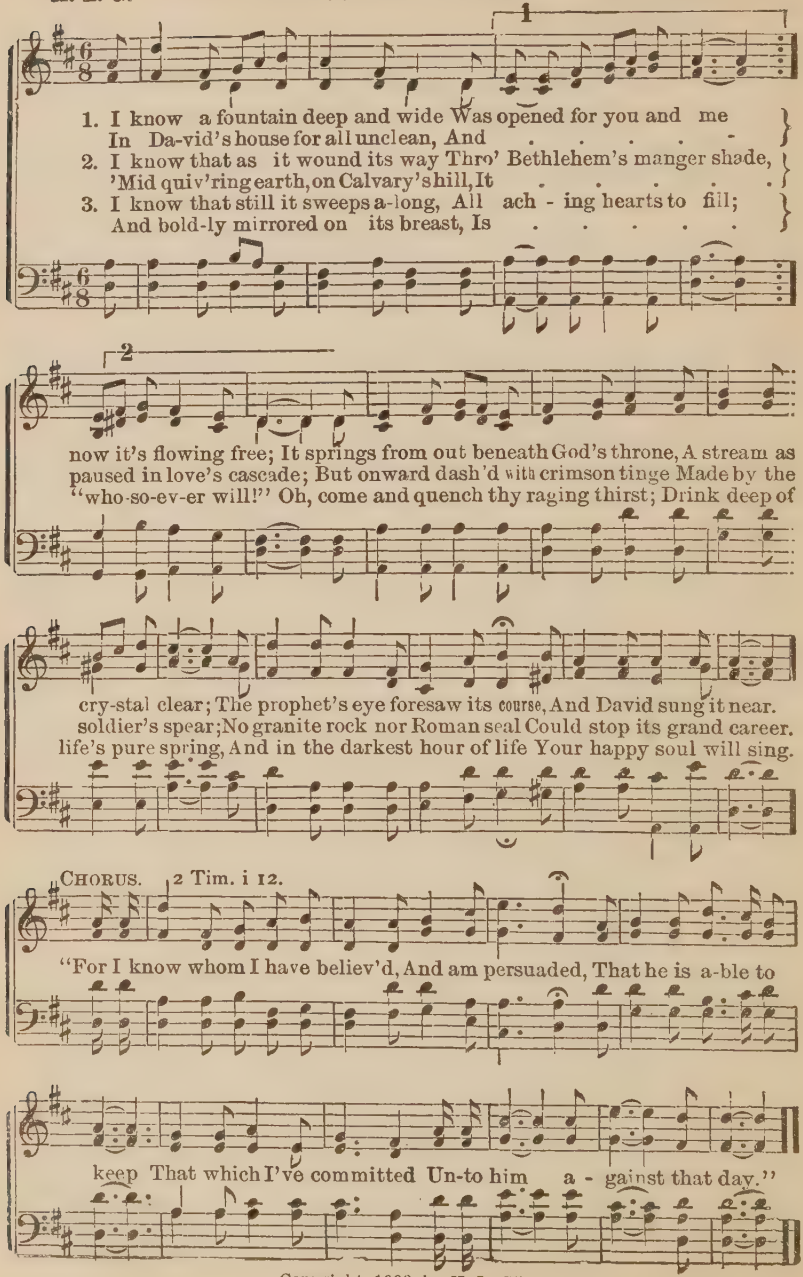
"But Christ is all in all." Col. iii: 11.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.


1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs:
2 Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be-side;
4. O, what won-der! how a-maz-ing! Je - sus, glo-rious king of kings,
All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.
So enchained my spir it's vis ion Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me his be - lov-ed, Lets me rest be-neath his wings.
REFRAIN.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the cru - ci - fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be-neath his wings.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Je sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the cru - ci - fied.
All for Je sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be-neath his wings.

I Know a Fountain.

H. L. G. "Brethren, stand by your facts!"—Bishop Taylor. H. L. Gilmour.


1
1. I know a fountain deep and wide Was opened for you and me
In Da-vid's house for all unclean, And . . . . .
2. I know that as it wound its way Thro' Bethlehem's manger shade,
'Mid quiv'ring earth, on Calvary's hill, It . . . . . .
3. I know that still it sweeps a-long, All ach - ing hearts to fill;
And bold-ly mirrored on its breast, Is . . . . . .
2
now it's flowing free; It springs from out beneath God's throne, A stream as
paused in love's cascade; But onward dash'd with crimson tinge Made by the
"who-so-ev-er will!" Oh, come and quench thy raging thirst; Drink deep of
cry-stal clear; The prophet's eye foresaw its course, And David sung it near.
soldier's spear; No granite rock nor Roman seal Could stop its grand career.
life's pure spring, And in the darkest hour of life Your happy soul will sing.
Chorus. 2 Tim. i 12.
"For I know whom I have believ'd, And am persuaded, That he is a-ble to
keep That which I've committed Un-to him a - gainst that day."

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33 We're on the way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. Jackson. W. S. Nickle.

1. From Egypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be dient to our
2. Thro' wil-der-ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con- trols, A crys - tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the Riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ran-somed host at
Lord's command, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
steps a - right, Be - hold to prove his pres-ence here, The
need sup - plies, He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry - con - flict he is near, Whose
his right hand; And there re - ceive a wel- come sweet, From
Chorus.
on the way to Ca naan's Land! We're on the way, A
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies!
pres-ence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Ca-naan's Land!
pil - grim band; We're on the way to Canaan's land; Di
vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

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Our Savior's Mighty Love.

WILLIAM P. JONES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. We may sound the depths of ocean. We may brave the heaving main, We may climb the highest
2. 'Tis a love without beginning, 'Tis a love without an end, 'Tis the ladder where the
3. In the work of our redemption. It has laid the corner stone, 'Tis eternal like Je-
mountain, And its lofty summit gain. We may look with cloudless vision On the
faith-ful, With triumphant songs ascend. How it stoops to lift us upward, How its
ho-vah, 'Tis unchanging like his throne. 'Tis the gift of all most precious, That the
jeweled arch above, But we cannot know the greatness, Of a Savior's dying love.
arms the world embrace, O the love of our Creator, To a lost and ruined race.
poor-est may receive, And it sav eth to the utmost Whoso-ever will believe.
REFRAIN.
But its depth ..... we cannot fath - om, To its height .....
But its depth we cannot fathom, To its height we cannot soar, But its depth we can-not
.... we cannot soar, We can feel..... the ho - ly
fath-om, To its height we cannot soar, We can feel the ho - ly rapt - ure Of its

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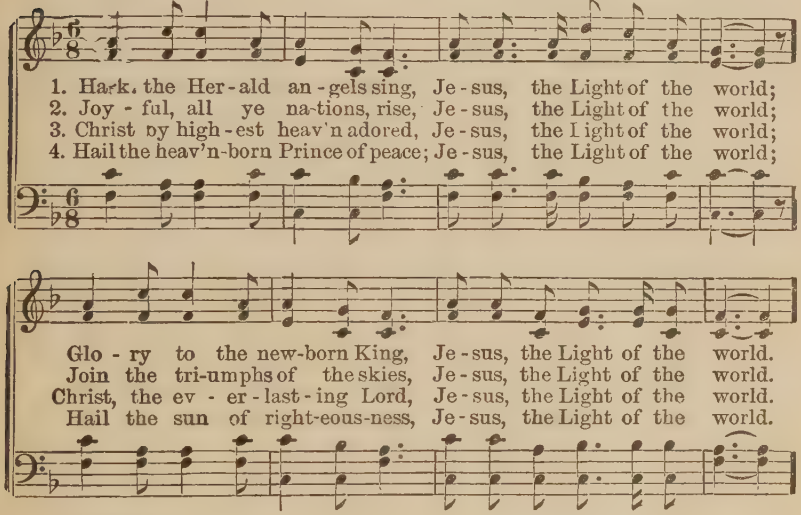
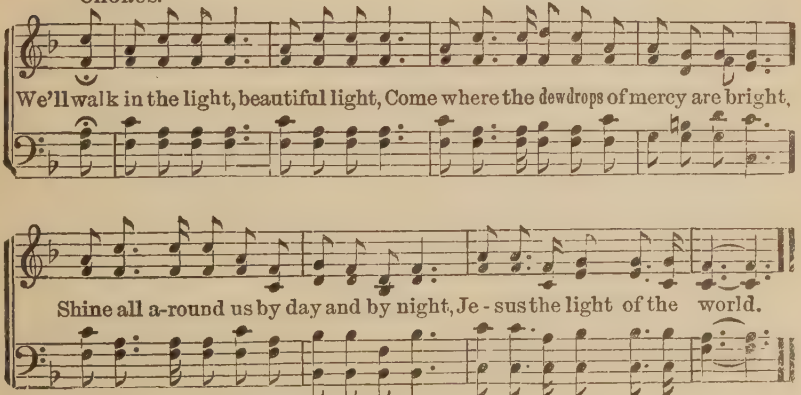
Our Savior's Mighty Love—Concluded.

35 Jesus the Light of the World.

G. D. E. arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.


1. Hark, the Her-ald an-gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ by high-est heav'n adored, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace; Je-sus, the Light of the world;
Glo-ry to the new-born King, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.


We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,
Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus the light of the world.

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For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very Slow. pp

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass - ing,
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom ised,
m
Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por tals he's
Plead - ing for you and for me; Why should we lin-ger and
Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad- ows are gath - er - ing,
Prom-ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd he has
wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
death-beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.
m CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, Come home; Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, Come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

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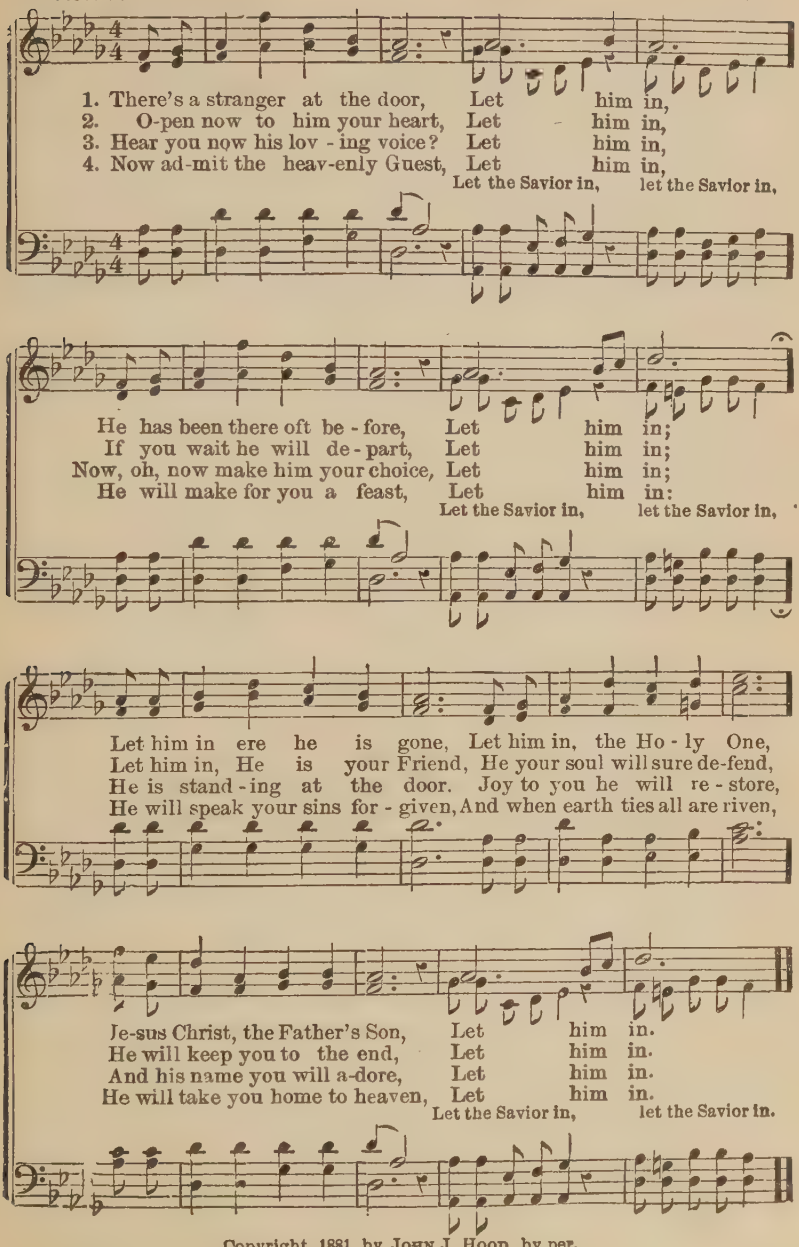
Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.


1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
4. Now ad-mit the heav-enly Guest, Let him in,
Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,
He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let him in:
Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,
Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
He is stand - ing at the door. Joy to you he will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,
Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.
Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

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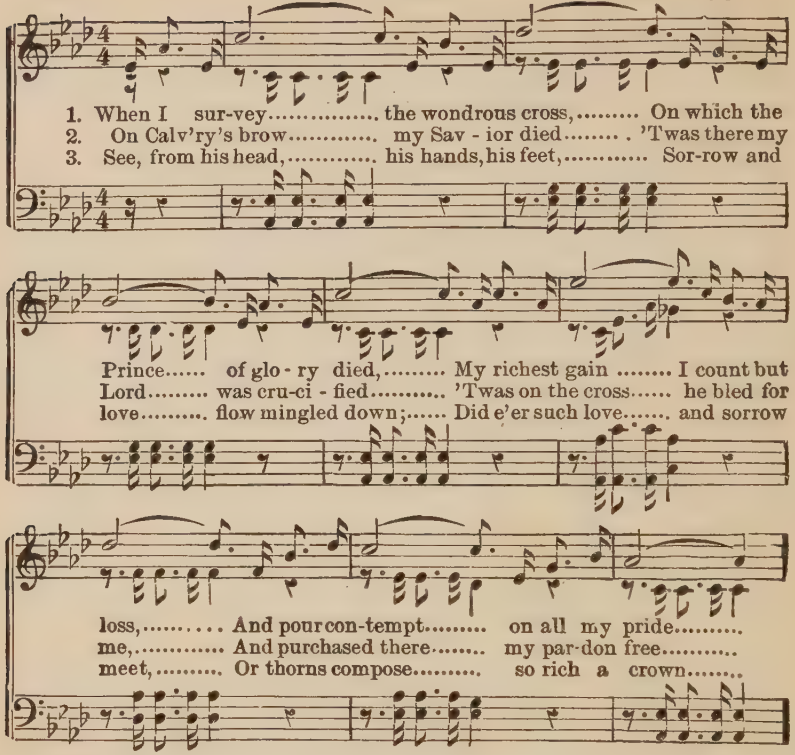
Calvary! Dear Calvary.

Luke xxiii. 33. H. R. PALMER. By per.


1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross,..... On which the
2. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav - ior died..... 'Twas there my
3. See, from his head,..... his hands, his feet,..... Sor-row and
Prince..... of glo - ry died,..... My richest gain ..... I count but
Lord..... was cru-ci - fied..... 'Twas on the cross..... he bled for
love..... flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love..... and sorrow
loss,..... And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride.....
me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.....
meet,..... Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown.....
CHORUS.
O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal-va - ry! My long-ing heart is turned to thee;
O Cal - va-ry! dear Cal-va - ry! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

4 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
My Savior bows his head and dies;
The opening veil reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.

5 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be
That thou shouldst give thy life for me;
To bear the cross and agony,
In that dread hour on Calvary!

Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je-sus, my Sav-ior, sal-
2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je-sus is near; Keep ing me safe-ly, he
3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but
4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing, Loud hal-le-lu - ias to
va - tion af - fords; Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with-in,
cast - eth out fear; Trust-ing his prom - is - es, how I am blest;
now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of glo - ry I see,
Je - sus my King! Ran-som'd and par-don'd, re - deem'd by his blood,
REFRAIN.
Whis p'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,
Lean-ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
Je sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me."
Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.
sav'd to the ut - ter-most Sav'd, sav'd by pow-er di-vine; Sav'd, sav'd,
sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine!

Wonderful Story of Love.

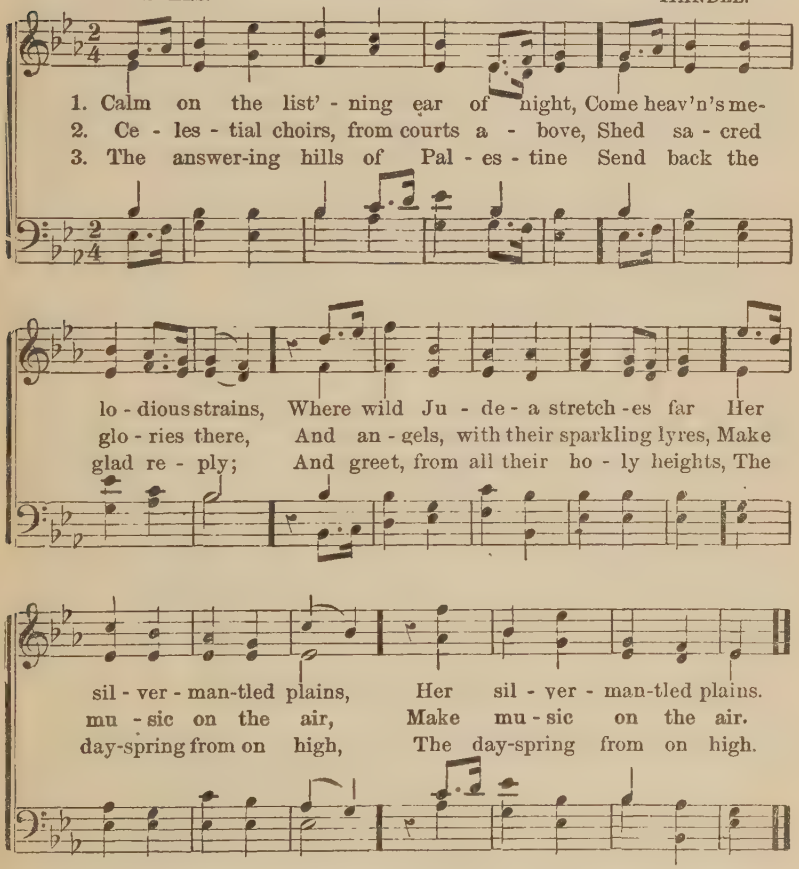
J. M. D.
Duet.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER. by per.
Full Chorus.

1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: JE - SUS pro-vides a rest:
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest
An-gels with rapt-ure announce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it;
Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,
Sin-ner, oh! wont you be-lieve it? Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
Singing the rapt - ur-ous cho - rus, Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
CHORUS.
Won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love:

41 Christmas.

E. H. Sears. Handel.

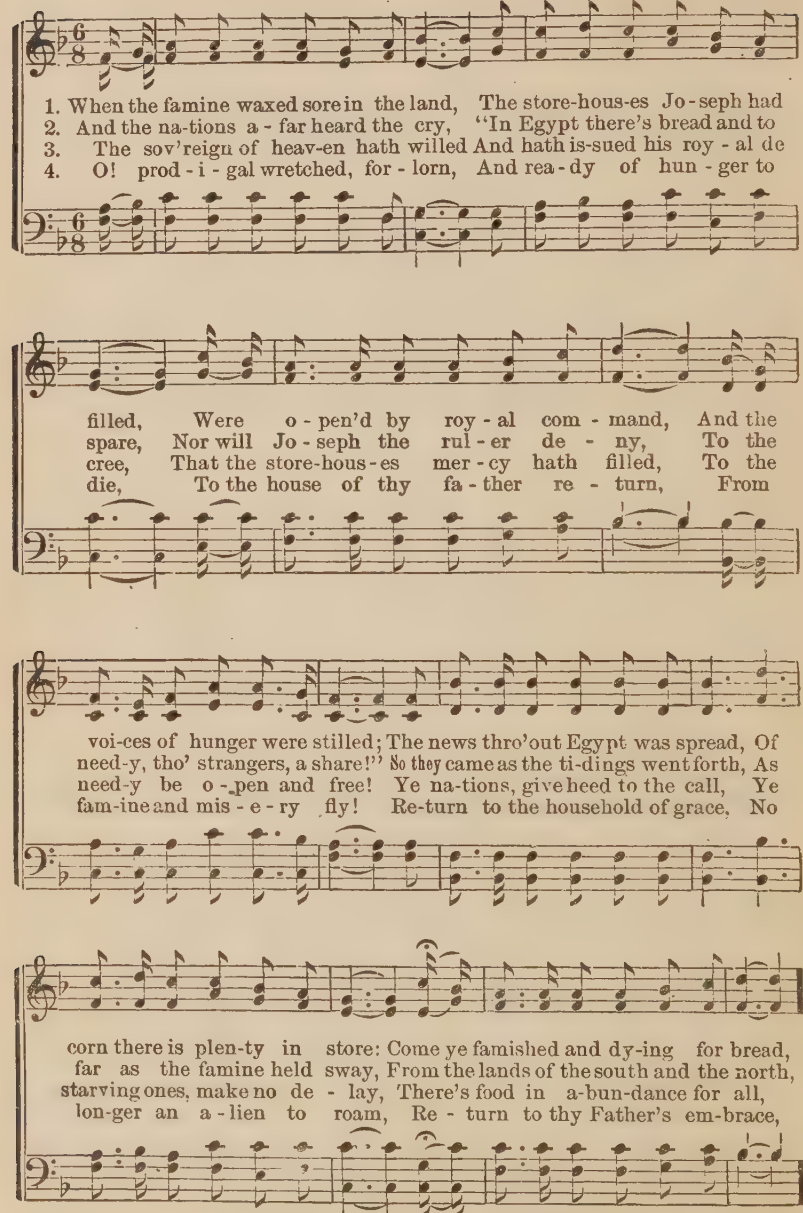

1. Calm on the list' - ning ear of night, Come heav'n's me-
2. Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred
3. The answer-ing hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the
lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her
glo - ries there, And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make
glad re - ply; And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The
sil - ver - man-tled plains, Her sil - ver - man-tled plains.
mu - sic on the air, Make mu - sic on the air.
day-spring from on high, The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

The Storehouse of Grace.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.


1. When the famine waxed sore in the land, The store-hous-es Jo-seph had
2. And the na-tions a-far heard the cry, "In Egypt there's bread and to
3. The sov'reign of heav-en hath willed And hath is-sued his roy-al de
4. O! prod-i-gal wretched, for-lorn, And rea-dy of hun-ger to
filled, Were o-pen'd by roy-al com-mand, And the
spare, Nor will Jo-seph the rul-er de-ny, To the
cree, That the store-hous-es mer-cy hath filled, To the
die, To the house of thy fa-ther re-turn, From
voi-ces of hunger were stilled; The news thro'out Egypt was spread, Of
need-y, tho' strangers, a share!" So they came as the ti-dings went forth, As
need-y be o-pen and free! Ye na-tions, give heed to the call, Ye
fam-ine and mis-e-ry fly! Re-turn to the household of grace, No
corn there is plen-ty in store: Come ye famished and dy-ing for bread,
far as the famine held sway, From the lands of the south and the north,
starving ones, make no de-lay, There's food in a-bun-dance for all,
lon-ger an a-lien to roam, Re-turn to thy Father's em-brace,

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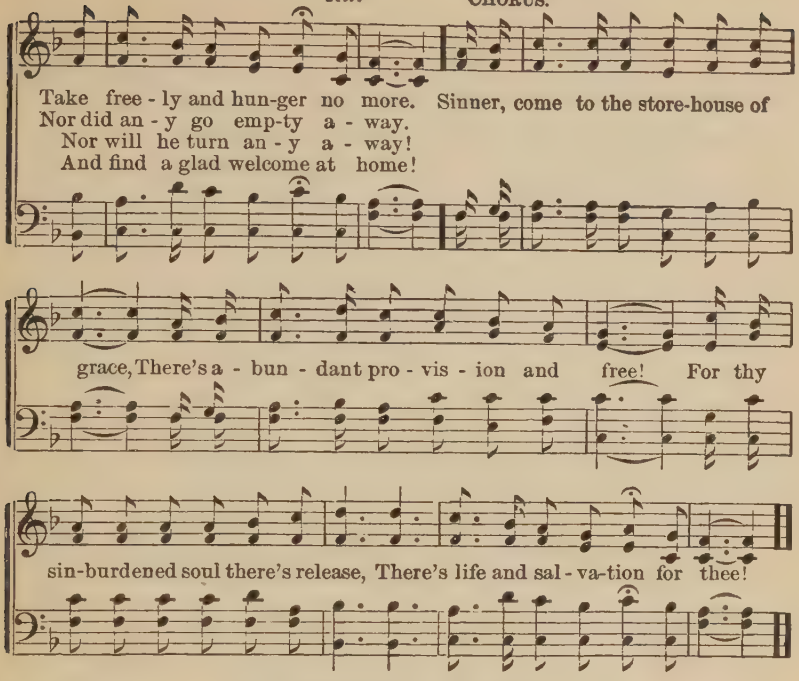
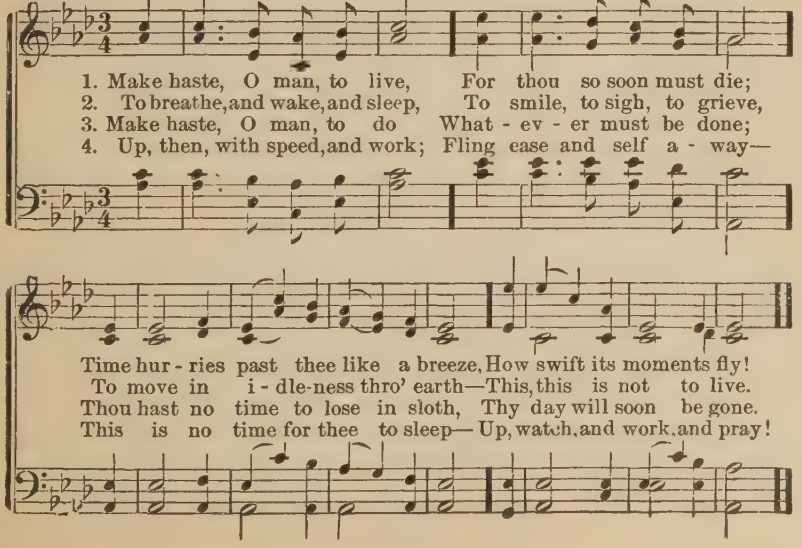
The Storehouse of Grace--Concluded.

Rit. CHORUS.


Take free - ly and hun-ger no more. Sinner, come to the store-house of
Nor did an - y go emp-ty a - way.
Nor will he turn an - y a - way!
And find a glad welcome at home!
grace, There's a - bun - dant pro - vis - ion and free! For thy
sin-burdened soul there's release, There's life and sal - va-tion for thee!

43 Leighton. S. M.

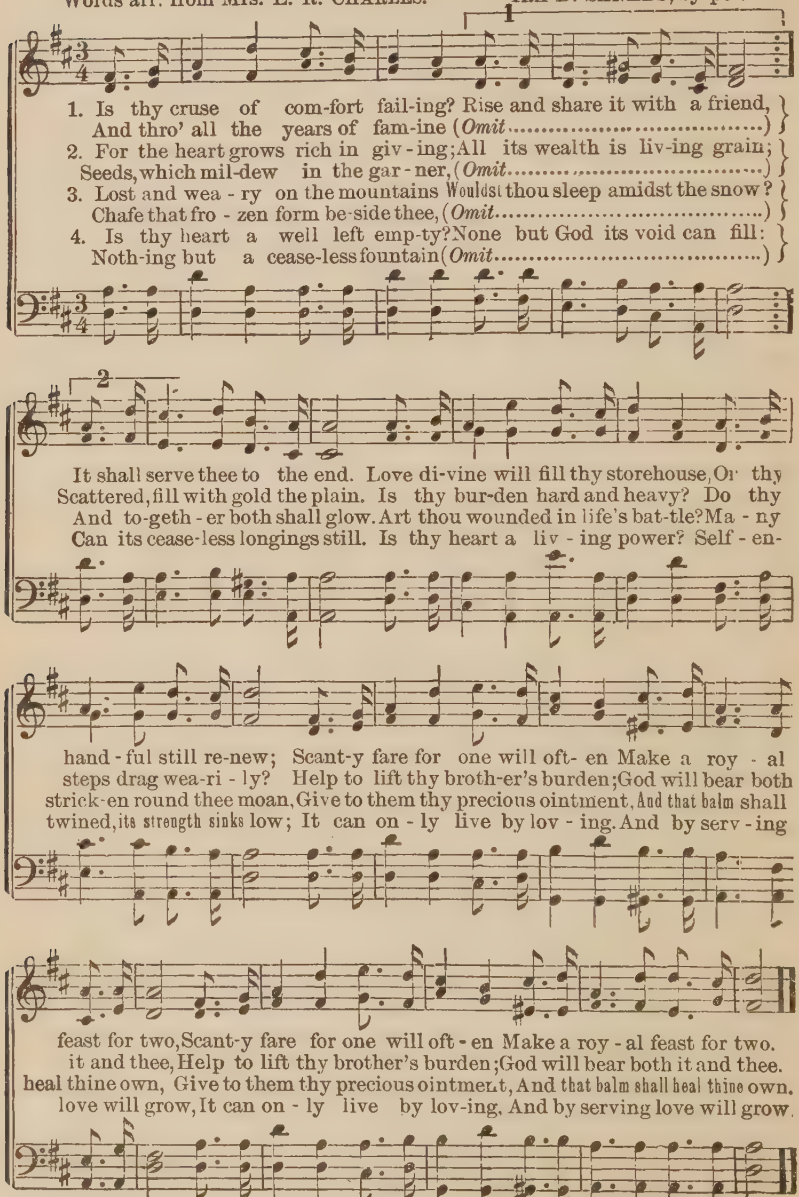
HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.


1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die;
2. To breathe, and wake, and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
3. Make haste, O man, to do What - ev - er must be done;
4. Up, then, with speed, and work; Fling ease and self a - way—
Time hur - ries past thee like a breeze, How swift its moments fly!
To move in i - dle-ness thro' earth—This, this is not to live.
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.
This is no time for thee to sleep—Up, watch, and work, and pray!

44 Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither shall the cruse of oil fail."—1 Kings 17: 14.

Words arr. from Mrs. E. R. CHARLES. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.


1
1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend,
And thro' all the years of fam-ine (Omit.....)
2. For the heart grows rich in giv-ing; All its wealth is liv-ing grain;
Seeds, which mil-dew in the gar-ner, (Omit.....)
3. Lost and wea-ry on the mountains Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that fro-zen form be-side thee, (Omit.....)
4. Is thy heart a well left emp-ty? None but God its void can fill:
Noth-ing but a cease-less fountain (Omit.....)
2
It shall serve thee to the end. Love di-vine will fill thy storehouse, Or thy
Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy bur-den hard and heavy? Do thy
And to-geth-er both shall glow. Art thou wounded in life's bat-tle? Ma-ny
Can its cease-less longings still. Is thy heart a liv-ing power? Self-en-
hand-ful still re-new; Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al
steps drag wea-ri-ly? Help to lift thy broth-er's burden; God will bear both
strick-en round thee moan, Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall
twined, its strength sinks low; It can on-ly live by lov-ing. And by serv-ing
feast for two, Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.
it and thee, Help to lift thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.
heal thine own, Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
love will grow, It can on-ly live by lov-ing. And by serving love will grow.

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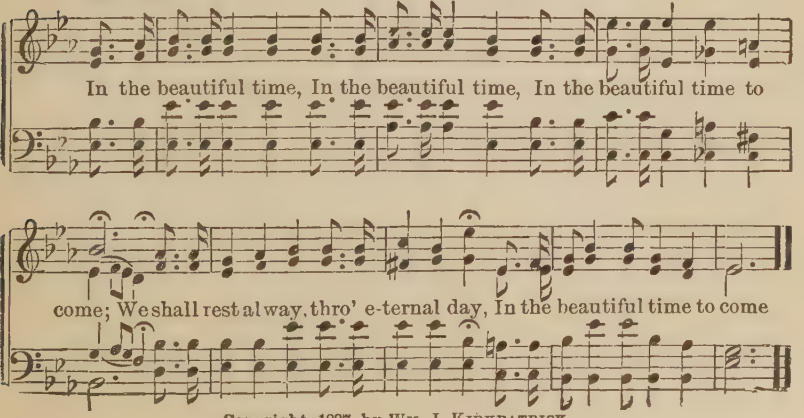
45 The Beautiful Time to Come.

Miss EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful time to come, To the wea-ry of heart and sad,
2. In the beau-ti-ful time to come There is fullness of joy in store,
3. In the beau-ti ful time to come, The time of the gath'ring home,
4. O the beau-ti-ful time to come! The time by the seers fore-told,
When the feet at the riv - er - side Shall be staid at the ev - en-tide,
When each sorrow shall pass a-way As the mist at the opening day,
When the tears shall fall no more From the eyes that wept of yore,
When the loved shall meet once more, When we hear the bend-ing oar,
And the bur - dens laid a - side, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
And our songs be heard for aye, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
And the feet shall press that shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
And cross to the other shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.

REFRAIN.


In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time to
come; We shall rest al way, thro' e-ternal day, In the beautiful time to come

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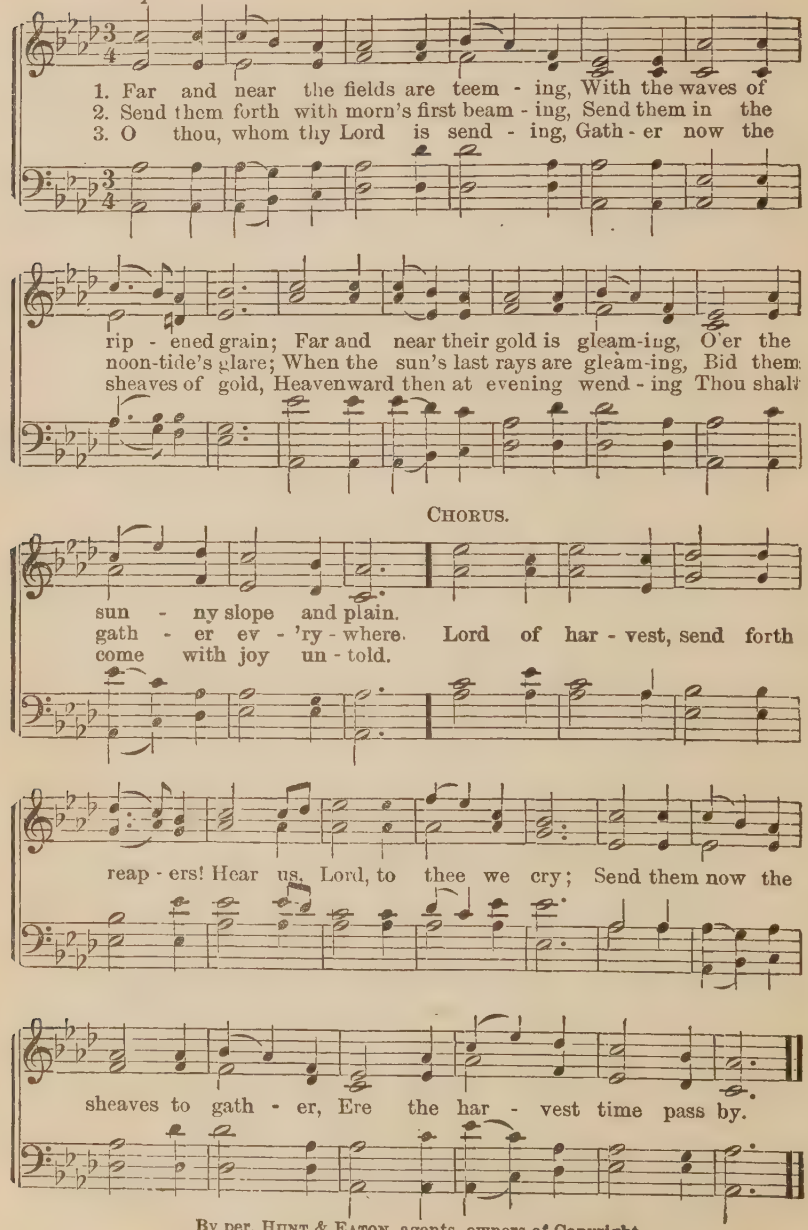
The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.


1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the
rip - ened grain; Far and near their gold is gleam-ing, O'er the
noon-tide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them
sheaves of gold, Heavenward then at evening wend - ing Thou shalt
CHORUS.
sun - ny slope and plain.
gath - er ev - 'ry - where. Lord of har - vest, send forth
come with joy un - told.
reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry; Send them now the
sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

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47 My Soul Shouts Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God For the work free grace has done;
2. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see;
3. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, In his se-cret place I dwell;
4. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, And I know it will not be long
My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye That is clear as the noonday sun.
My hope is clinging with a per-fect trust To the cross he has borne for me.
His constant presence overshades me there, And my joy there is none can tell.
Till o'er the river, where the saints have gone, I shall join their e-ter-nal song.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu - - jah! hal-le-lu - - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the
Hal-le-lu lah! I will praise him! hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him!
Sav-ior I a-dore; I will praise him, I will
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him, I will praise him, I will
praise him, Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him ev-er-more.
praise him and a-dore.

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48 Tell it to Others.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Tell it to oth - ers, the sto-ry of Je - sus, Your wonderful Sav-ior con-
2. Tell it to oth - ers, there's power in confession; The soul gathers strength with the
3. Tell it to oth - ers; he died to re-deem you, He makes intercession a-
4. Tell it to oth - ers, so simply and humbly; Oh, tell it with love in your
fess; So gracious and faithful, so kind and for-giv-ing, So ready to
word; The story grows sweeter; there's joy in the telling, For Christ hath the
bove; Oh, tell of his mer - cy; his grace, all-sufficient; The height and the
heart; Then trustfully pray for the help of his Spir - it, And God will his
Chorus.
save and to bless. Tell it, oh, tell it, the "good news" from
wit - ness - ing heard.
depth of his love.
bless - ing im - part.
heav - en; A message so pre - cious, so true; In man-sions of
glo - ry we'll sing the same story, In rapturous strains, ev-er new.

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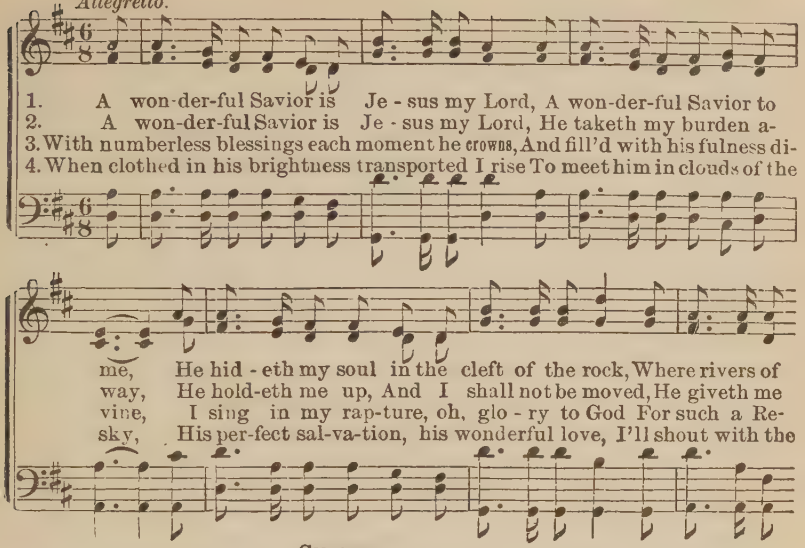
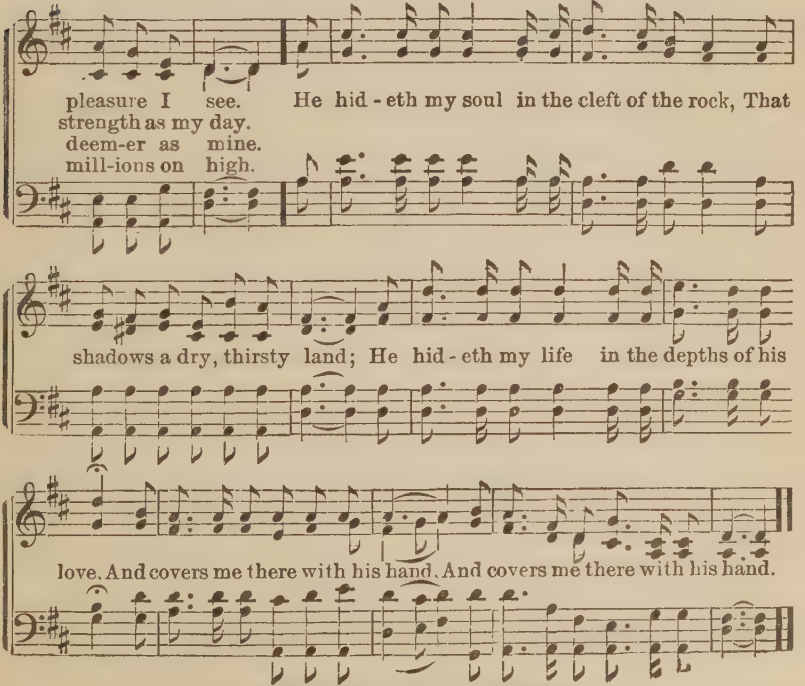
He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.


1. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Savior to
2. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fulness di-
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the
me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of
way, He hold-eth me up, And I shall not be moved, He giveth me
vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re-
sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his wonderful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.


pleasure I see. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
strength as my day.
deem-er as mine.
mill-ions on high.
shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his
love, And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

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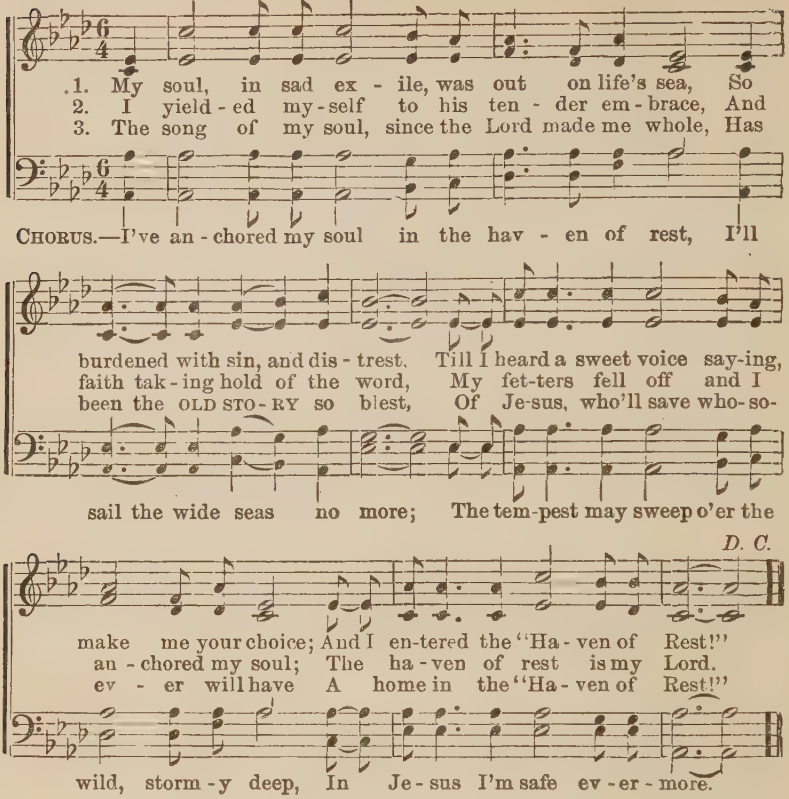
The Haven of Rest.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.


1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
CHORUS.—I've an - chored my soul in the hav - en of rest, I'll
burdened with sin, and dis - trest. Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet-ters fell off and I
been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je-sus, who'll save who-so-
sail the wide seas no more; The tem-pest may sweep o'er the
D. C.
make me your choice; And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

4 How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Savior, he patiently waits
To save by his power divine;
Come, anchor your souls in the haven of rest,
And say, "my Beloved is mine."

Home of the Soul.

MRS. E. H. GATES. Tune and chorus above.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between that fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.

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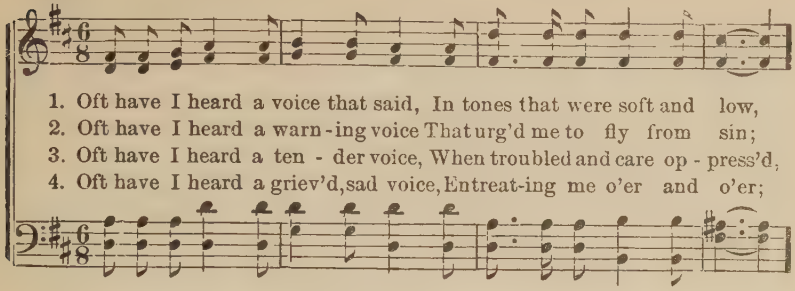
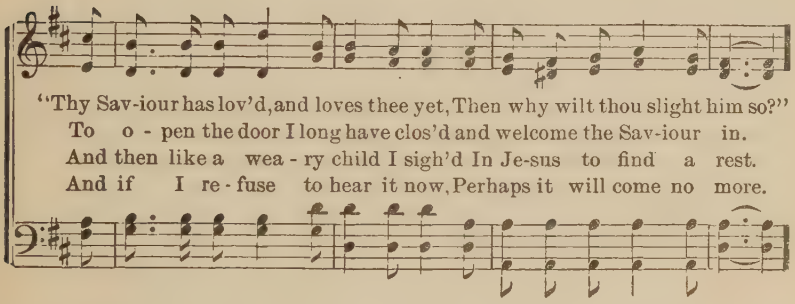
51 Where is my Soul to-night?

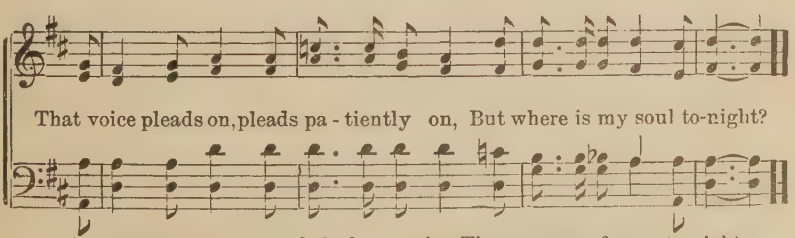
MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warn - ing voice That urg'd me to fly from sin;
3. Oft have I heard a ten - der voice, When troubled and care op - press'd,
4. Oft have I heard a griev'd, sad voice, Entreat-ing me o'er and o'er;


"Thy Sav-iour has lov'd, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?"
To o - pen the door I long have clos'd and welcome the Sav-iour in.
And then like a wea - ry child I sigh'd In Je-sus to find a rest.
And if I re - fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.

CHORUS.

last v. O, Sav - iour I yield, Sav - iour, I yield, Take thou my soul to - night.



I now be-lieve, and glad - ly re-ceive Thy message of grace to-night.

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Jesus Changeth Not.

J. M. Whyte.

1. There's naught on earth to rest on, All things are chang ing here;
2. The sweet-est flow'r that blooms here, And sheds its fra-grance round,
3. Clouds oft o'er-cast our sun-shine, So beau-ti-ful, so bright,
4. And friend-ship's smile a-vails not To cheer us here be-low,
5. And while stern time moves on-ward, And nears e-ter-ni-ty,
The smiles of joy we gaze on; The friends we hold so dear.
Ere ev-'ning comes has with-ered, And lies up-on the ground.
And while we still ad-mire it, It dark-ens in-to night.
For smiles are oft de-ceit-ful, And lure to o-ver-throw.
The hand of death brings chang-es In ev-'ry thing we see.
One Friend a-lone is change-less, The One too oft for-got,
The dark and drear-y des-ert, That hath not one green spot
One sky a-lone is cloud-less, Where dark-ness com-eth not;
One smile a-lone can glad-den, What-e'er the pil-grim's lot;
But faith has found a Sav-ior Whose prom-ise fail-eth not;
Whose love hath stood for a-ges, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
A-bounds in liv-ing pas-tures; With him who chang-eth not.
'Tis found a-lone with Je-sus, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
It is the smile of Je-sus, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
Our life is hid with Je-sus, And Je-sus chang-eth not.

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Waiting at the Door.

Mrs. Kate M. Reasoner. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will bid me rise and come
2. Many-a wea - ry path I've traveled, In the dark-est storm and strife,
3. Man - y friends that traveled with me Reached that por - tal long a - go;
4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short-er, And their triumphs soon-er won;
5. Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleas-ure, For thy time and ways are best;
To the glo - ry of his pres-ence, To the glad - ness of his home.
Bearing many-a heav - y bur-den,— Oft-en strug-gling for my life.
One by one they left me bat-tling With the dark and craft - y foe.
Oh, how lov-ing-ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.
Hear me, Lord, for I am wea-ry; O my Fa - ther, bid me rest.
Chorus.
They are watch - ing at the por-tal, They are wait
They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are wait - ing, they are
- ing at the door; Wait-ing on - - - ly for my
wait-ing at the door; Wait-ing on - ly, wait-ing on - ly for my
com-ing All the loved..... ones gone be - fore.
com - ing, All the loved ones, All the loved ones gone be - fore.

Wondrous Glory.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith we stand,
2. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Where he bids me come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are hon - or'd With such vis-ions of de - light,
While we drink the crys - tal wa - ters Flow-ing down from E - den's land.
In the bright-ness of his pres-ence, Christ, our Lord, re veal'd we see.
Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak - ing each a wel-come guest.
Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.
CHORUS.
How the heart .... its toil for - gets, In the
How the heart, its toil for-gets,
joy..... In the ful - -
In the joy we there be - hold; there be-hold; In the
- - ness
ful - ness of his love, of his love, That is bet - ter felt than told.

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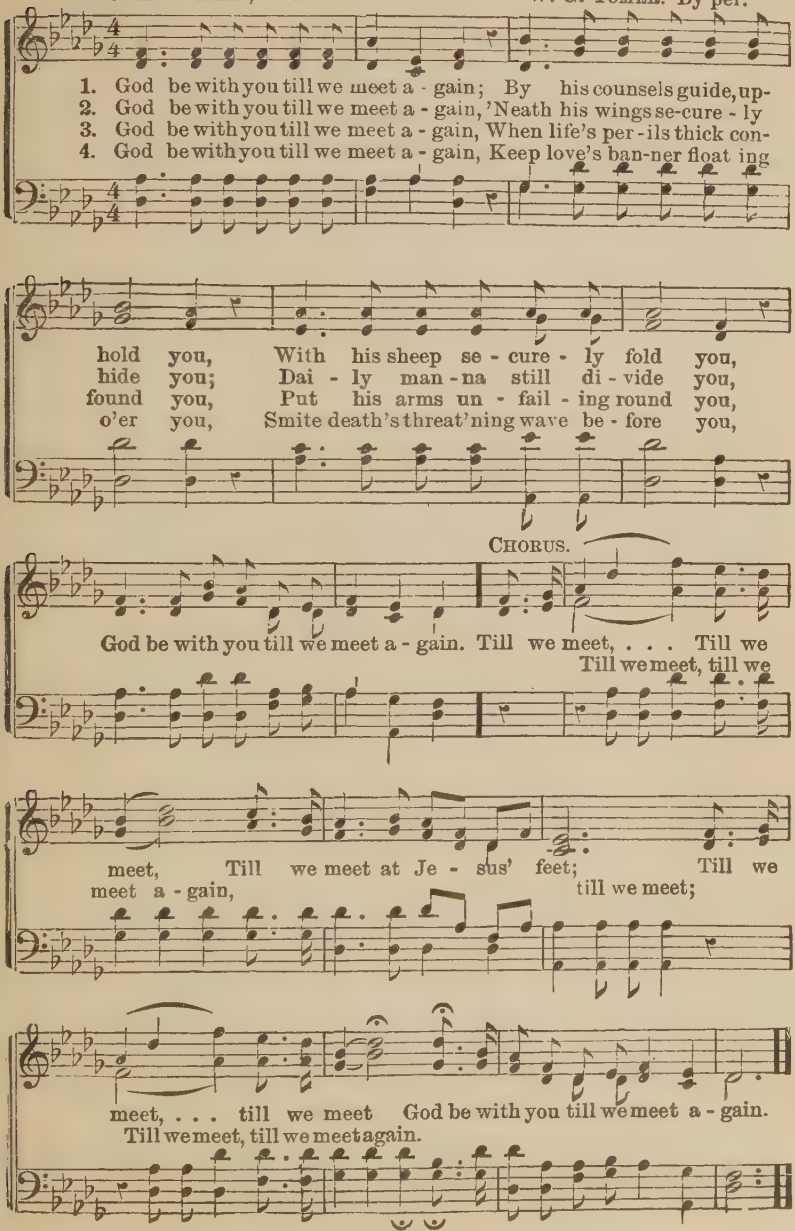
55 God be with You.

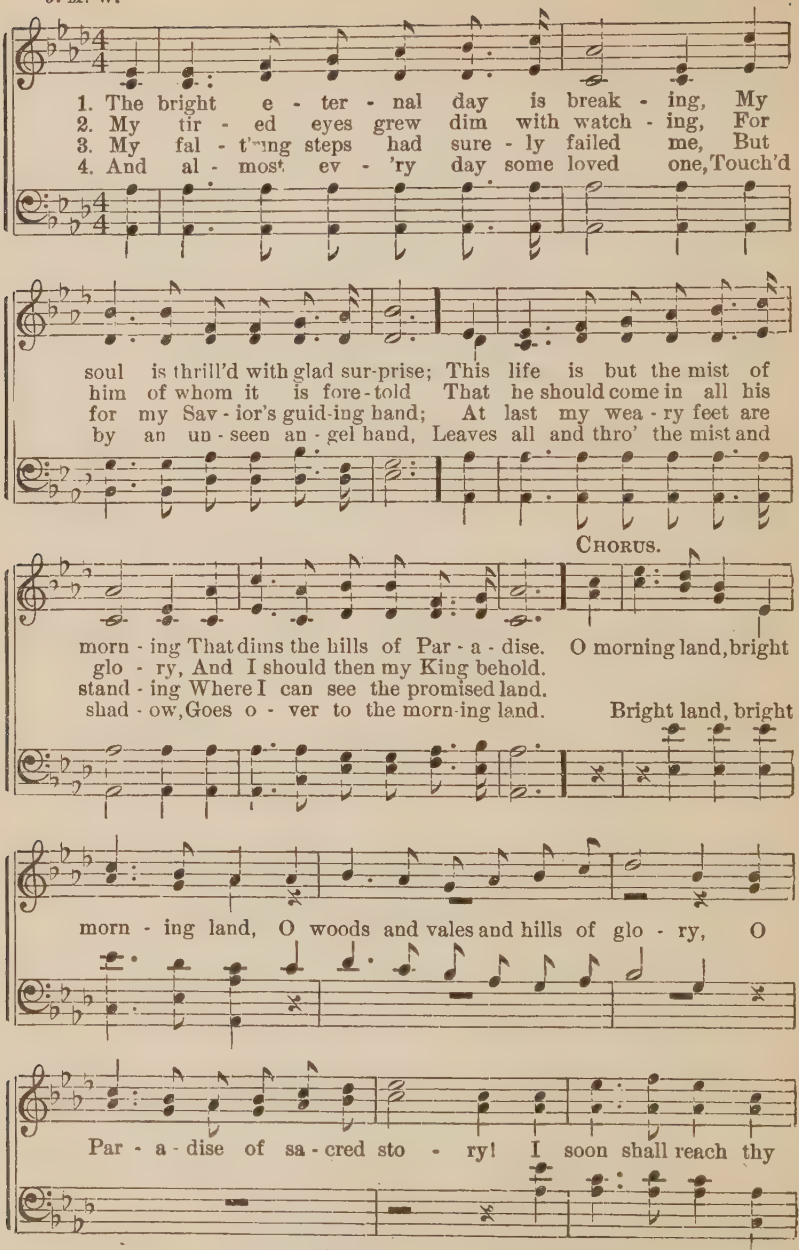
"Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."
2 Cor. i. 2.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER. By per.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float ing
hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you; Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . Till we
Till we meet, till we
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain, till we meet;
meet, . . . till we meet God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again.

Bright Morning Land.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. The bright e - ter - nal day is break - ing, My
2. My tir - ed eyes grew dim with watch - ing, For
3. My fal - t'ring steps had sure - ly failed me, But
4. And al - most ev - 'ry day some loved one, Touch'd
soul is thrill'd with glad sur-prise; This life is but the mist of
him of whom it is fore-told That he should come in all his
for my Sav - ior's guid-ing hand; At last my wea - ry feet are
by an un - seen an - gel hand, Leaves all and thro' the mist and
CHORUS.
morn - ing That dims the hills of Par - a - dise. O morning land, bright
glo - ry, And I should then my King behold.
stand - ing Where I can see the promised land.
shad - ow, Goes o - ver to the morn-ing land. Bright land, bright
morn - ing land, O woods and vales and hills of glo - ry, O
Par - a - dise of sa - cred sto - ry! I soon shall reach thy

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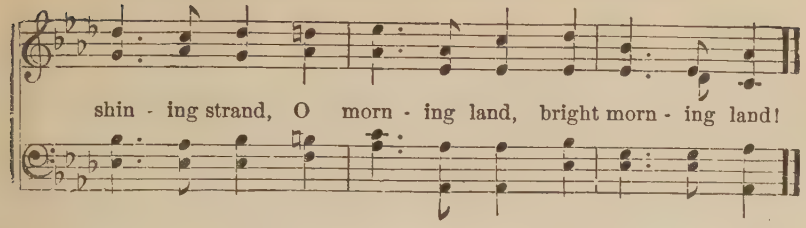
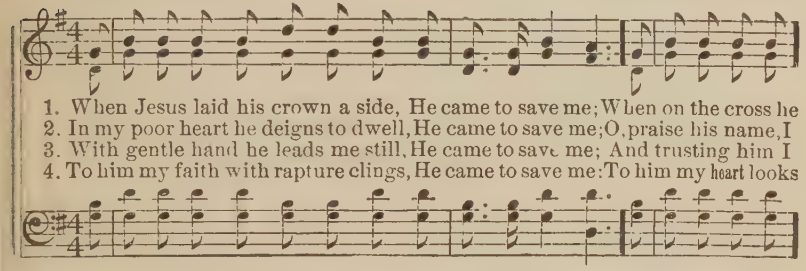
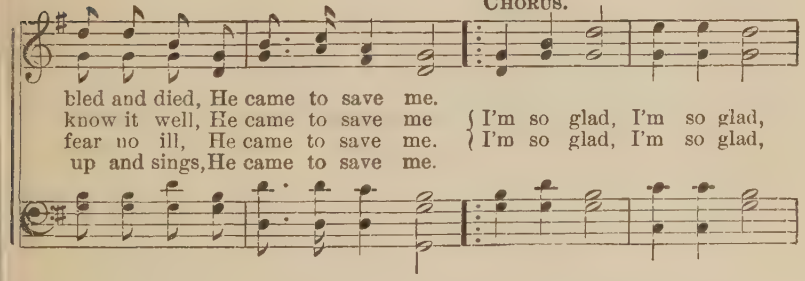
Bright Morning Land.—Concluded.

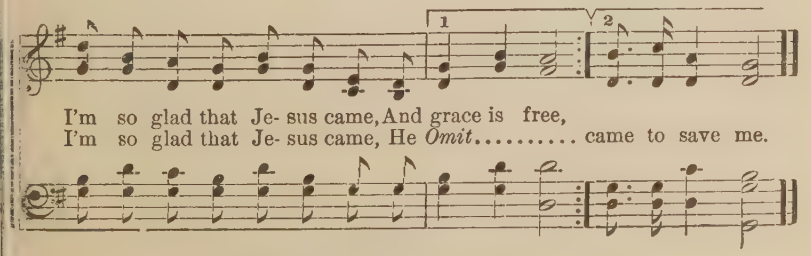


57 He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When Jesus laid his crown a side, He came to save me; When on the cross he
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise his name, I
3. With gentle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting him I
4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me: To him my heart looks


CHORUS.
bled and died, He came to save me.
know it well, He came to save me
fear no ill, He came to save me.
up and sings, He came to save me.
I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad, I'm so glad,



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Rock in the Desert.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rock in the des - ert, my shield from the blast, Un-der thy shad-ow I'm
2. Rock in the des - ert, how love-ly the star Guid - ing my footsteps from
3. Rock in the des - ert, how peaceful my rest, Kind - ly pro-tect - ed, no
4. Rock in the des - ert, O, Sav - ior di - vine, Thou art my ref - uge, no
hid - ing at last; Dear is thy ref - uge, and welcome to me; Rock in the
wand'ring a-far; Now I am hap-py, thy shel - ter I see; Rock in the
longer oppress'd; Long have I thirsted for streams cool and free, Rock in the
love is like thine; Thou my Redeemer art gra-cious to me; Rock in the
CHORUS.
My soul flies to thee, My
des-ert, my soul flies to thee. My soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee. My
des-ert, my faith clings to thee.
des-ert, I find them in thee.
des-ert, I live but in thee
soul flies to thee,
soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee, Rock in the des - ert,
Rock in the des - ert, Rock in the des ert, my soul flies to thee

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I could not do Without Thee.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 6.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. SIGISMUND THALBERG. ARR.

Andante.

1. I could not do with-out thee, O Sav - ior of the lost,
2. I could not do with-out thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
3. I could not do with-out thee, For years are fleet - ing fast,
Whose precious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men - dous cost;
I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own;
And soon in sol - emn si - lence, The riv - er must be passed;
Thy right-eousness, thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice, must be
But thou, be - lov - ed Sav - ior, Art all in all to me,
But thou wilt nev - er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high,
Rit.
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And weak-ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on thee.
I know thou wilt be near me And whis - per, "It is I."

Send the Light.

C. H. G. C. H. G

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound, Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light,
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en off-'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,
Send the light!
The first eight measures, (or Bass Solo,) may be omitted.
CHORUS.
Send the light!.....Send the light!..... We will spread the
Send the light! Send the light! We will spread..... the ev-er-
BASS SOLO.
ev-er-last-ing light, With a will-ing, willing heart and hand.
last-ing light With a will-ing heart and hand....., Giv-ing
Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev-er-more, We will fol-low,
God..... the glo-ry ev-er-more, We will fol-low His com-

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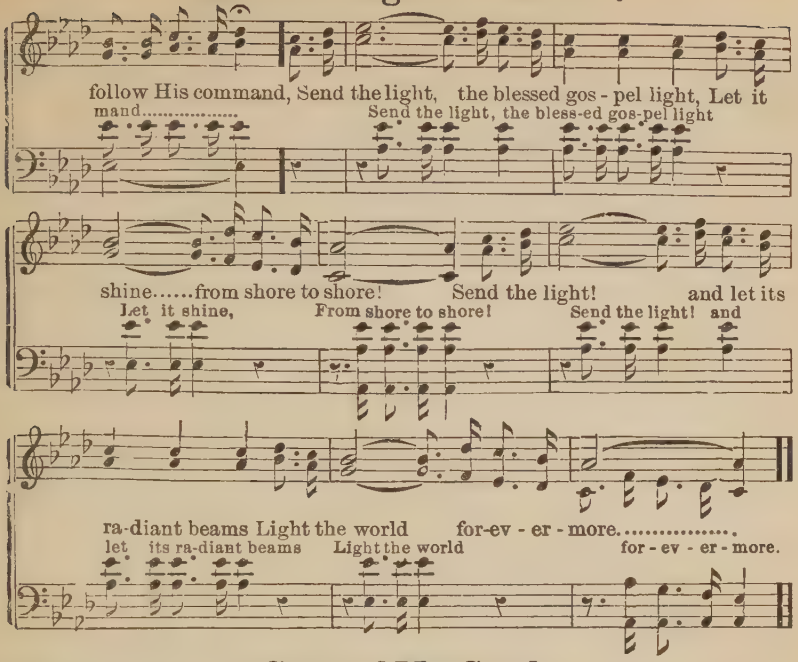
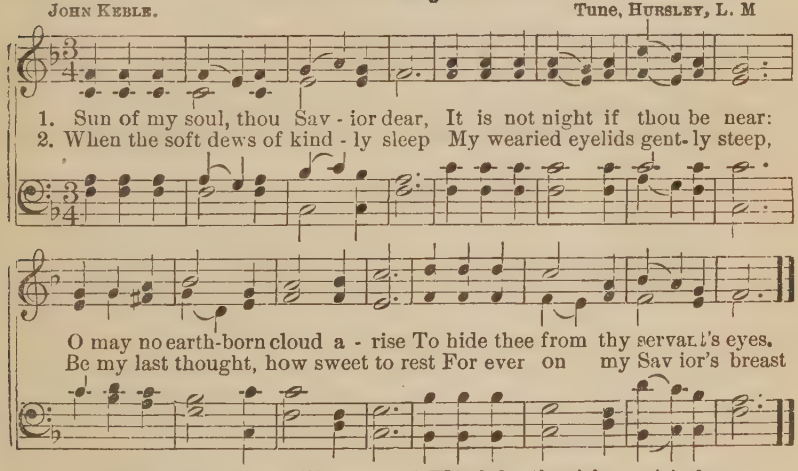
Send the Light—Concluded.


follow His command, Send the light, the blessed gos - pel light, Let it
mand..... Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light
shine.....from shore to shore! Send the light! and let its
Let it shine, From shore to shore! Send the light! and
ra-diant beams Light the world for-ev - er - more.....
let its ra-diant beams Light the world for - ev - er - more.

61 Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. Tune, HURSLEY, L. M


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eyelids gent - ly steep,
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Sav ior's breast

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

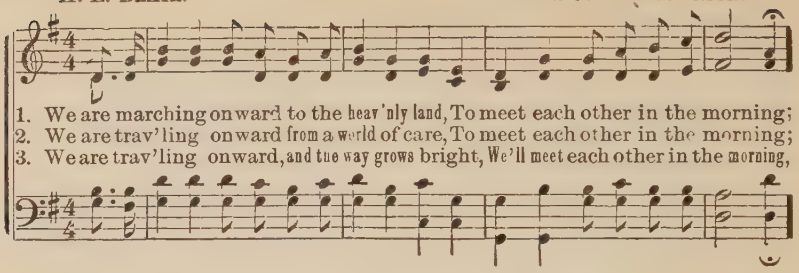
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

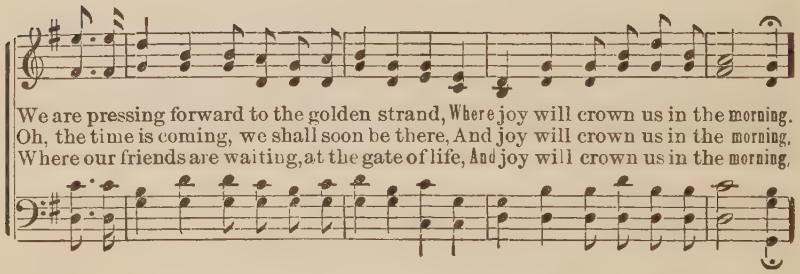
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

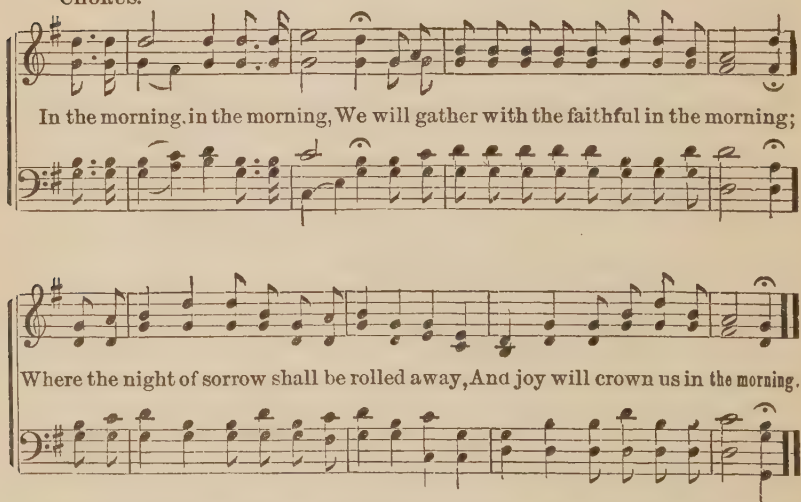
62 Meet in the Morning.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We are marching onward to the heav'nly land, To meet each other in the morning;
2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each other in the morning;
3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other in the morning,


We are pressing forward to the golden strand, Where joy will crown us in the morning.
Oh, the time is coming, we shall soon be there, And joy will crown us in the morning,
Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And joy will crown us in the morning.

CHORUS.


In the morning, in the morning, We will gather with the faithful in the morning;
Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled away, And joy will crown us in the morning.

4 Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,
We'll meet each other in the morning!
Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

2 In the boundless rapture of a Savior's love
We'll meet each other in the morning;
Then we'll sing his glory in the realms above,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

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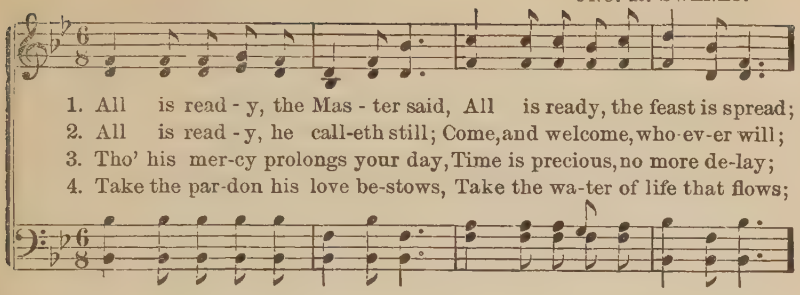
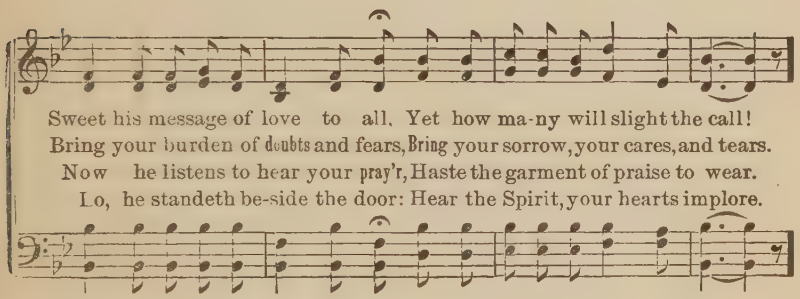
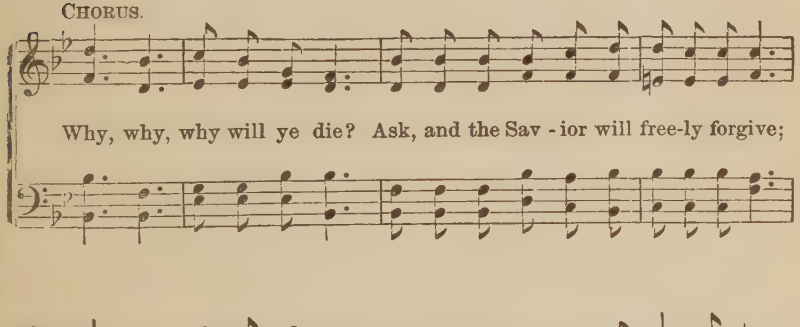
All is Ready.

SALLIE L. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. All is read - y, the Mas - ter said, All is ready, the feast is spread;
2. All is read - y, he call-eth still; Come, and welcome, who-ev-er will;
3. Tho' his mer-cy prolongs your day, Time is precious, no more de-lay;
4. Take the par-don his love be-stows, Take the wa-ter of life that flows;


Sweet his message of love to all. Yet how ma-ny will slight the call!
Bring your burden of doubts and fears, Bring your sorrow, your cares, and tears.
Now he listens to hear your pray'r, Haste the garment of praise to wear.
Lo, he standeth be-side the door: Hear the Spirit, your hearts implore.

CHORUS.



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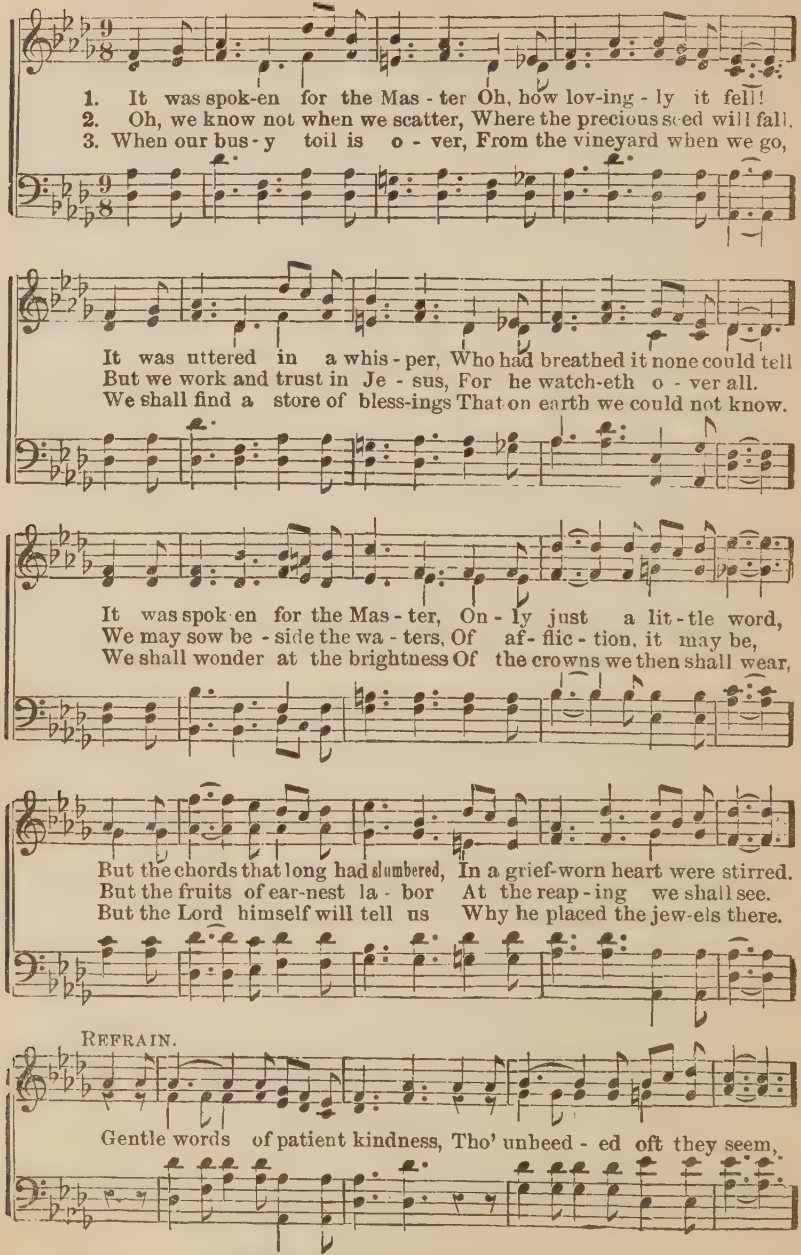
64 It Was Spoken for the Master.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. It was spok-en for the Mas - ter Oh, how lov-ing - ly it fell!
2. Oh, we know not when we scatter, Where the precious seed will fall,
3. When our bus - y toil is o - ver, From the vineyard when we go,
It was uttered in a whis - per, Who had breathed it none could tell
But we work and trust in Je - sus, For he watch-eth o - ver all.
We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.
It was spok-en for the Mas - ter, On - ly just a lit - tle word,
We may sow be - side the wa - ters, Of af - flic - tion, it may be,
We shall wonder at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear,
But the chords that long had slumbered, In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
But the fruits of ear-nest la - bor At the reap - ing we shall see.
But the Lord himself will tell us Why he placed the jew-els there.
REFRAIN.
Gentle words of patient kindness, Tho' unheed - ed oft they seem,

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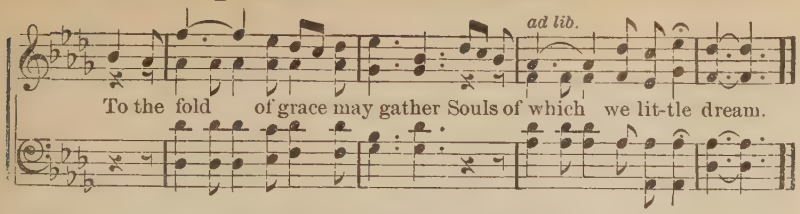
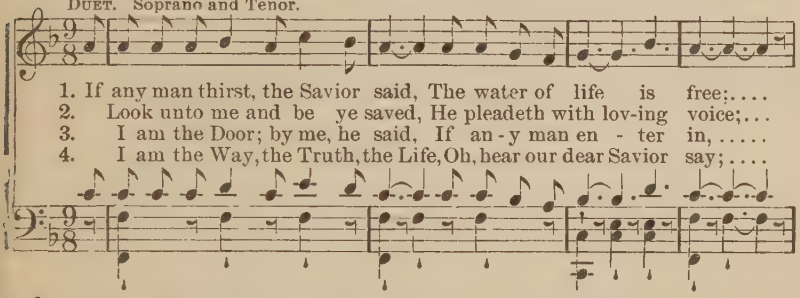
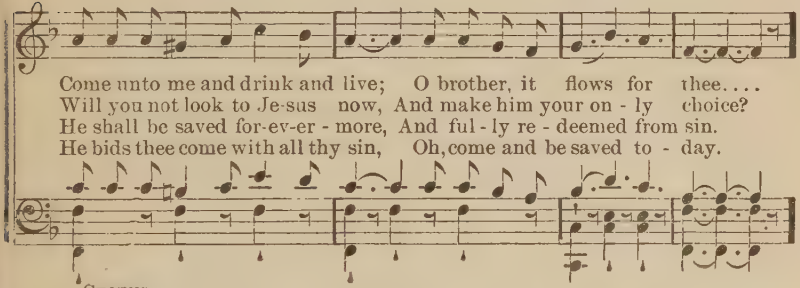
It Was Spoken for the Master—Concluded.



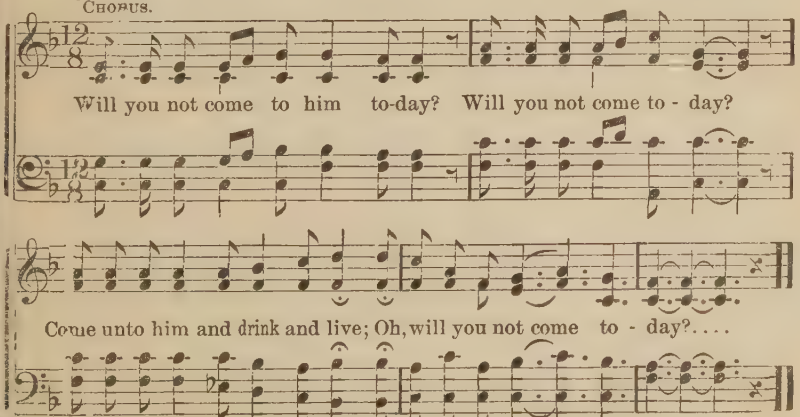
65 J. J. L. If Any Man Thirst. J. J. Lowe.

Duet. Soprano and Tenor.


1. If any man thirst, the Savior said, The water of life is free;....
2. Look unto me and be ye saved, He pleadeth with lov-ing voice;...
3. I am the Door; by me, he said, If an-y man en - ter in,.....
4. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, Oh, hear our dear Savior say;....


Come unto me and drink and live; O brother, it flows for thee....
Will you not look to Je-sus now, And make him your on - ly choice?
He shall be saved for-ev-er - more, And ful - ly re - deemed from sin.
He bids thee come with all thy sin, Oh, come and be saved to - day.

Chorus.



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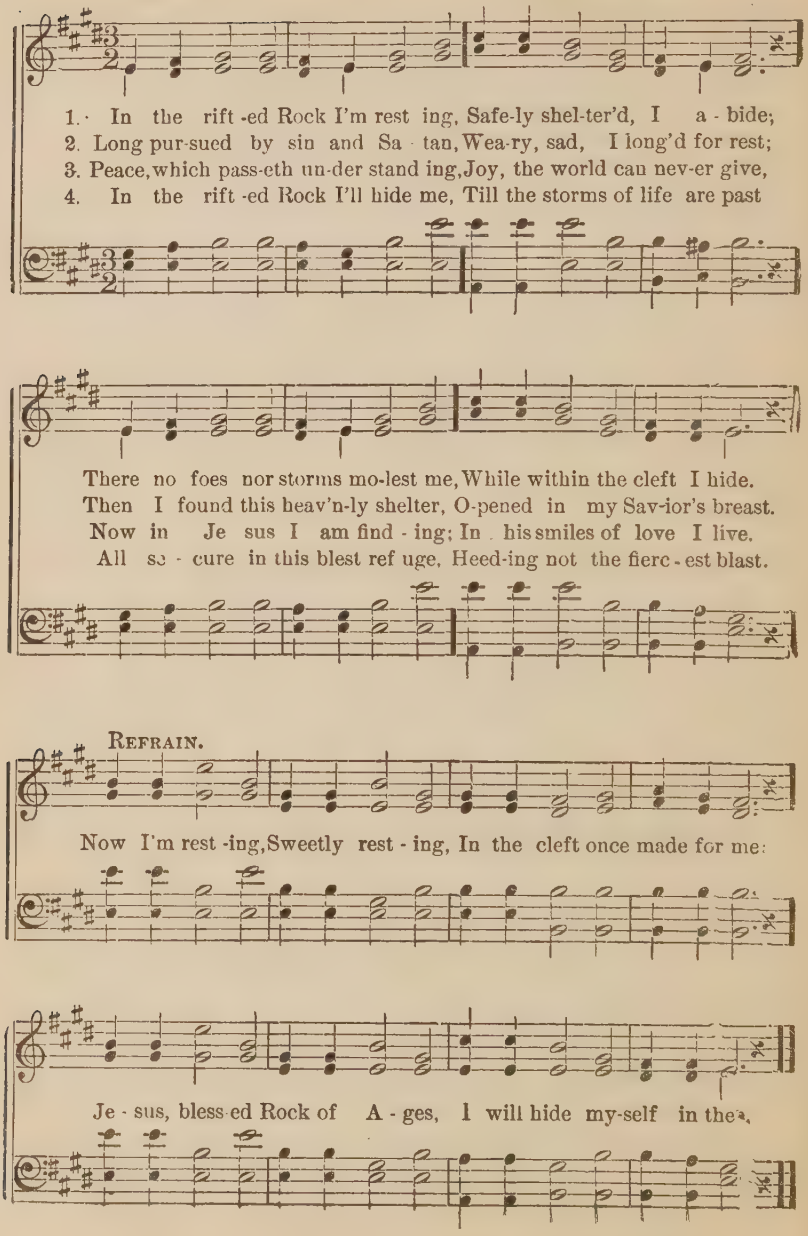
Sweetly Resting.

(Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.)

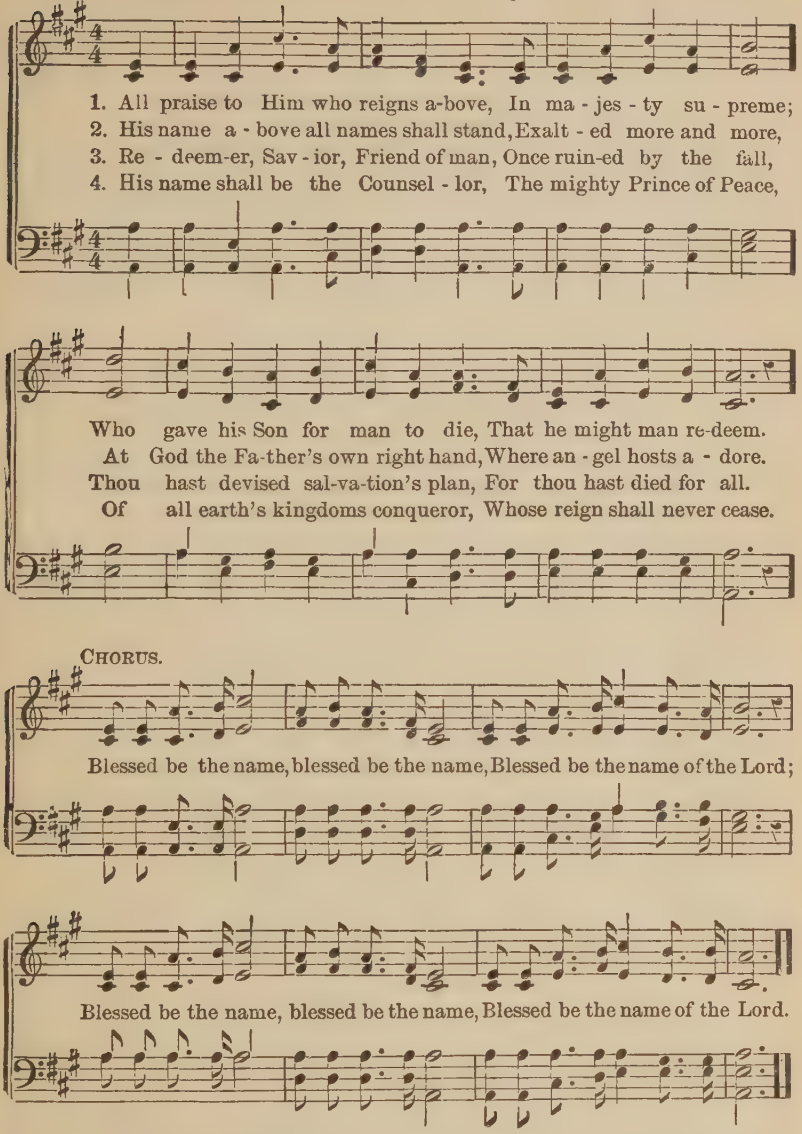
MARY D. JAMES

W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.


1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest ing, Safe-ly shel-ter'd, I a-bide;
2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa-tan, Wea-ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which pass-eth un-der stand ing, Joy, the world can nev-er give,
4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past
There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shelter, O-pened in my Sav-ior's breast.
Now in Je sus I am find-ing; In his smiles of love I live.
All se-cure in this blest ref uge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.
REFRAIN.
Now I'm rest-ing, Sweetly rest-ing, In the cleft once made for me:
Je-sus, bless-ed Rock of A-ges, I will hide my-self in thee.

67 Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, Friend of man, Once ruin-ed by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The mighty Prince of Peace,
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re-deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast devised sal-va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.
CHORUS.
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

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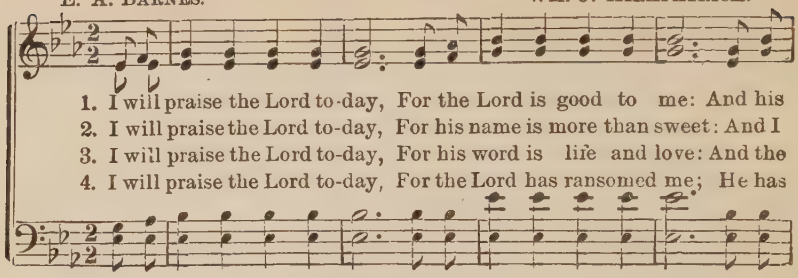
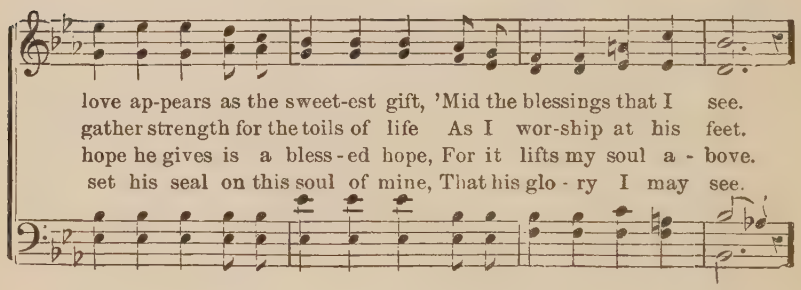
68 I will Praise the Lord To-day.

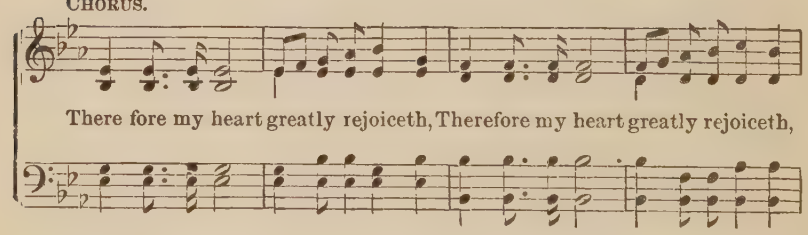
"With my song will I praise him."—Ps. xxviii. 7.

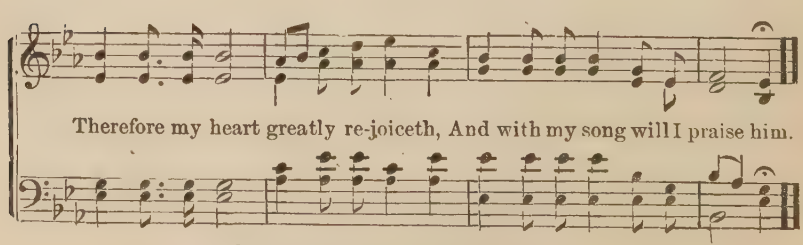
E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord is good to me: And his
2. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his name is more than sweet: And I
3. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his word is life and love: And the
4. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord has ransomed me; He has


love ap-pears as the sweet-est gift, 'Mid the blessings that I see.
gather strength for the toils of life As I wor-ship at his feet.
hope he gives is a bless-ed hope, For it lifts my soul a-bove.
set his seal on this soul of mine, That his glo-ry I may see.

CHORUS.





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69 The Morning Draweth Nigh.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, ral - ly round the stand-ard Of Christ, our roy - al King; Oh,
2. Tho' long and deep the shad-ows The drear-y night may bring, Our
3. To yon - der gold-en re-gion Our faith now plumes her wing; Our
4. To him who paid our ran - som, And took from death the sting, Be
CHORUS.
ral - ly round his stand - ard, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing. For the
lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
hearts with joy are bound-ing, And hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
ev - er - last-ing prais - es, Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
morn - - ing draw-eth nigh. For the morn - -
morn-ing draweth nigh, For the morn-ing draweth nigh, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le -
- - ing draw-eth nigh; We can see..... it in the
lu - jah! yes the morn-ing draweth nigh; We can see it, we can
dis - tance, We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and by, by and by.
see it in the distance,

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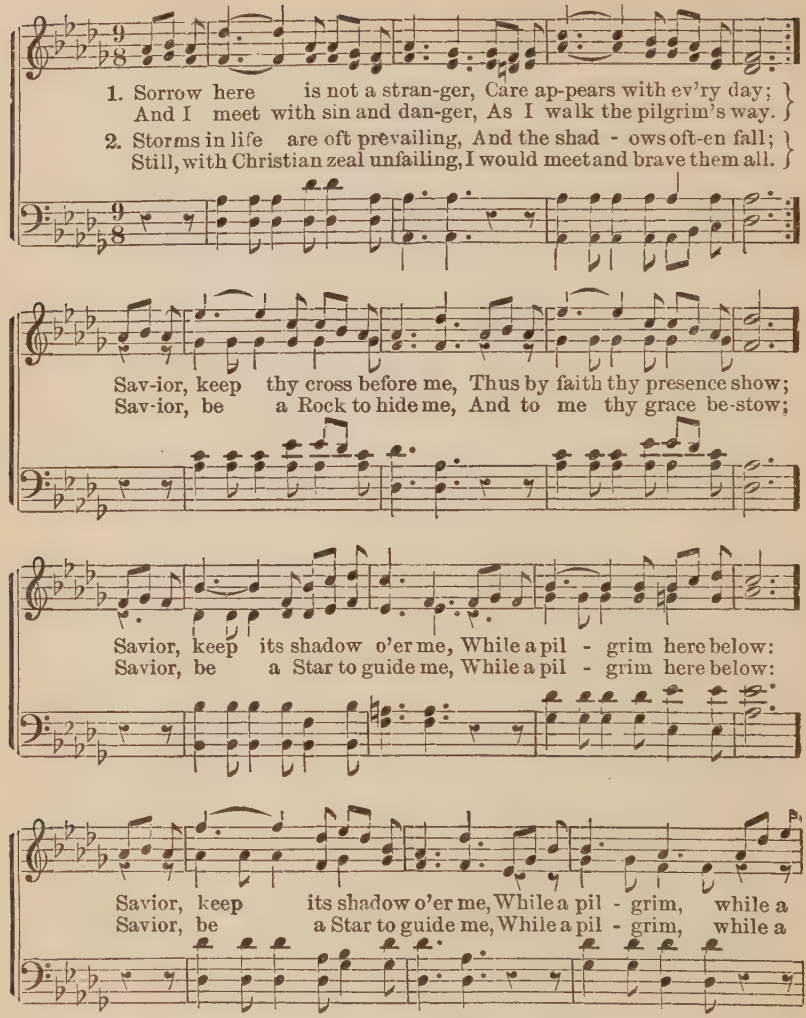
A Pilgrim's Song.

EDW. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Sorrow here is not a stran-ger, Care ap-pears with ev'ry day;
And I meet with sin and dan-ger, As I walk the pilgrim's way.
2. Storms in life are oft prevailing, And the shad - ows oft-en fall;
Still, with Christian zeal unfailing, I would meet and brave them all.
Sav-ior, keep thy cross before me, Thus by faith thy presence show;
Sav-ior, be a Rock to hide me, And to me thy grace be-stow;
Savior, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim here below:
Savior, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim here below:
Savior, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim, while a
Savior, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim, while a
pil-grim here be - low.
while a pilgrim, While a pilgrim here below.

3

Hope and peace in thee possessing,
By the Word that is divine;
And thy holy name confessing,
Faith is in this song of mine.
Savior, help me tell thy story,
Thus the precious seed to sow;
‖: Savior, help me sing thy glory,
While a pilgrim here below. :‖

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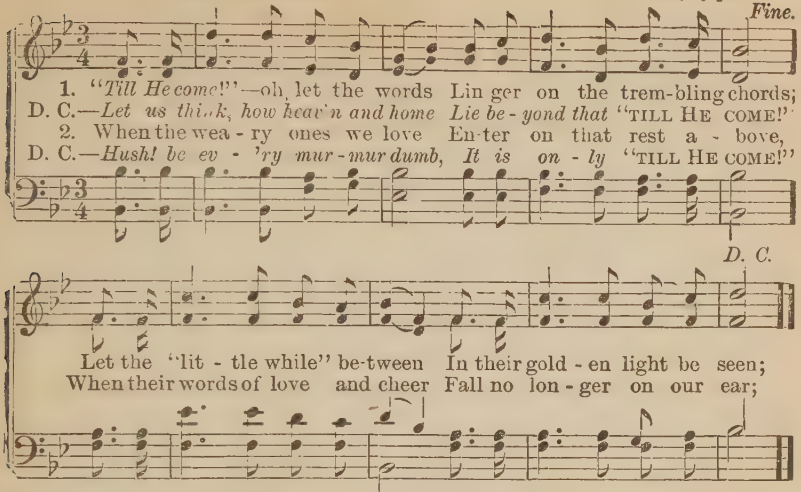
Till He Come.

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. 1866. P. P. Bliss, by per.

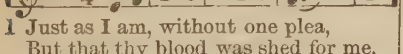

Fine.
1. "Till He come!"—oh, let the words Lin ger on the trem-bling chords;
D. C.—Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "TILL HE COME!"
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a - bove,
D. C.—Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "TILL HE COME!"
D. C.
Let the "lit - tle while" be-tween In their gold - en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear;

Copyright by John Church Co.

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread.
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

72 Just as I Am



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

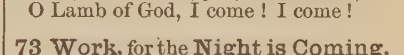
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

73 Work, for the Night is Coming.



Music copyrighted by Oliver Ditson Co.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

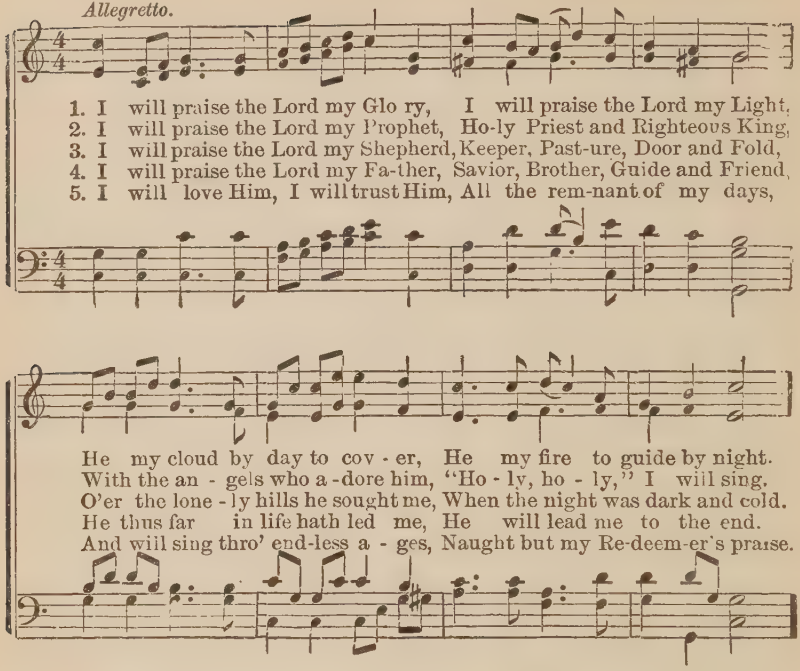
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

I Will Praise Thee.

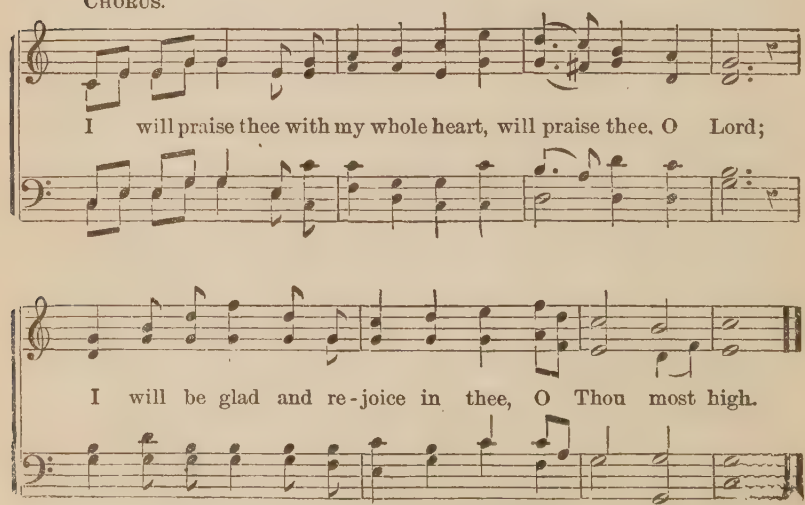
Psalm, cix. 30.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.


1. I will praise the Lord my Glo ry, I will praise the Lord my Light,
2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Ho-ly Priest and Righteous King,
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Past-ure, Door and Fold,
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa-ther, Savior, Brother, Guide and Friend,
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem-nant of my days,
He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
With the an - gels who a - dore him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
O'er the lone - ly hills he sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing thro' end-less a - ges, Naught but my Re-deem-er's praise.

CHORUS.



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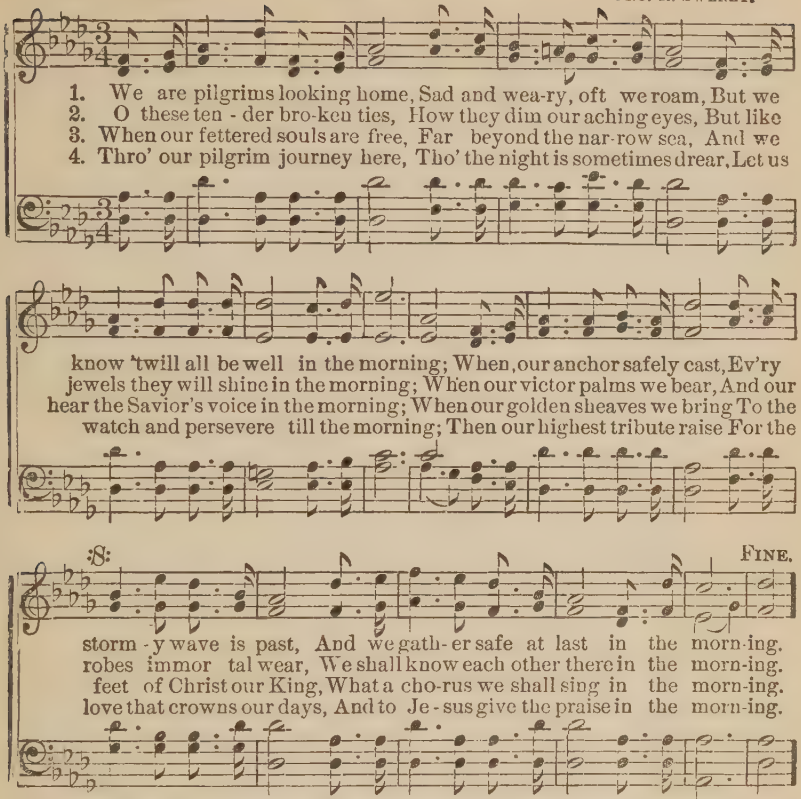
In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry, oft we roam, But we
2. O these ten - der bro-ken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the nar-row sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us
know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor safely cast, Ev'ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Savior's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the
:S:
FINE.
storm - y wave is past, And we gath- er safe at last in the morn-ing.
robes immor tal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn-ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Je - sus give the praise in the morn-ing.
D. S.—sun-ny re-gion bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn - ing.
CHORUS.
When we all meet a - gain in the morning, On the sweet, blooming
D.S.
hills in the morning; Nev - er more to say good night In that

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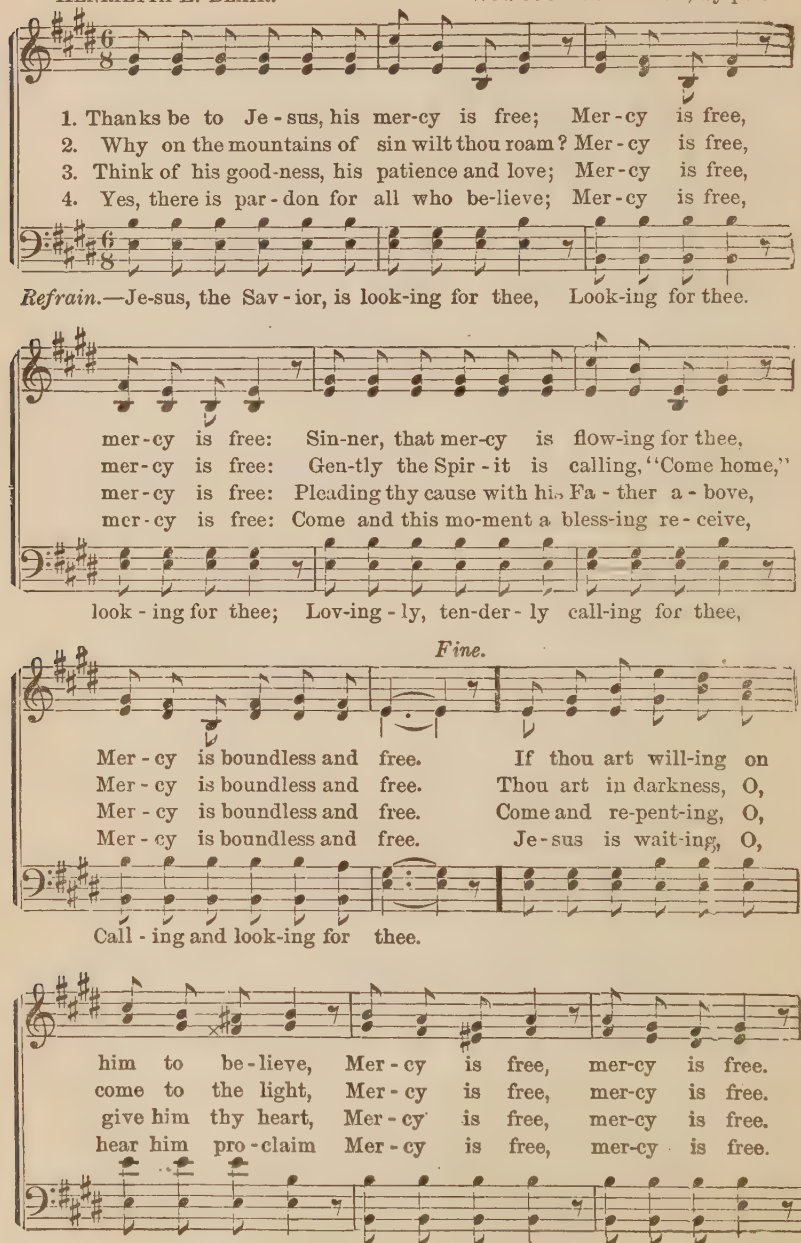
76 Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.


1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer-cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of his good-ness, his patience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be-lieve; Mer - cy is free,
Refrain.—Je-sus, the Sav - ior, is look-ing for thee, Look-ing for thee.
mer - cy is free: Sin-ner, that mer-cy is flow-ing for thee,
mer - cy is free: Gen-tly the Spir - it is calling, "Come home,"
mer - cy is free: Pleading thy cause with his Fa - ther a - bove,
mer - cy is free: Come and this mo-ment a bless-ing re - ceive,
look - ing for thee; Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly call-ing for thee,
Fine.
Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art will-ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come and re-pent-ing, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Je - sus is wait-ing, O,
Call - ing and look-ing for thee.
him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
give him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
hear him pro - claim Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.

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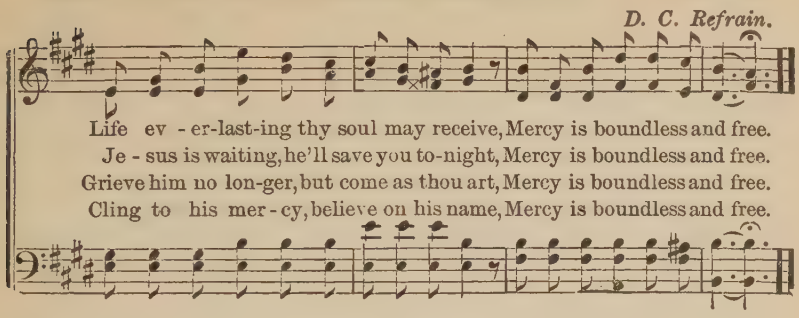
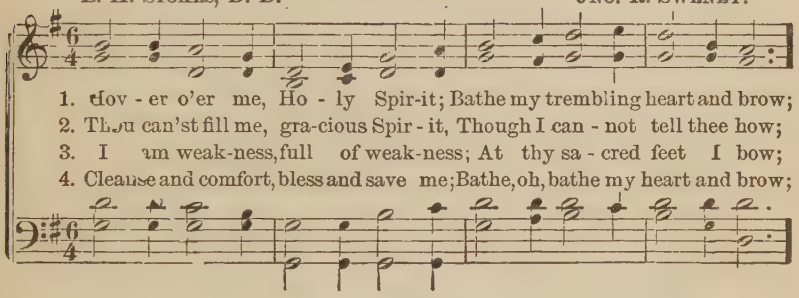
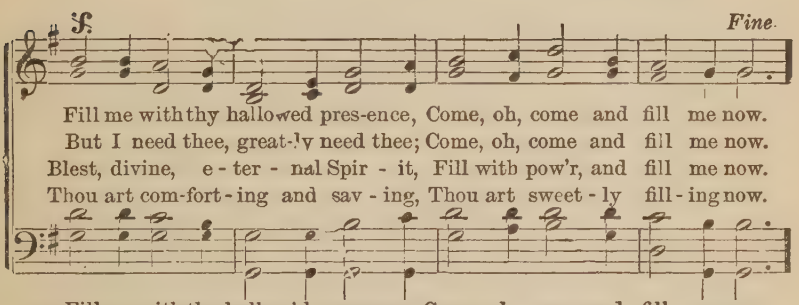
Mercy is Boundless and Free—Concluded.


D. C. Refrain.
Life ev - er-last-ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
Je - sus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
Grieve him no lon-ger, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
Cling to his mer - cy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

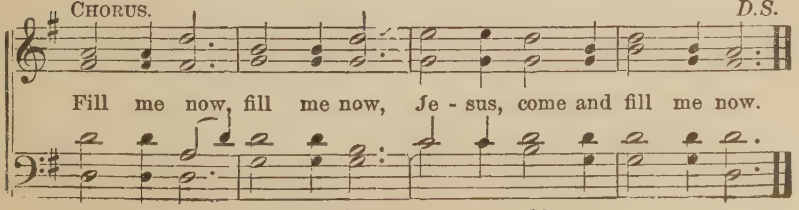
77 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;


f.
Fine.
Fill me with thy hallowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great-ly need thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, divine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.



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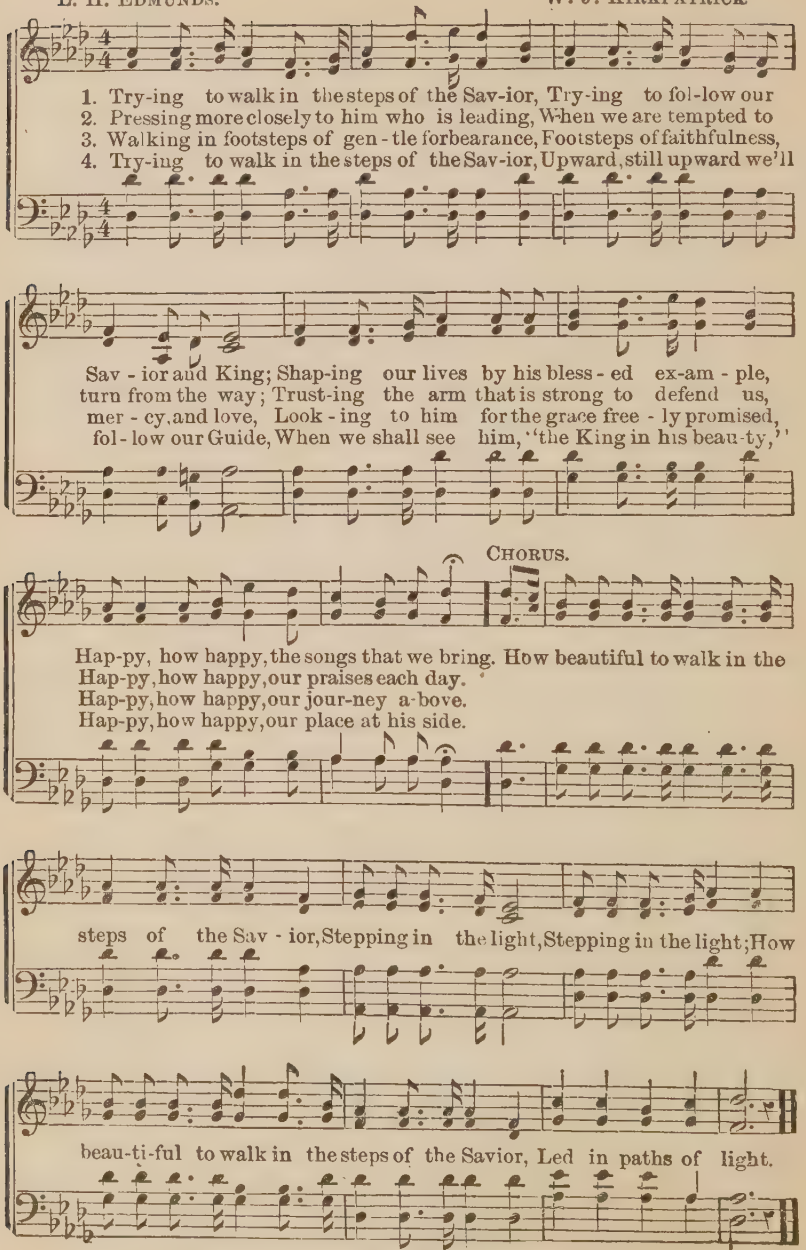
78 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. W. J. Kirkpatrick


1. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try-ing to fol-low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Upward, still upward we'll
Sav-ior and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless-ed ex-am-ple,
turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer-cy, and love, Look-ing to him for the grace free-ly promised,
fol-low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty,"
Chorus.
Hap-py, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Hap-py, how happy, our praises each day.
Hap-py, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
Hap-py, how happy, our place at his side.
steps of the Sav-ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How
beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Savior, Led in paths of light.

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Tell it to Jesus.

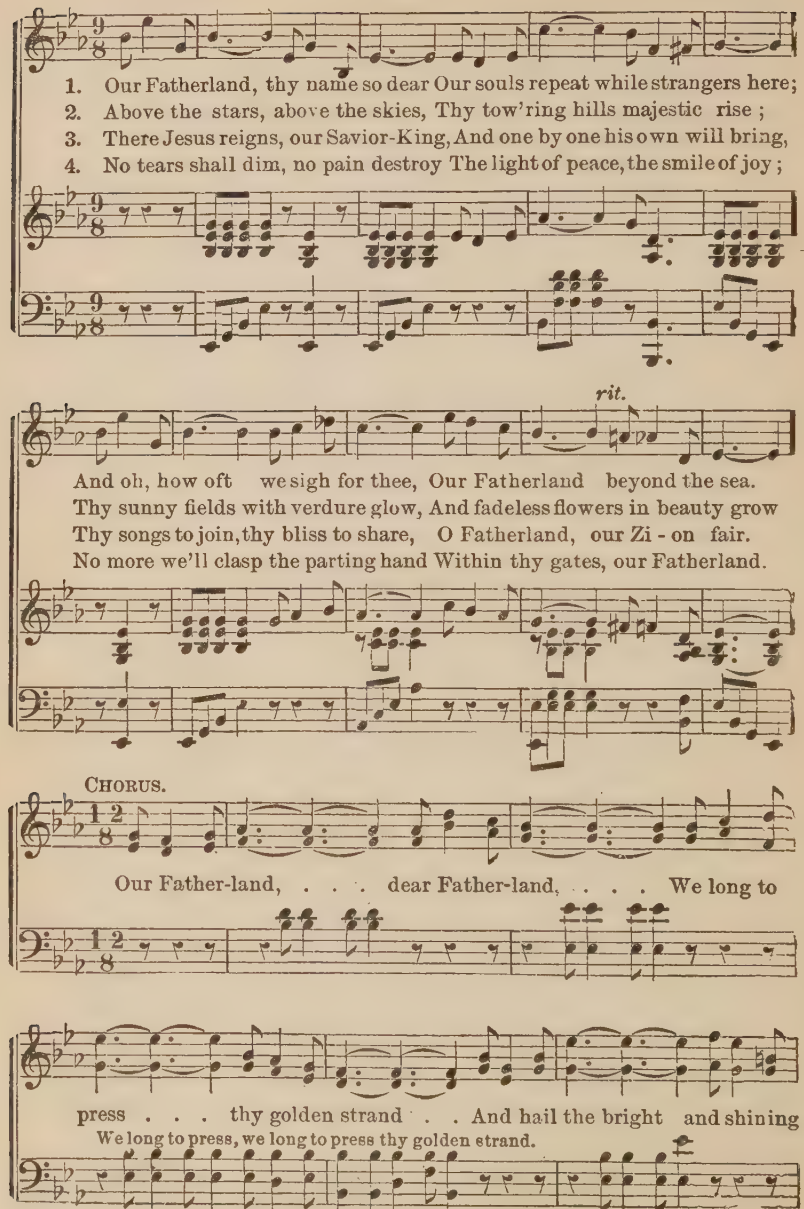
Matt. xiv. 12.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz. By per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to-mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming King-dom are you sigh-ing?
Chorus.
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Our Fatherland.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Our Fatherland, thy name so dear Our souls repeat while strangers here;
2. Above the stars, above the skies, Thy tow'ring hills majestic rise ;
3. There Jesus reigns, our Savior-King, And one by one his own will bring,
4. No tears shall dim, no pain destroy The light of peace, the smile of joy ;
rit.
And oh, how oft we sigh for thee, Our Fatherland beyond the sea.
Thy sunny fields with verdure glow, And fadeless flowers in beauty grow
Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share, O Fatherland, our Zi - on fair.
No more we'll clasp the parting hand Within thy gates, our Fatherland.
CHORUS.
Our Father-land, . . . dear Father-land, ... We long to
press . . . thy golden strand . . . And hail the bright and shining
We long to press, we long to press thy golden strand.

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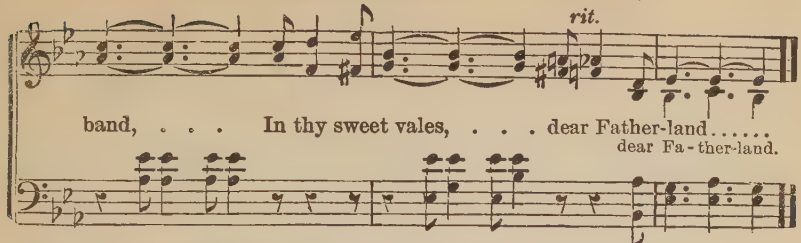
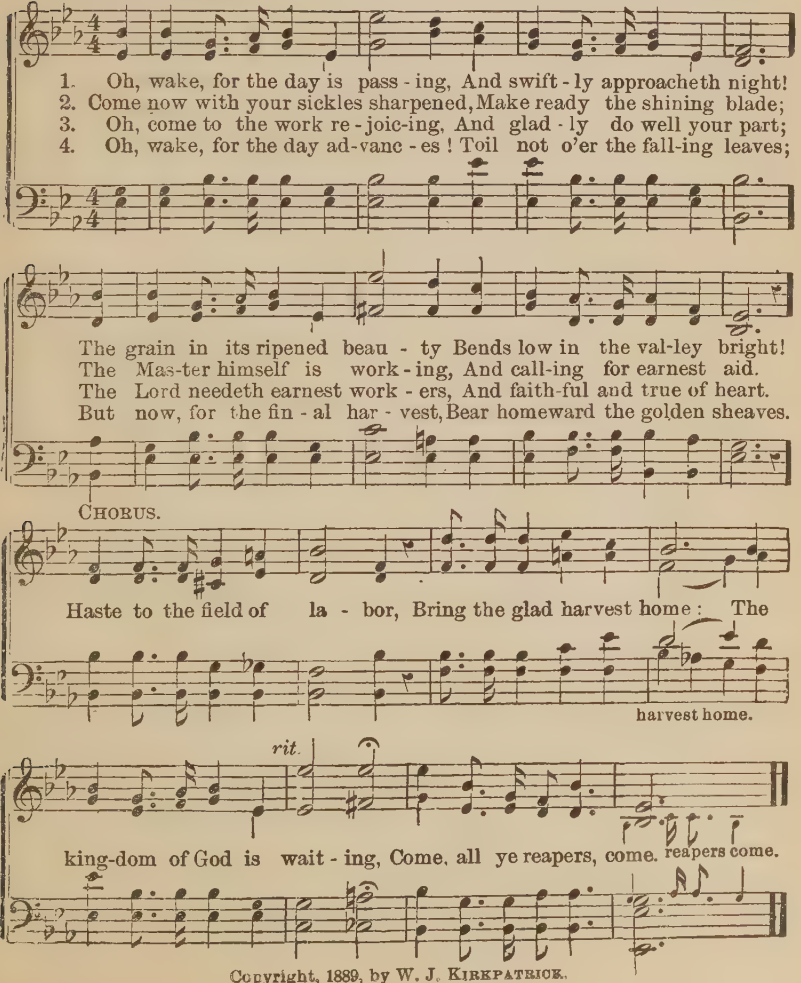


81 Haste to the Field of Labor.

(Harvest Song.)

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Oh, wake, for the day is pass-ing, And swift-ly approacheth night!
2. Come now with your sickles sharpened, Make ready the shining blade;
3. Oh, come to the work re-joic-ing, And glad-ly do well your part;
4. Oh, wake, for the day ad-vanc-es! Toil not o'er the fall-ing leaves;
The grain in its ripened beau-ty Bends low in the val-ley bright!
The Mas-ter himself is work-ing, And call-ing for earnest aid.
The Lord needeth earnest work-ers, And faith-ful and true of heart.
But now, for the fin-al har-vest, Bear homeward the golden sheaves.
CHORUS.
Haste to the field of la-bor, Bring the glad harvest home; The
harvest home.
rit.
king-dom of God is wait-ing, Come, all ye reapers, come. reapers come.

Copyright, 1889, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Whole Wide World.

Rev. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest
2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the tho't That ev-'ry son of
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous
mountain, Down by the widest sea, The whole wide world for Jesus, To
Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
gos - pel Wher-ever man is found. The whole wide world for Jesus. Our
mansions. Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Jesus, Ride
him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prairie. The world for Jesus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer. In this our glorious day,
banner is unfurled, We battle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world
forth. O conquering King, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.
CHORUS.
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos-pel
tidings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

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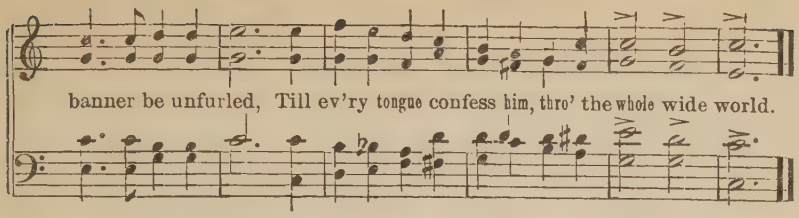
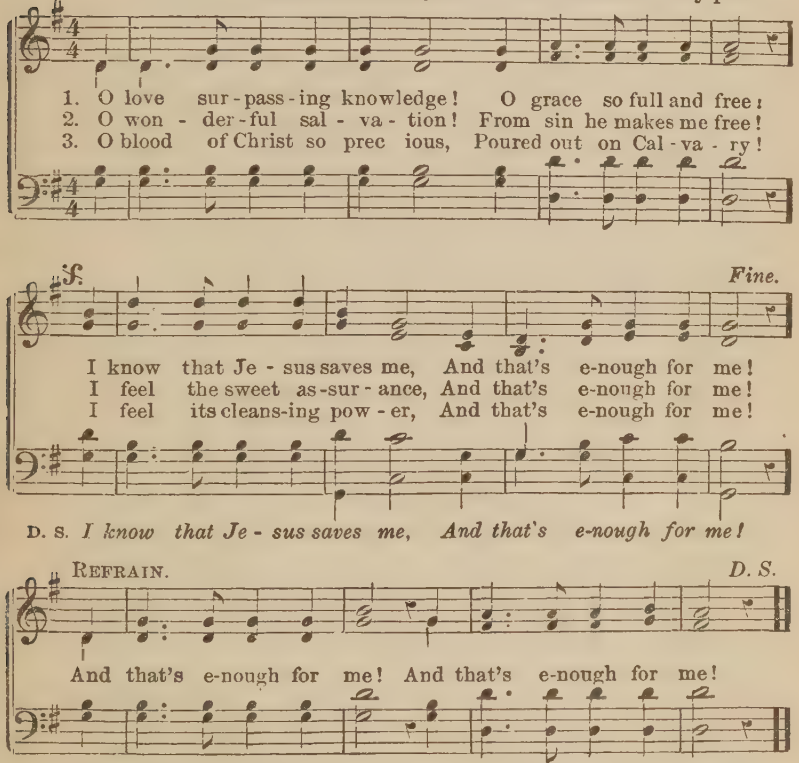
The Whole Wide World—Concluded.



83 Enough for Me.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.


1. O love sur-pass-ing knowledge! O grace so full and free:
2. O won-der-ful sal-va-tion! From sin he makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ so prec ious, Poured out on Cal-va-ry!
Fine.
I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel the sweet as-sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel its cleans-ing pow-er, And that's e-nough for me!
D. S. I know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!
REFRAIN.
D. S.
And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!

4 Oh, wondrous love of Jesus,
He tasted death for me;
He lives my King forever,
And that's enough for me.

5 His blessed Holy Spirit
With mine doth now agree;
He tells me—I'm adopted:
And that's enough for me.

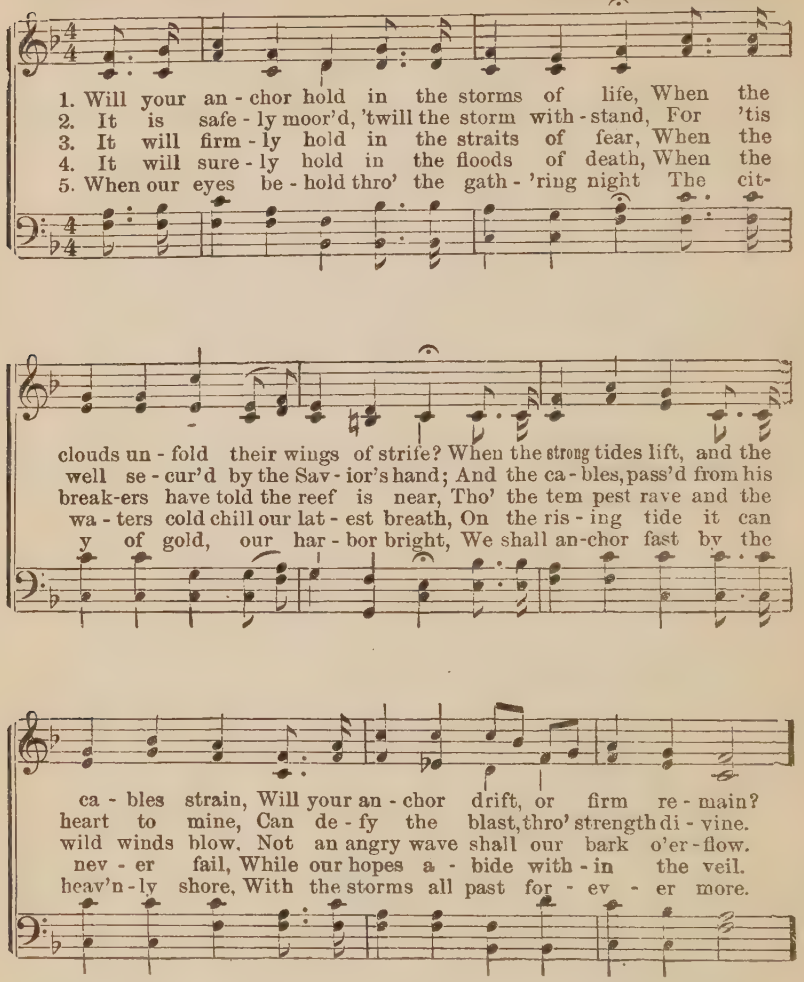
6 I have his sweet communion,
He walks—and talks with me,
And fills my life with gladness—
And that's enough for me.

7 His grace will be sufficient,
Till I his glory see,
Then safe at home forever—
And that's enough for me

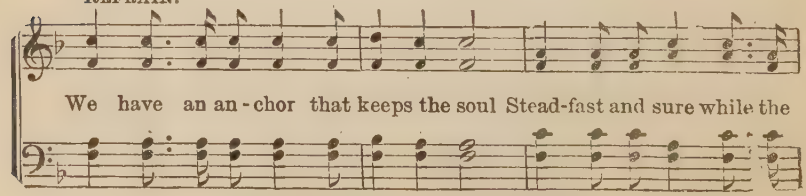
The last four verses were written by Rev. JOHN PARKER.

We have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the
2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm with - stand, For 'tis
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit-
clouds un - fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
well se - cur'd by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from his
break-ers have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem pest rave and the
wa - ters cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can
y of gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the
ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
heart to mine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.
nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
heav'n - ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er more.

REFRAIN.



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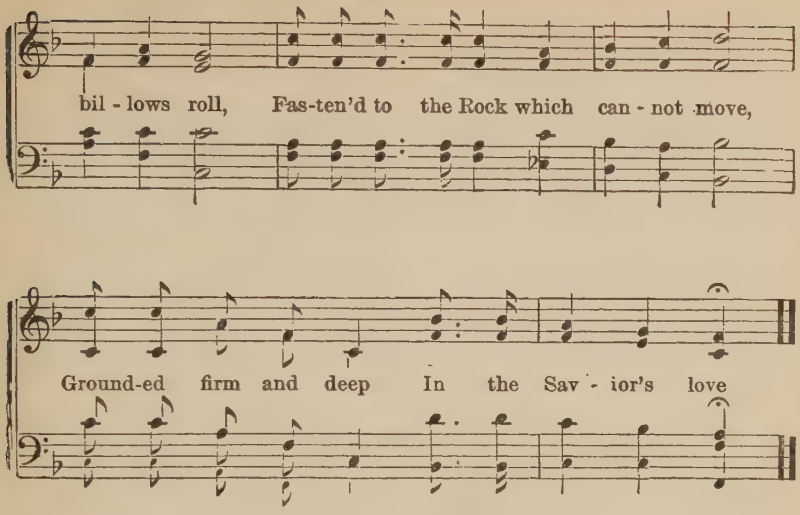
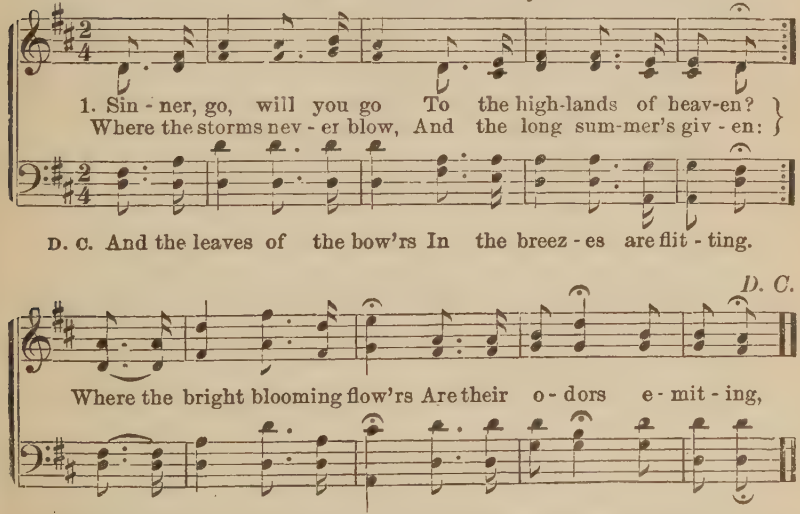


135 **The Sinner Invited.**

Words and Music arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.


1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav-en?
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv - en:
D. C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.
D. C.
Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ing,

2 Where the saints rob'd in white,
Cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.

Broken Hearts.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte.

1. Like the mu - sic of a fountain Which a thirst - y trav'ler hears,
2. Tho' thy heart is crushed and broken, Like a storm-tossed ship at sea,
3. Tho' thy song hath nought but sorrow, Like a bird's whose breast is torn;
4. Look a - way be-yond thy sad-ness, Up to Je - sus turn thy gaze;
Speaks a voice from Calv'ry's mountain, "I am more than all thy fears"
Sink-ing, dying,-Christ hath spoken, "It is I, look un - to me."
Fly to Christ, nor wait the morrow, He hath all thy sor-rows borne.
Then thy song shall turn to gladness-Then thy tongue shall sound his praise.
Chorus.
O ye broken hearts, look upward! Hear the an - gel
broken hearts,
voi - ces call - ing, Lift your eyes to Cal-v'ry's
call - ing you, Lift your eyes to
Je - sus. Bro - ken - heart - ed there for you.
Je - sus,

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They Crucified Him.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done,
2. From heav - en he came, he loved you—he died:
3. No pi - ty - ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none,
4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave,
5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?
Be - hold how he suf-fered for thee: They cru - ci-fied him,
Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold; on the cross
He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone; in the fight,
"My Fa - ther, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne,
Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day
God's in - no-cent Son, For - sak - en, He died on the tree!
your King cru ci - fied. To make you an heir to his throne!
the vict - 'ry he won; O praise him. ye chil - dren of men.
the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!
of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?
Chorus.
They cru-ci-fied him, they cru-ci fied him, They nailed him to the tree,
And so there he died, A King crucified To save a poor sinner like me
like me.

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Home at Last.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Melody by M. LINDSAY. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yon-der stran
2. O, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
3. Look be-yond, the skies are clear-ing; See, the mist dis-solves a - way;
Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, sum-mer land;
O, the greet-ing, end-less greet-ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace,
Soon our eyes will catch the dawn-ing Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;
They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have pass'd,
Where the hop - ing and de-spond-ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
Soon the shad-ows will be lift - ed That a - round us now are cast,
And with millions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:
And with millions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

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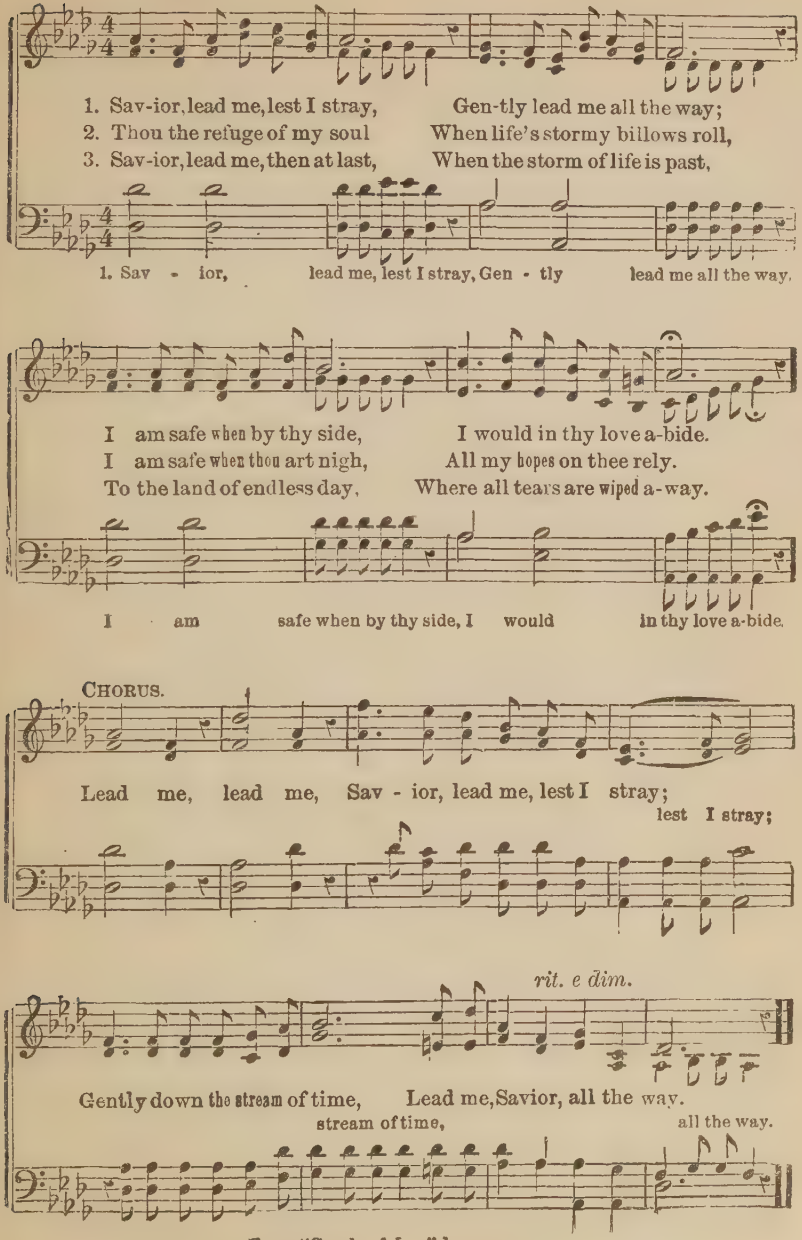
Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. *With expression.* FRANK M. DAVIS.

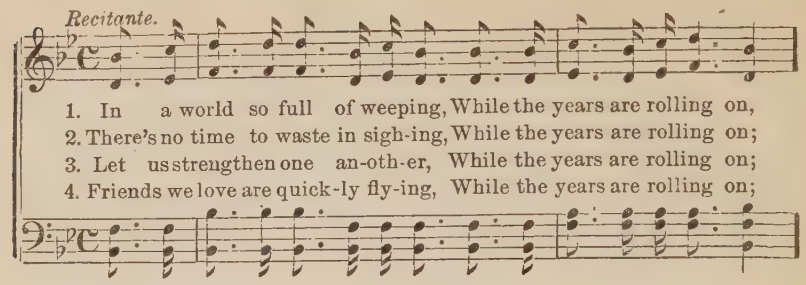

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way.
I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;
lest I stray;
rit. e dim.
Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

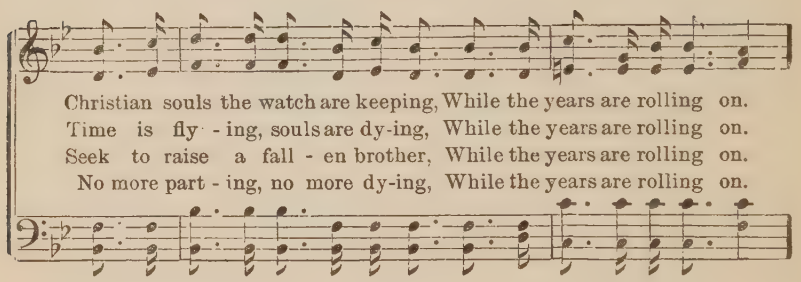
From "Carols of Joy," by per.

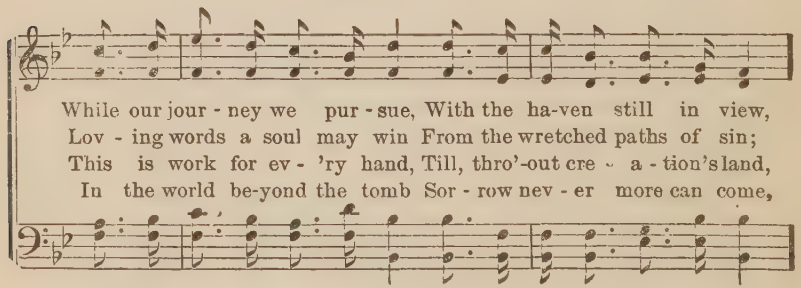
While the Years are rolling on.

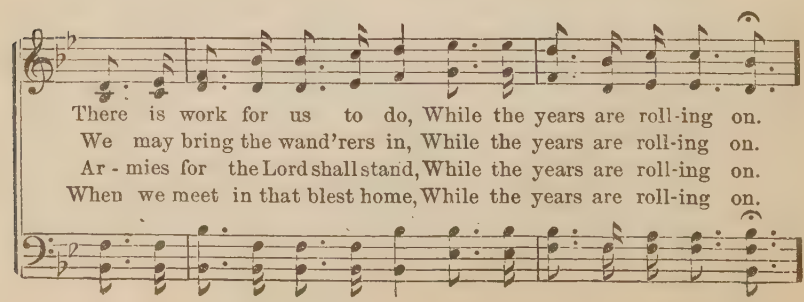
HARRIET. B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.


1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are rolling on;
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are rolling on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are rolling on;


Christian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on.
Time is fly - ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
Seek to raise a fall - en brother, While the years are rolling on.
No more part - ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.


While our jour - ney we pur - sue, With the ha-ven still in view,
Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;
This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, thro'-out cre - a - tion's land,
In the world be-yond the tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come,


There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.

While the Years are rolling on—Concluded.

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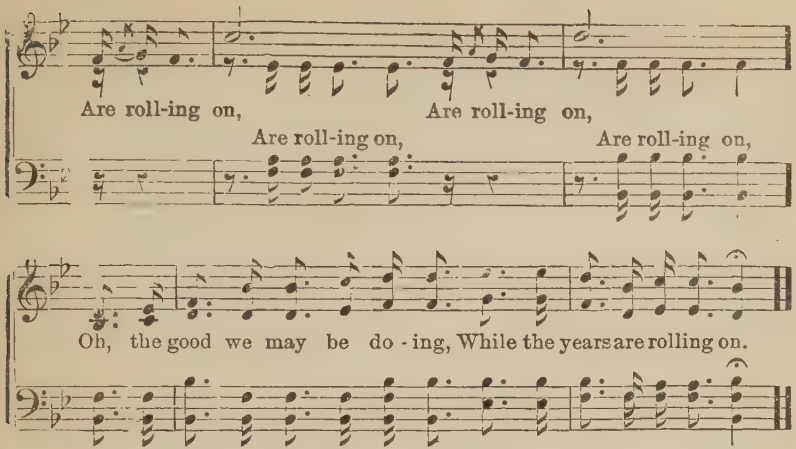

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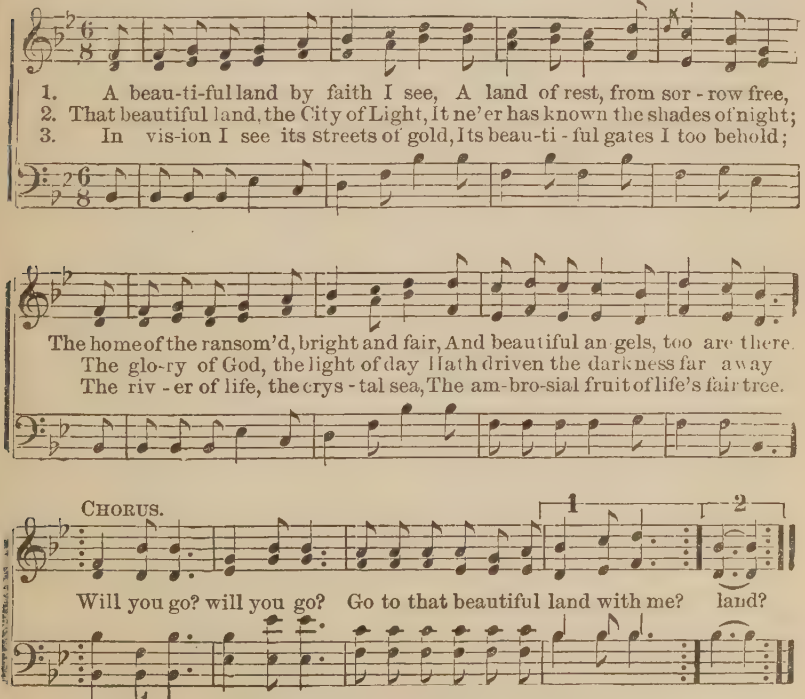
91 Beautiful Land.

Rev. JONATHAN HALL. WM. BRADBURY.


1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor - row free,
2. That beautiful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night;
3. In vis-ion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti - ful gates I too behold;
The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair, And beautiful an-gels, too are there.
The glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far a way
The riv - er of life, the crys - tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree.
CHORUS.
1
2
Will you go? will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me? land?

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The Savior Precious.

JAMES S. APPLE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found the Sav - ior precious, And I love him more and more;
I have found the Sav - ior precious, And I find him precious still;
2. I have found the Sav - ior precious, And, wher-ev - er I may go,
I am read - y, if he calls me, In the bat - tle front to stand;
1
He has rolled a - way my bur-den, And my mourning days are o'er;
All my life is con - se - crat - ed To his (Omit.)
I will bear the roy - al standard, And its col - ors I will show;
I am read - y—yes, and waiting—To ful- (Omit.)
2
CHORUS.
service and his will. I have tak - - - en up the cross, And will
fill my Lord's command. I have taken up the cross, And will never lay it down. I have
nev - - er lay it down Till I see ..... his face in
taken up the cross, And will never lay it down Till I see his face in glo-ry, Till I
glo - - ry, And re - ceive ..... a star - ry crown.
see his face in glo - ry, And re-ceive a star - ry crown, a star - ry crown.

3 I have found the Savior precious;
Hallelujah! praise his name!
To a mansion in his kingdom
Through his grace the right I claim.

I have found the Savior precious;
He has proved my dearest Friend;
And my faith can trust his promise
Of protection to the end.

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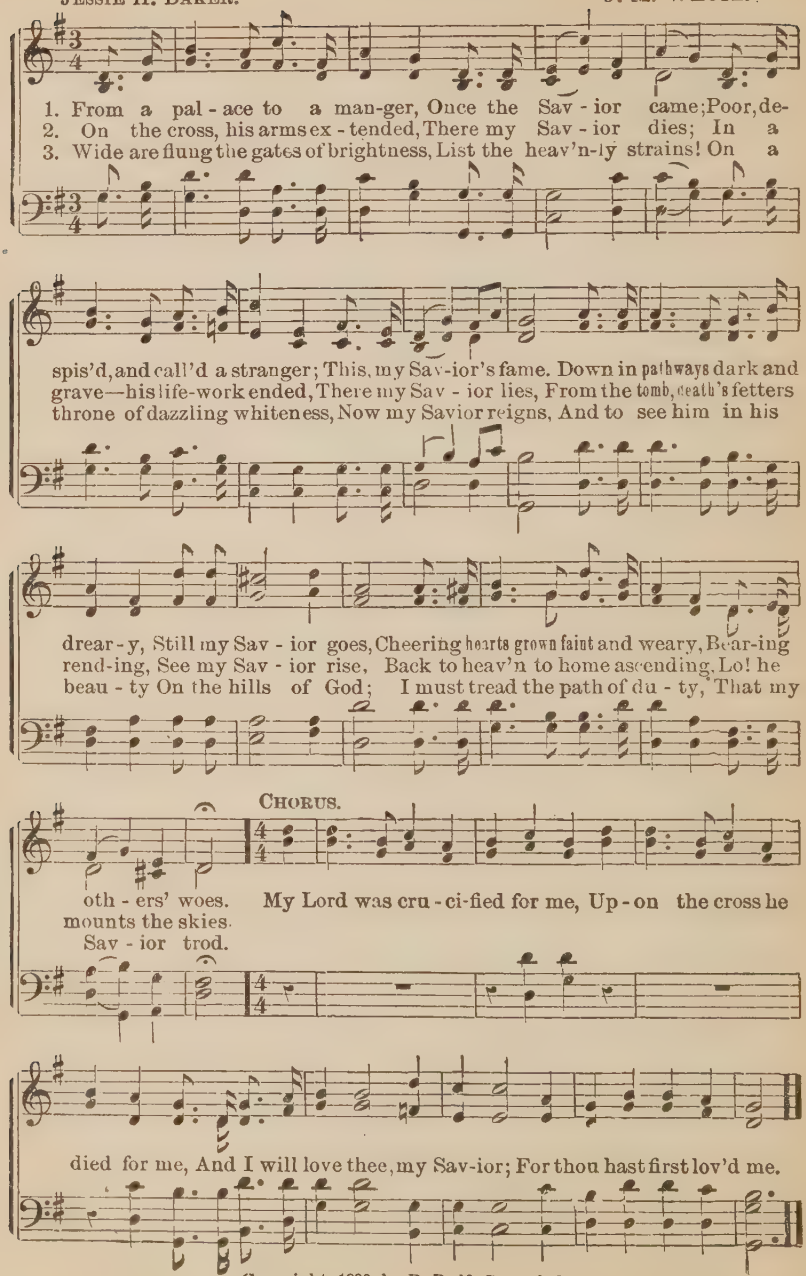
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. Gordon. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow;
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

JESSIE H. BAKER. J. M. WHYTE.


1. From a pal - ace to a man-ger, Once the Sav - ior came; Poor, de-
2. On the cross, his arms ex - tended, There my Sav - ior dies; In a
3. Wide are flung the gates of brightness, List the heav'n-ly strains! On a
spis'd, and call'd a stranger; This, my Sav-ior's fame. Down in pathways dark and
grave—his life-work ended, There my Sav - ior lies, From the tomb, death's fetters
throne of dazzling whiteness, Now my Savior reigns, And to see him in his
drear - y, Still my Sav - ior goes, Cheering hearts grown faint and weary, Bear-ing
rend-ing, See my Sav - ior rise, Back to heav'n to home ascending, Lo! he
beau - ty On the hills of God; I must tread the path of du - ty, That my
CHORUS.
oth - ers' woes. My Lord was cru - ci-fied for me, Up - on the cross he
mounts the skies.
Sav - ior trod.
died for me, And I will love thee, my Sav-ior; For thou hast first lov'd me.

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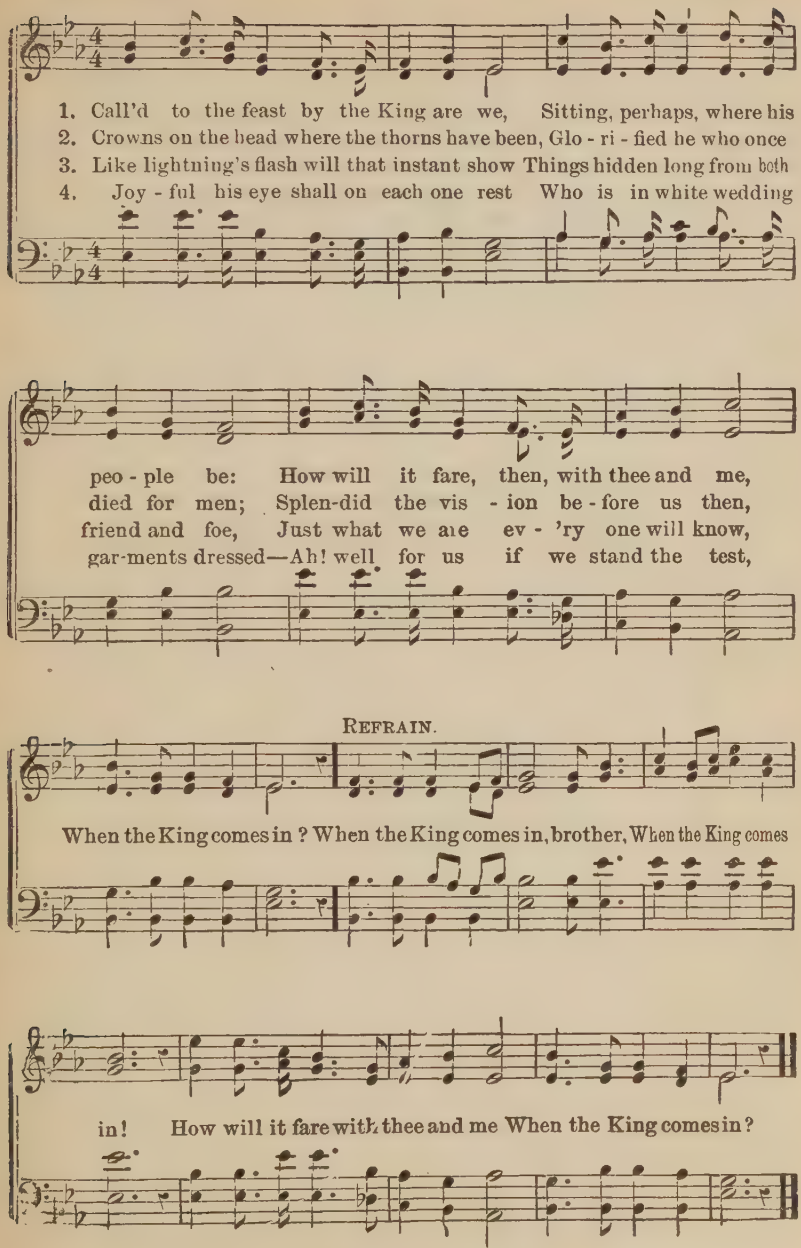
When the King comes in.

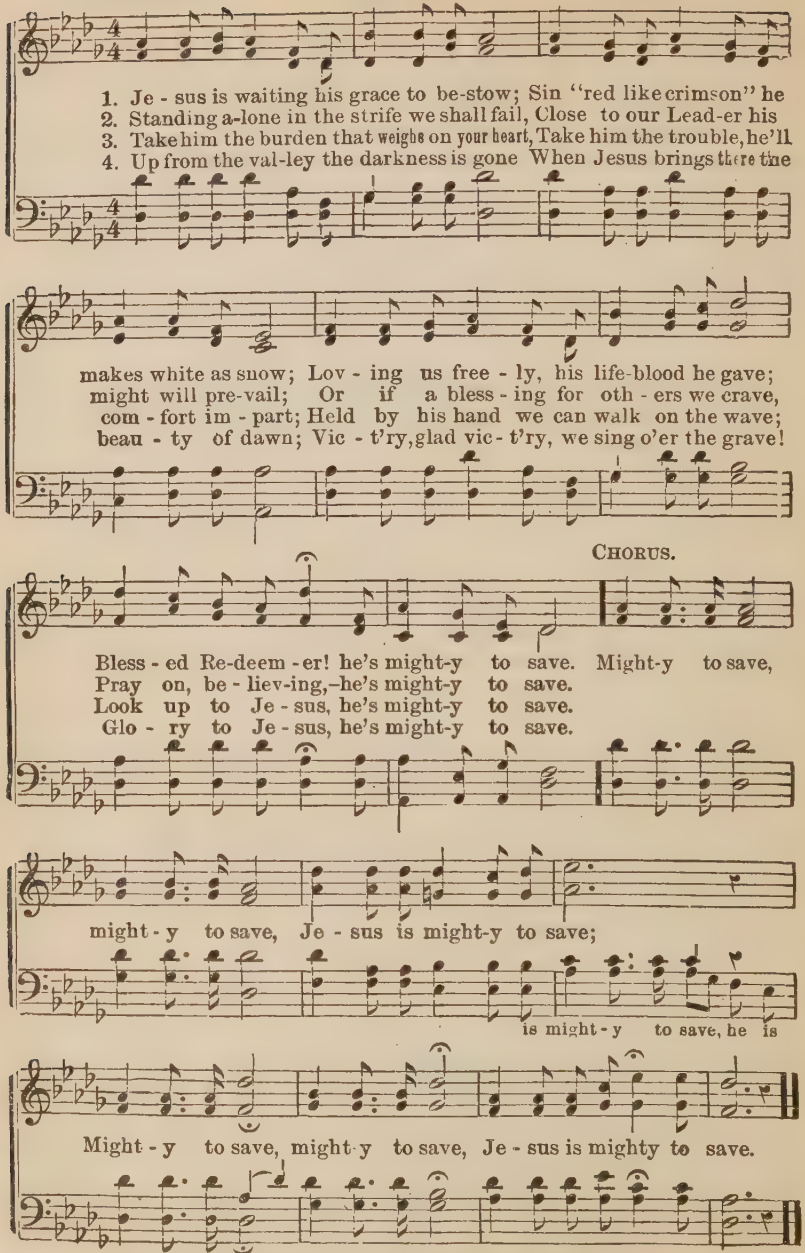
J. E. LANDOR. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where his
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding
peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
died for men; Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
REFRAIN.
When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes
in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by per.

He's Mighty to Save.

E. E. HEWITT. Isaiah lxiii. 1. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Je - sus is waiting his grace to be-stow; Sin "red like crimson" he
2. Standing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Lead-er his
3. Take him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
4. Up from the val-ley the darkness is gone When Jesus brings there the
makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, his life-blood he gave;
might will pre-vail; Or if a bless - ing for oth - ers we crave,
com - fort im - part; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave;
beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!
CHORUS.
Bless - ed Re-deem - er! he's might-y to save. Might-y to save,
Pray on, be - liev-ing,—he's might-y to save.
Look up to Je - sus, he's might-y to save.
Glo - ry to Je - sus, he's might-y to save.
might - y to save, Je - sus is might-y to save;
is might - y to save, he is
Might - y to save, might - y to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.

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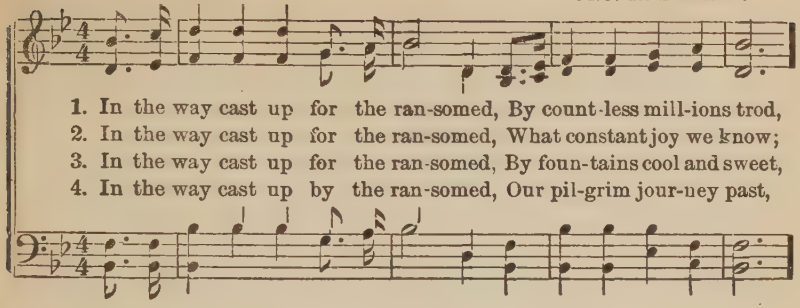
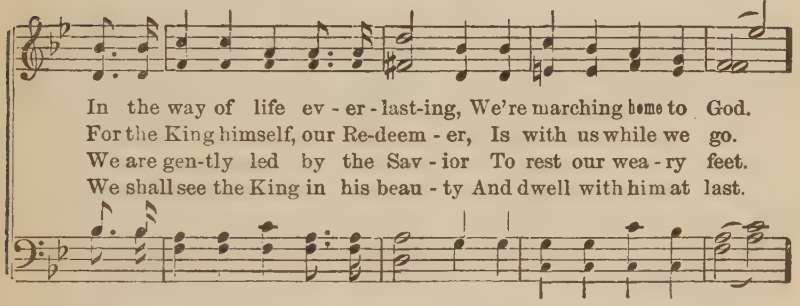
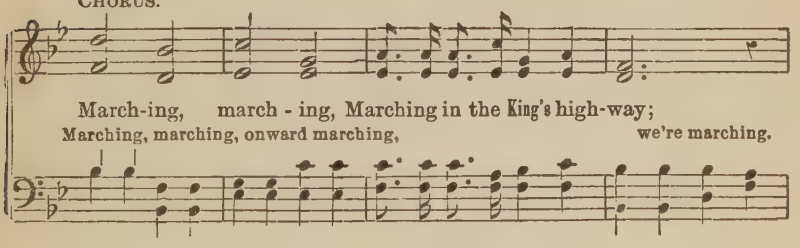
97 Marching in the King's Highway.

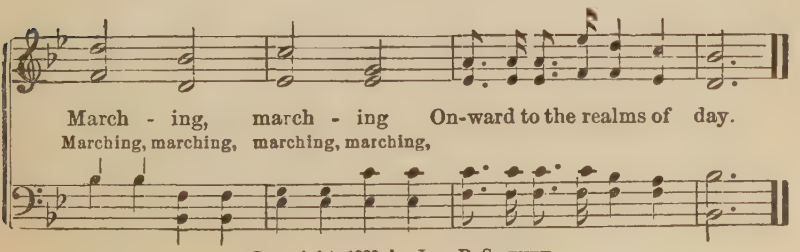
SALLIE A. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, By count-less mill-ions trod,
2. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, What constant joy we know;
3. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, By foun-tains cool and sweet,
4. In the way cast up by the ran-somed, Our pil-grim jour-ney past,


In the way of life ev - er - last-ing, We're marching home to God.
For the King himself, our Re-deem - er, Is with us while we go.
We are gen-tly led by the Sav - ior To rest our wea - ry feet.
We shall see the King in his beau - ty And dwell with him at last.

CHORUS.





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98 Let us Hear you Tell It.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. O, brother, have you told how the Lord for-gave? Let us hear you
2. When toil-ing up the way, was the Sav-ior there? Let us hear you
3. Was ev - er on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you
4. The bat-tles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you
tell it o - ver once a - gain; Thy com-ing to the cross, where he
tell it o - ver once a - gain; Did Je - sus bear you up in his
tell it o - ver once a - gain; 'Tis ev - er sweet-er far than the
tell it o - ver once a - gain; 'Twill help them on the way who have
died to save, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
ten - der care? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
sweetest dream, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
just be - gun, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
Are you walk ing now in his blessed light? Are you cleansed from
Nev - er have you found such a friend as he, Who can help you
There are aching hearts in the world's great throng, Who have sought for
We are striv-ing now with the hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our
ev - 'ry guilt - y stain? Is he your joy by day, and your
'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should hear what he's
rest, and all in vain; Hold Je - sus up to them by your
Sav - ior we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a

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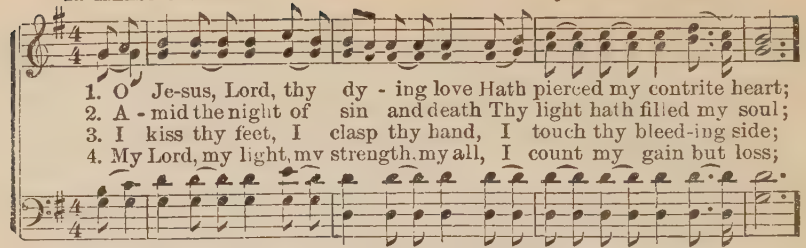
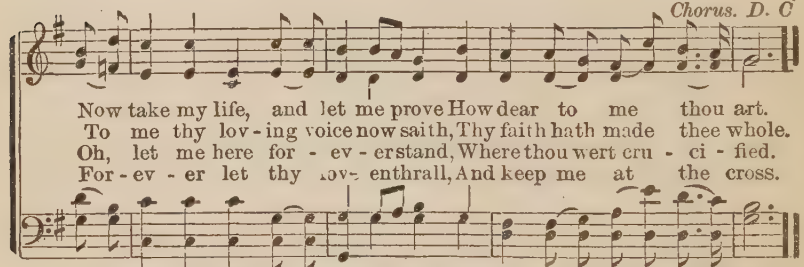
Let us Hear you Tell It—Concluded.

song by night? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
done for thee; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
word and song; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
CHORUS.
Let us hear you tell it o - ver,
Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain,
tell it o - - - ver once a - gain,
tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver once a - gain,
Tell the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry, It will help you on to
glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER. Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.


1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my contrite heart;
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;
Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away.


Chorus. D. C
Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wert cru - ci - fied.
For - ev - er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.
It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I'm happy night and day!

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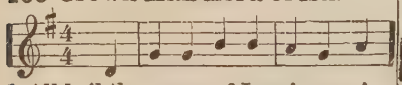
100 Crown Him Lord of All.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

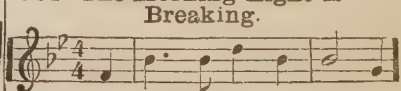
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

101 The Morning Light is Breaking.



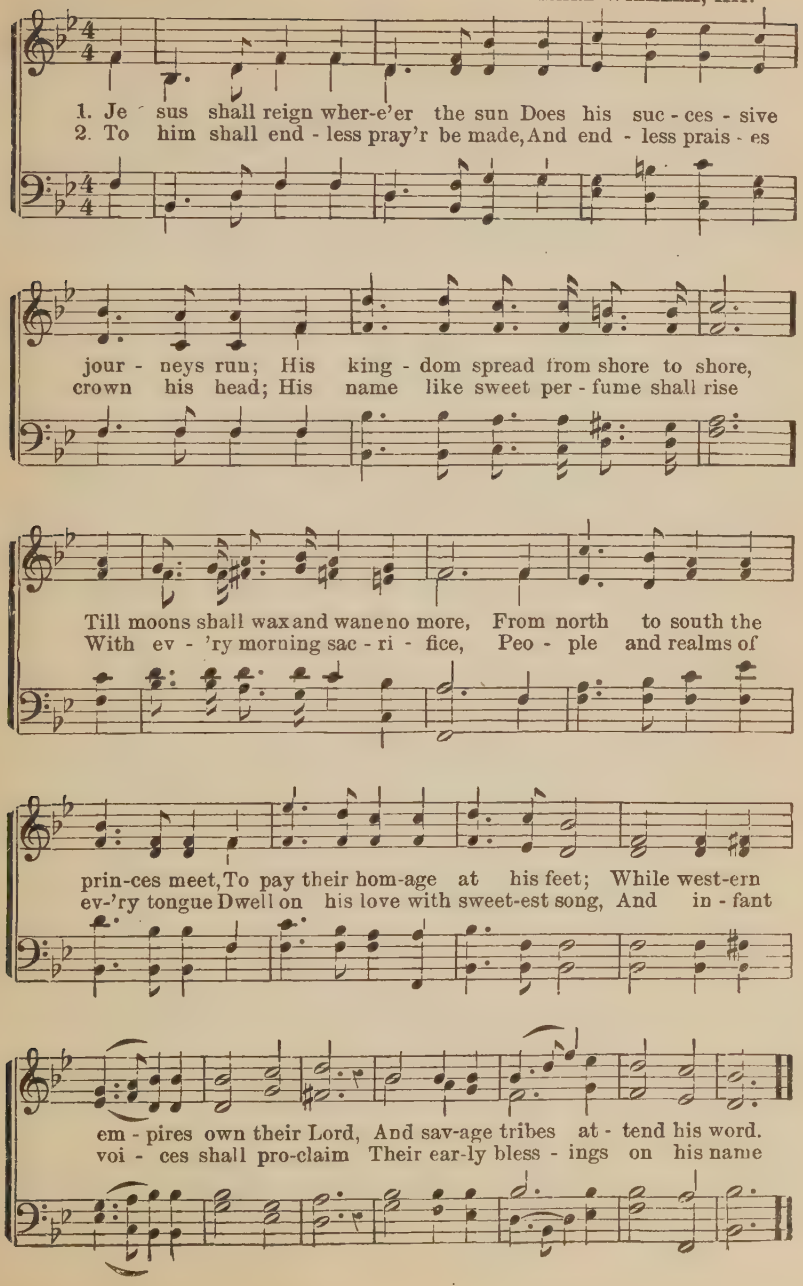
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

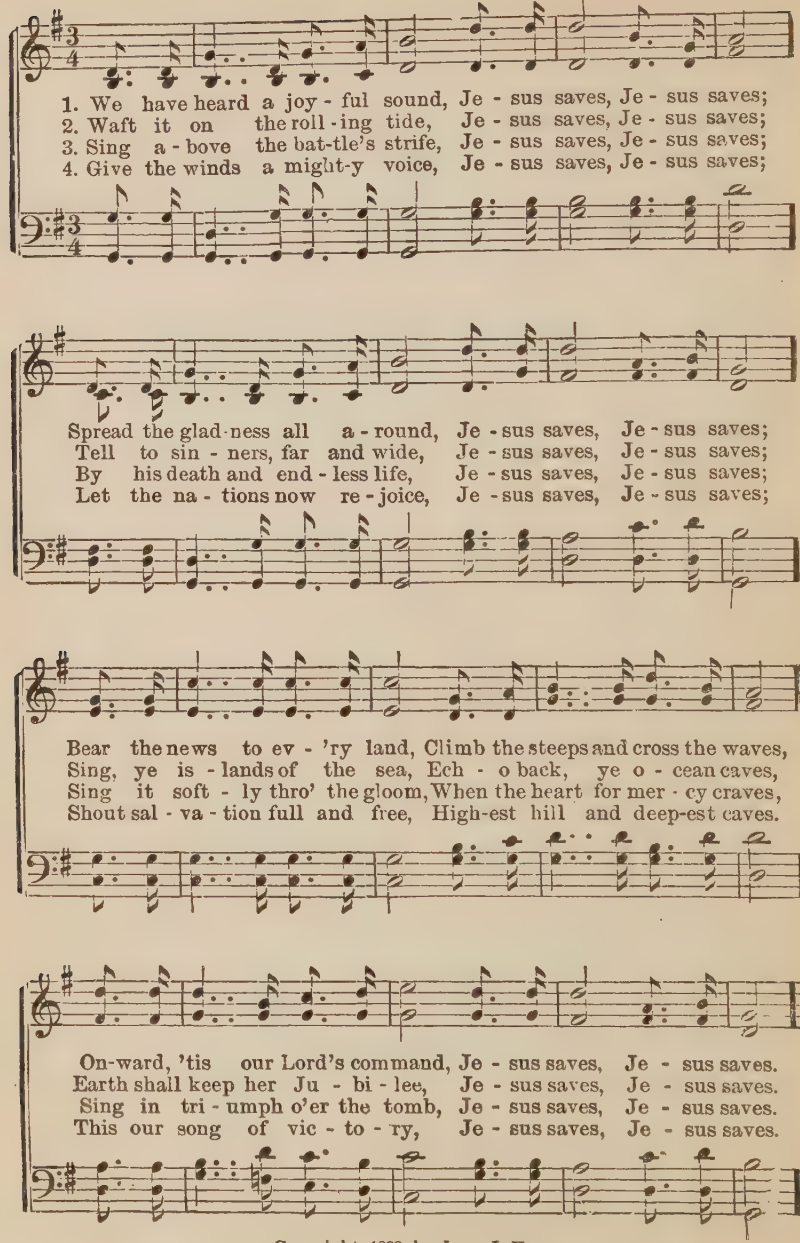
Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. KARL WILHELM, ATT.


1. Je sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive
2. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es
jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore,
crown his head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise
Till moons shall wax and wane no more, From north to south the
With ev - 'ry morning sac - ri - fice, Peo - ple and realms of
prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at his feet; While west-ern
ev-'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweet-est song, And in - fant
em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend his word.
voi - ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on his name

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad-ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High-est hill and deep-est caves.
On-ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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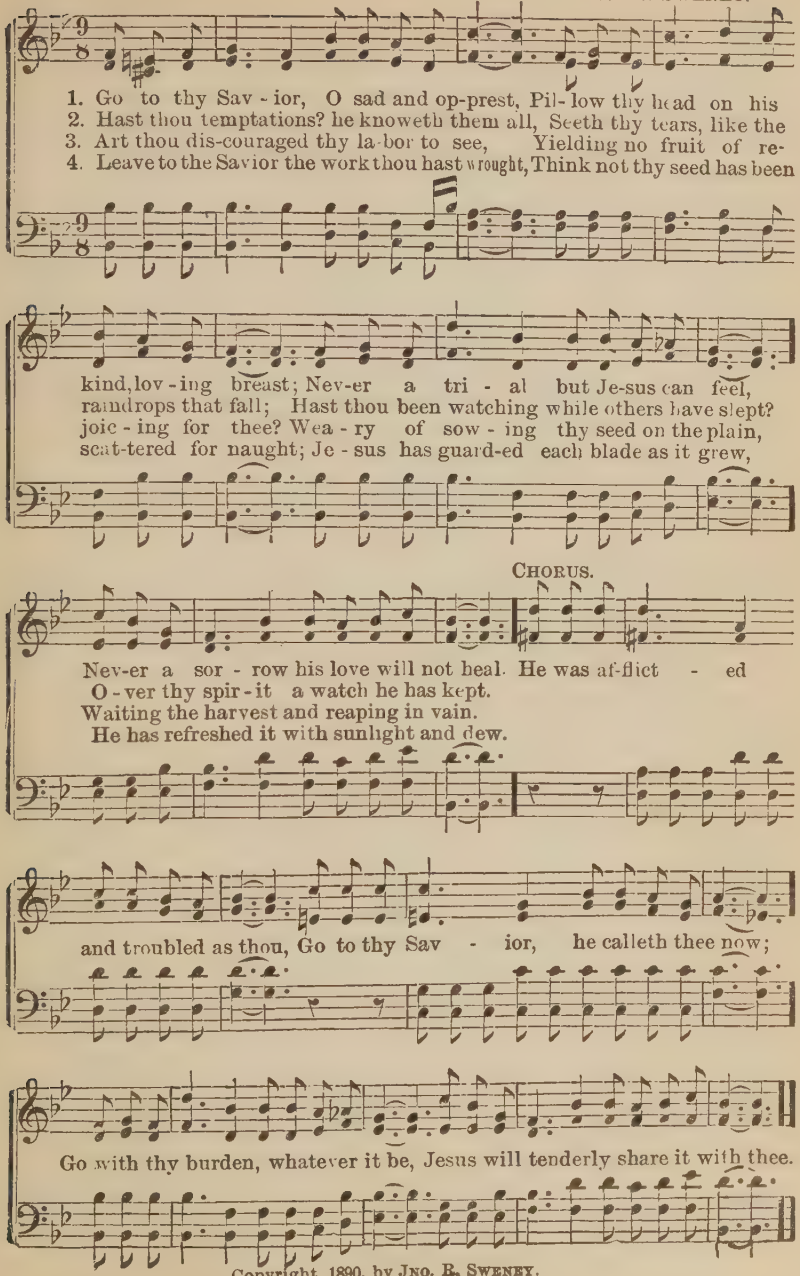
104 Go to Thy Savior.

SALLIE E. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Go to thy Sav - ior, O sad and op-prest, Pil-low thy head on his
2. Hast thou temptations? he knoweth them all, Seeth thy tears, like the
3. Art thou dis-couraged thy la-bor to see, Yielding no fruit of re-
4. Leave to the Savior the work thou hast wrought, Think not thy seed has been
kind, lov-ing breast; Nev-er a tri - al but Je-sus can feel,
raindrops that fall; Hast thou been watching while others have slept?
joic - ing for thee? Wea - ry of sow - ing thy seed on the plain,
scat-tered for naught; Je - sus has guard-ed each blade as it grew,
CHORUS.
Nev-er a sor - row his love will not heal. He was af-flict - ed
O - ver thy spir - it a watch he has kept.
Waiting the harvest and reaping in vain.
He has refreshed it with sunlight and dew.
and troubled as thou, Go to thy Sav - ior, he calleth thee now;
Go with thy burden, whatever it be, Jesus will tenderly share it with thee.

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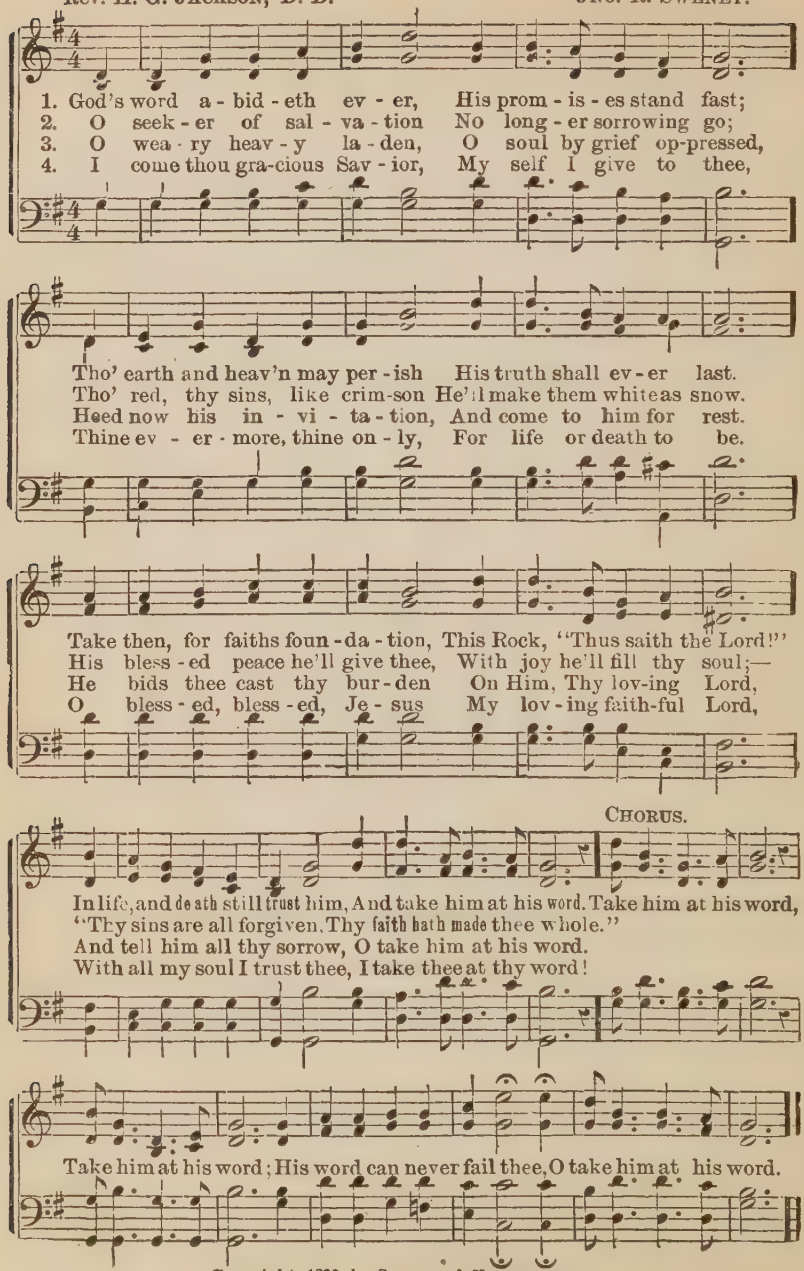
105 Take Him at His Word.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. God's word a - bid - eth ev - er, His prom - is - es stand fast;
2. O seek - er of sal - va - tion No long - er sorrowing go;
3. O wea - ry heav - y la - den, O soul by grief op-pressed,
4. I come thou gra-cious Sav - ior, My self I give to thee,
Tho' earth and heav'n may per - ish His truth shall ev - er last.
Tho' red, thy sins, like crim-son He'll make them white as snow.
Heed now his in - vi - ta - tion, And come to him for rest.
Thine ev - er - more, thine on - ly, For life or death to be.
Take then, for faiths foun - da - tion, This Rock, "Thus saith the Lord!"
His bless - ed peace he'll give thee, With joy he'll fill thy soul;—
He bids thee cast thy bur - den On Him, Thy lov-ing Lord,
O bless - ed, bless - ed, Je - sus My lov - ing faith-ful Lord,
CHORUS.
In life, and death still trust him, And take him at his word. Take him at his word,
"Thy sins are all forgiven, Thy faith hath made thee whole."
And tell him all thy sorrow, O take him at his word.
With all my soul I trust thee, I take thee at thy word!
Take him at his word; His word can never fail thee, O take him at his word.

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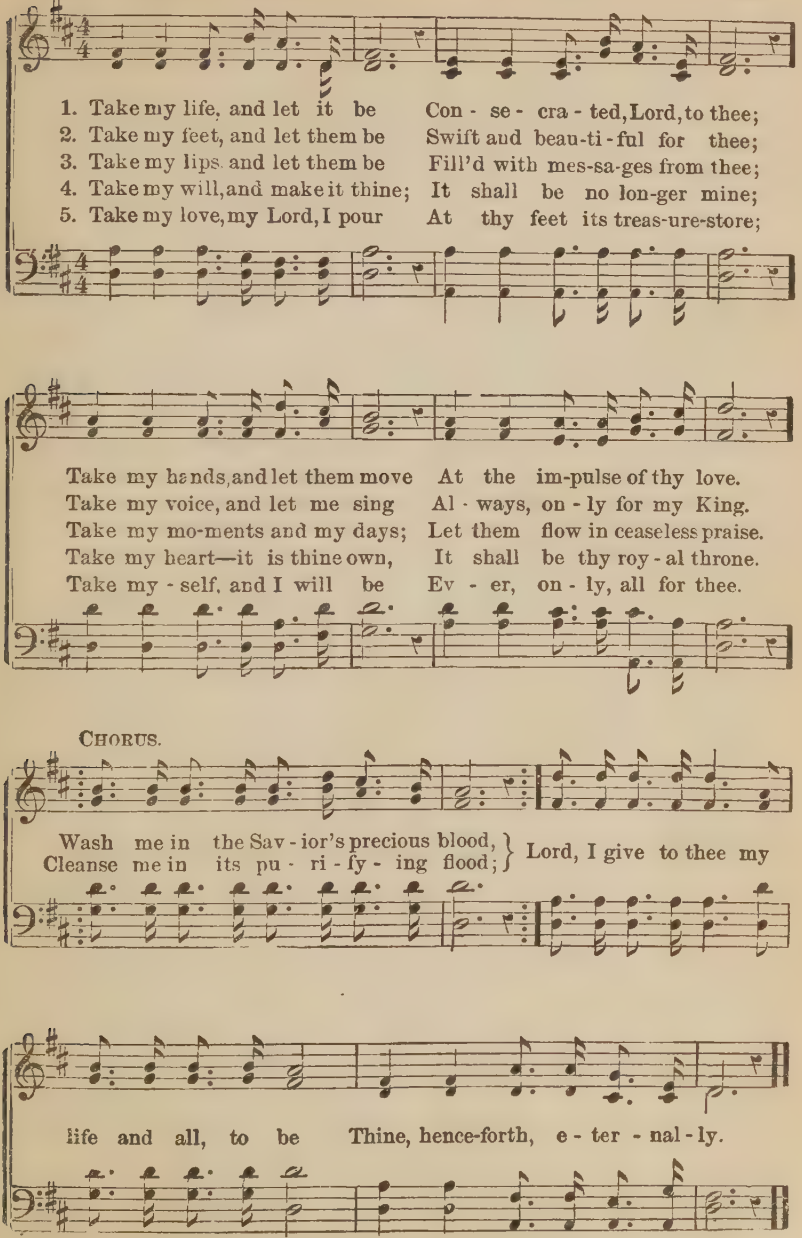
Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges from thee;
4. Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure-store;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart—it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.
CHORUS.
Wash me in the Sav - ior's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood;
Lord, I give to thee my
life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth, e - ter - nal - ly.

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107 Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep unmeasured love;
2. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Ren-der heart-y thanks and praise;
3. An - gel lips will join our an-them, Thro' the sky the sound pro-long;
4. Pow'r and might and bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er - more shall be
Let the soul - in-spir-ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a - bove.
While he gives us life and be - ing, Praise him on thro' end-less days.
Heav'n-ly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap - ture swell the song.
Un - to him who lov'd and sav'd us With a love so full and free.
CHORUS.
Sing, O sing ..... the love of Je - - sus,
the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,
Heav'n and earth..... re - peat the strain;
re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re-peat the strain;
Sing, O sing..... till ev - 'ry na - - tion
till ev - 'ry na-tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

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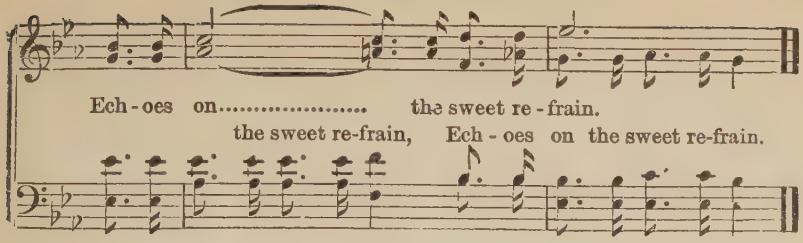
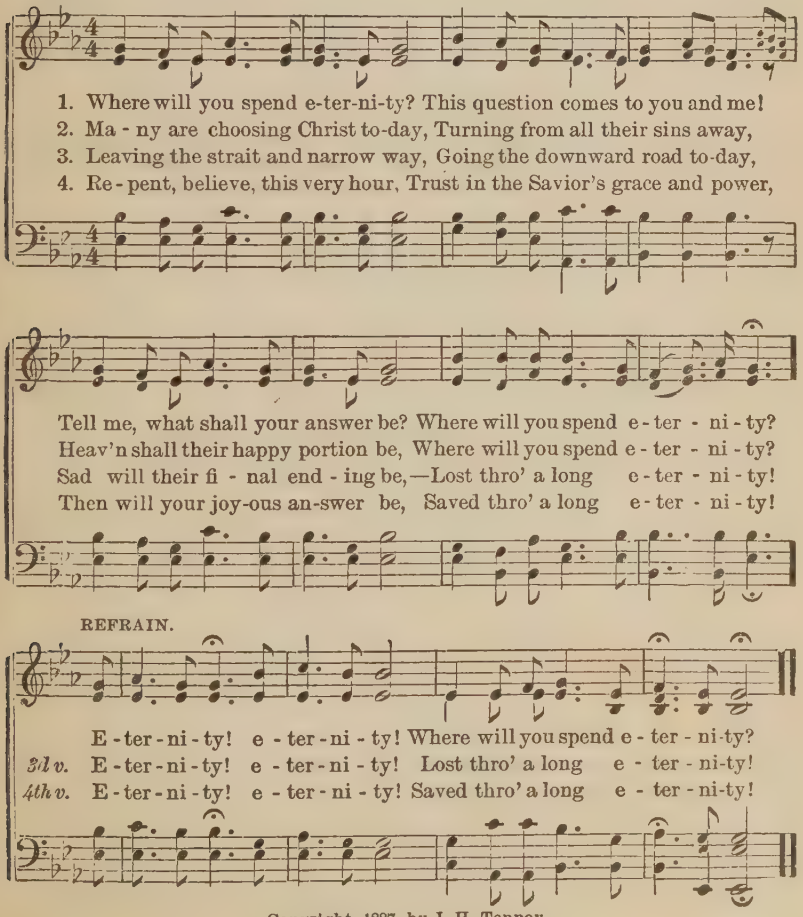


108 Where will you Spend Eternity?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

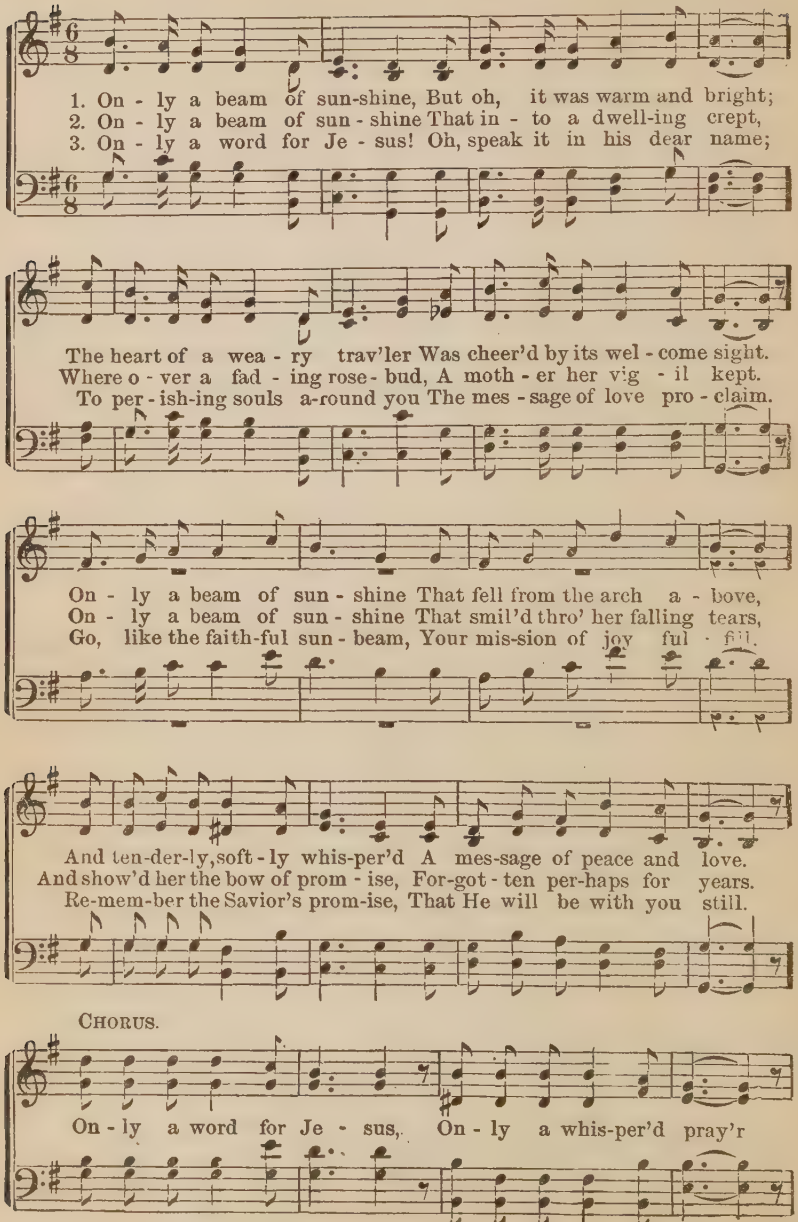

1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turning from all their sins away,
3. Leaving the strait and narrow way, Going the downward road to-day,
4. Re - pent, believe, this very hour, Trust in the Savior's grace and power,
Tell me, what shall your answer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their happy portion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy-ous an-swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
REFRAIN.
E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
3d v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!
4th v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!

Copyright, 1887, by J. H. Tenney.

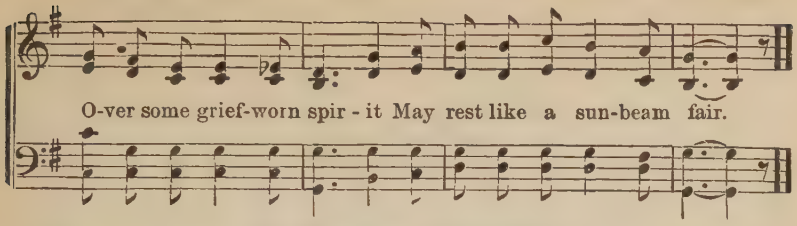
109 Only a Beam of Sunshine.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. xii: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. On - ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright;
2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell-ing crept,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name;
The heart of a wea - ry trav'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
Where o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
To per - ish-ing souls a-round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove,
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smil'd thro' her falling tears,
Go, like the faith-ful sun - beam, Your mis-sion of joy ful - fil.
And ten-der-ly, soft - ly whis-per'd A mes-sage of peace and love.
And show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For-got - ten per-haps for years.
Re-mem-ber the Savior's prom-ise, That He will be with you still.
CHORUS.
On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis-per'd pray'r

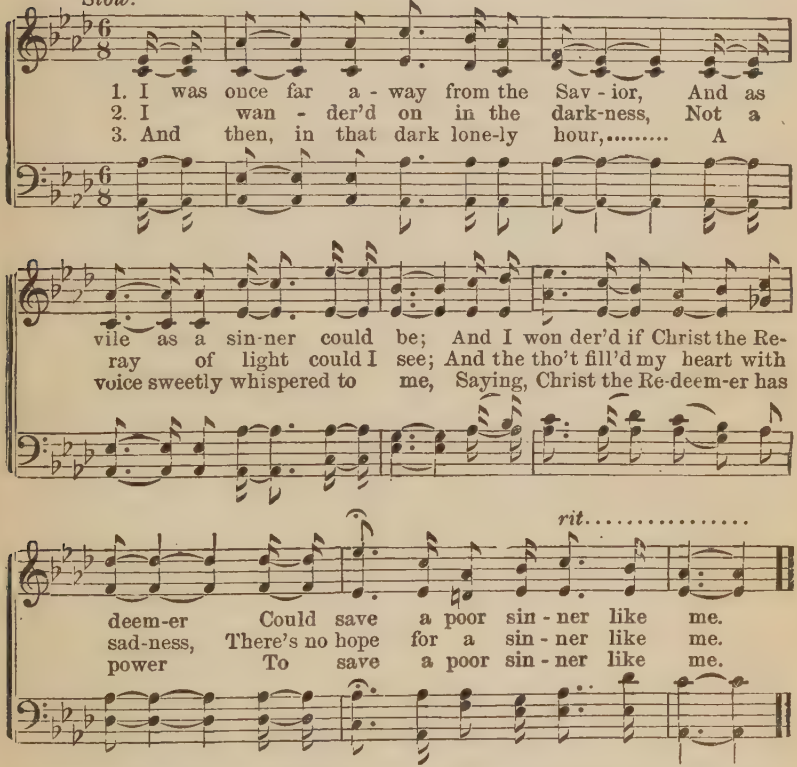
From "Melodious Sonnets," by per. JOHN J. HOOD.



110 A Sinner like Me!

"Christ came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.


Slow.
1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, And as
2. I wan - der'd on in the dark-ness, Not a
3. And then, in that dark lone-ly hour,..... A
vile as a sin-ner could be; And I won der'd if Christ the Re-
ray of light could I see; And the tho't fill'd my heart with
voice sweetly whispered to me, Saying, Christ the Re-deem-er has
rit.....
deem-er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
power To save a poor sin - ner like me.

4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

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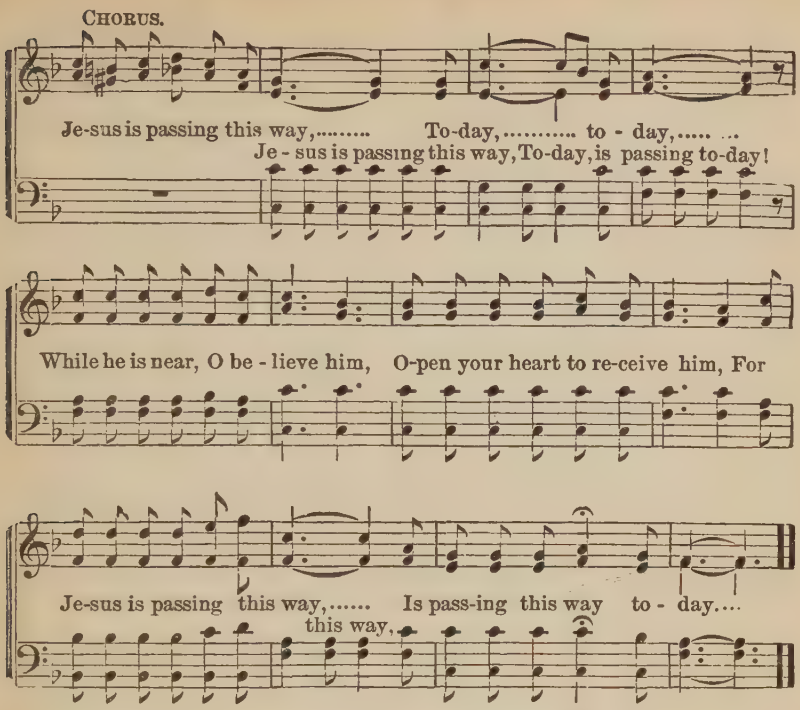
111 Jesus is Passing this Way.

E. A. H. J. H. Tenney. By per.

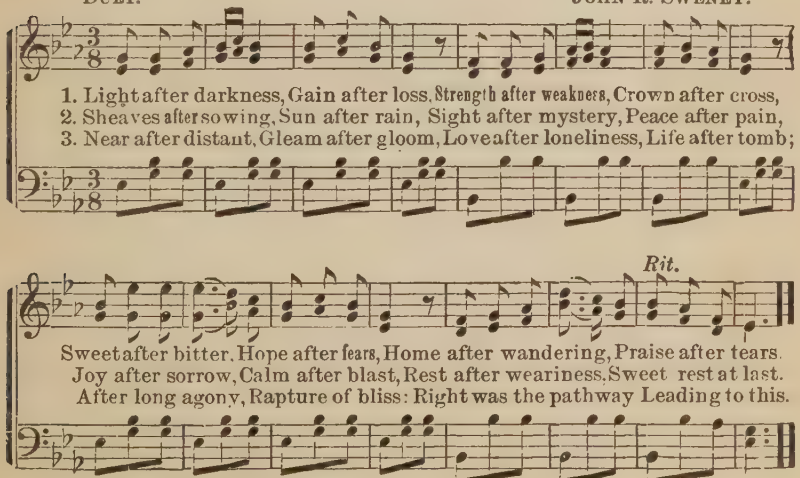
1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to-day?
2. Brother, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Wait-ing to free-ly for-give;
3. Yes, he is com-ing to bless you, While in con-tri-tion you bow;
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is passing this way?"
Why not this moment ac-cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;
Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Par-don and peace to be-stow,
He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day;
Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?
Com-ing to save the poor sin-ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive him, While he is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to ad-mit him, While he is com-ing so near.

Jesus is Passing this Way—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Je-sus is passing this way,..... To-day,..... to - day,..... ...
Je - sus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!
While he is near, O be - lieve him, O-pen your heart to re-ceive him, For
Je-sus is passing this way,..... Is pass-ing this way to - day....
this way,

112 Light after Darkness.

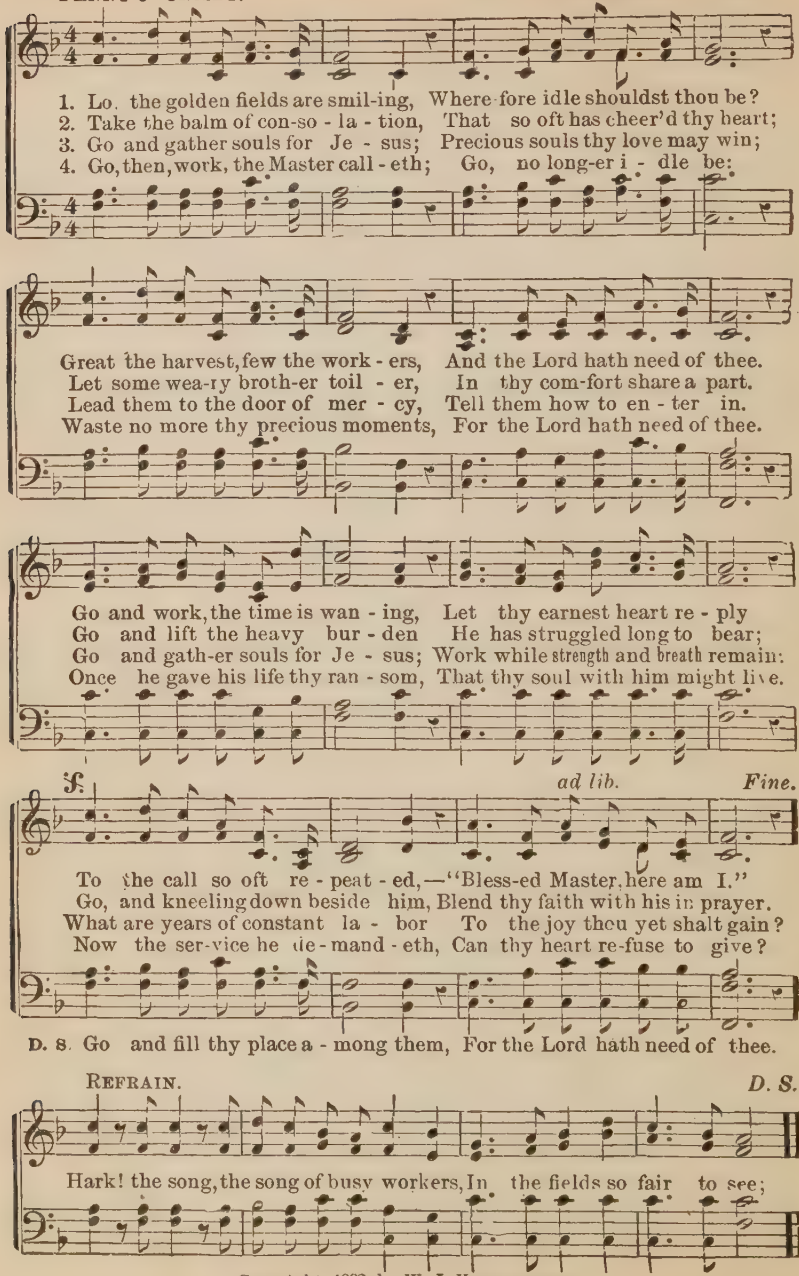
DUET. JOHN R. SWENEY.


1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross,
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain,
3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;
Rit.
Sweet after bitter, Hope after fears, Home after wandering, Praise after tears.
Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
After long agony, Rapture of bliss: Right was the pathway Leading to this.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

113 Lo, the Golden Fields are Smiling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.


1. Lo, the golden fields are smil-ing, Where-fore idle shouldst thou be?
2. Take the balm of con-so - la - tion, That so oft has cheer'd thy heart;
3. Go and gather souls for Je - sus; Precious souls thy love may win;
4. Go, then, work, the Master call - eth; Go, no long-er i - dle be:
Great the harvest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
Let some wea-ry broth-er toil - er, In thy com-fort share a part.
Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.
Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy earnest heart re - ply
Go and lift the heavy bur - den He has struggled long to bear;
Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus; Work while strength and breath remain:
Once he gave his life thy ran - som, That thy soul with him might live.
ad lib.
Fine.
To the call so oft re - peat - ed,—"Bless-ed Master, here am I."
Go, and kneeling down beside him, Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
What are years of constant la - bor To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
Now the ser-vice he de - mand - eth, Can thy heart re-fuse to give?
D. S. Go and fill thy place a - mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Hark! the song, the song of busy workers, In the fields so fair to see;

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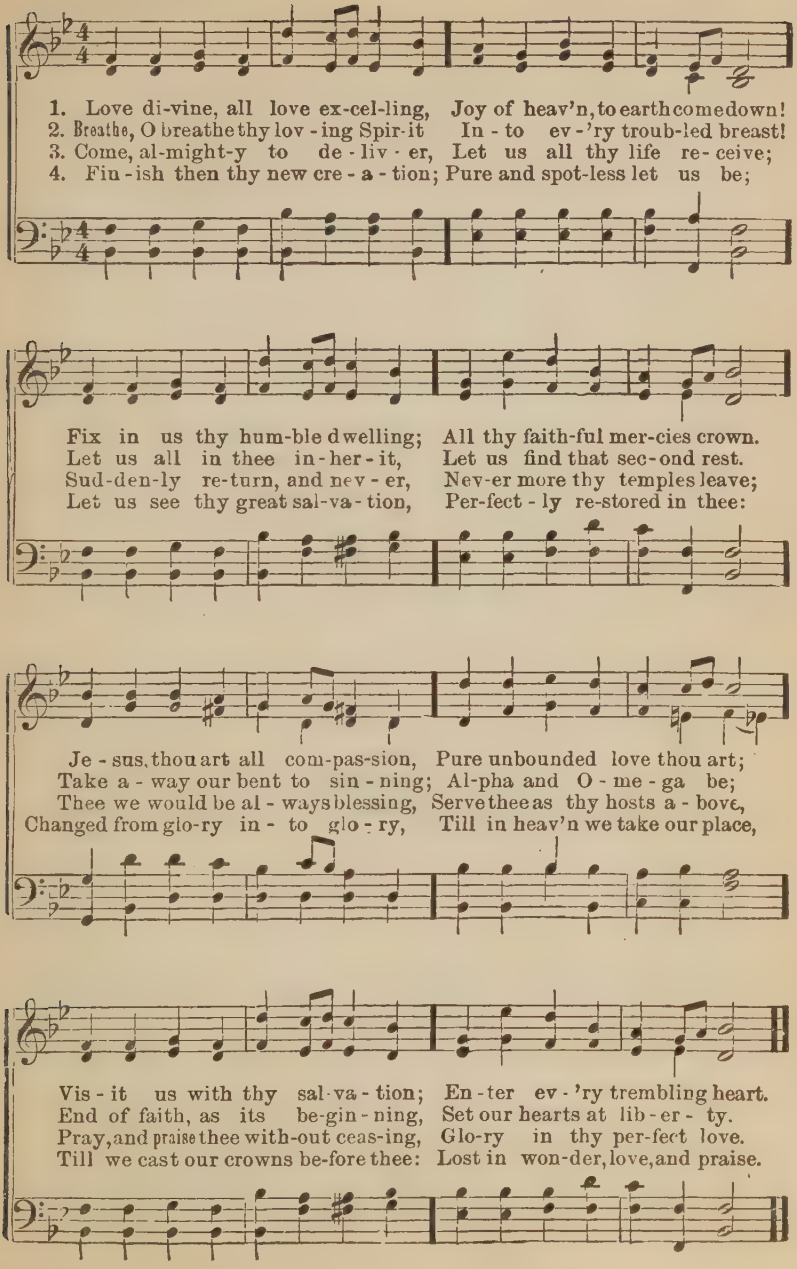
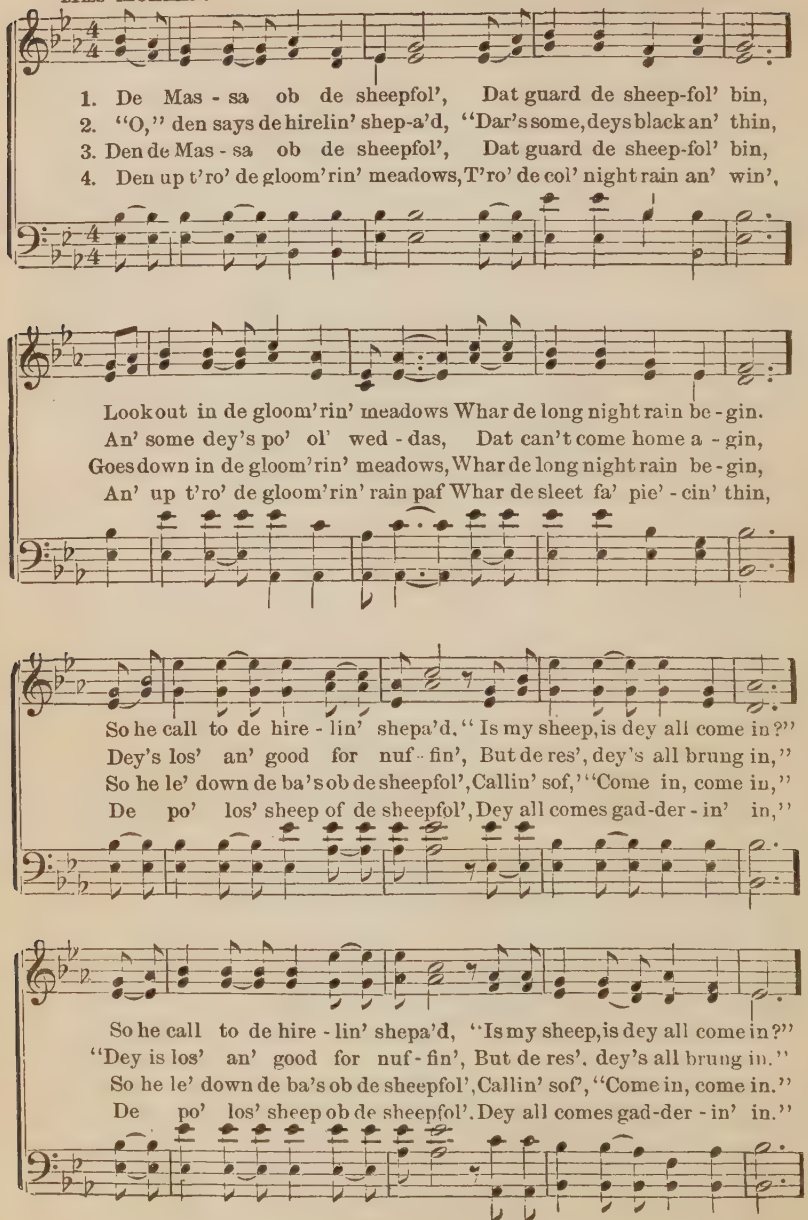
Love Divine.

CHAS. WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more thy temples leave;
Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in thee:
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded love thou art;
Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Pray, and praise thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee: Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'.

Miss McLEAN. J. M. WHYTE.


1. De Mas - sa ob de sheepfol', Dat guard de sheep-fol' bin,
2. "O," den says de hirelin' shep-a'd, "Dar's some, deys black an' thin,
3. Den de Mas - sa ob de sheepfol', Dat guard de sheep-fol' bin,
4. Den up t'ro' de gloom'rin' meadows, T'ro' de col' night rain an' win',
Look out in de gloom'rin' meadows Whar de long night rain be - gin.
An' some dey's po' ol' wed - das, Dat can't come home a - gin,
Goes down in de gloom'rin' meadows, Whar de long night rain be - gin,
An' up t'ro' de gloom'rin' rain paf Whar de sleet fa' pie' - cin' thin,
So he call to de hire - lin' shepa'd. "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Dey's los' an' good for nuf - fin', But de res', dey's all brung in,"
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof," "Come in, come in,"
De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol', Dey all comes gad-der - in' in,"
So he call to de hire - lin' shepa'd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
"Dey is los' an' good for nuf - fin', But de res', dey's all brung in."
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'. Dey all comes gad-der - in' in."

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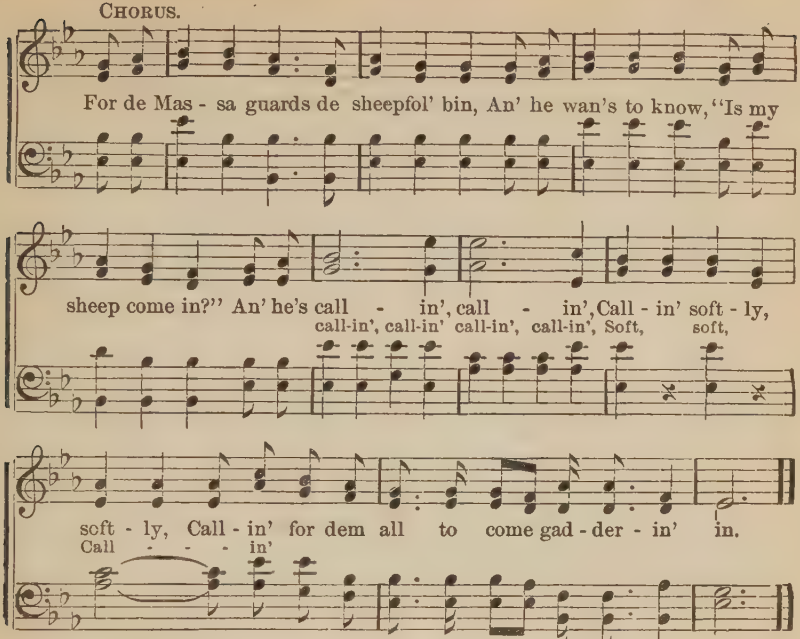
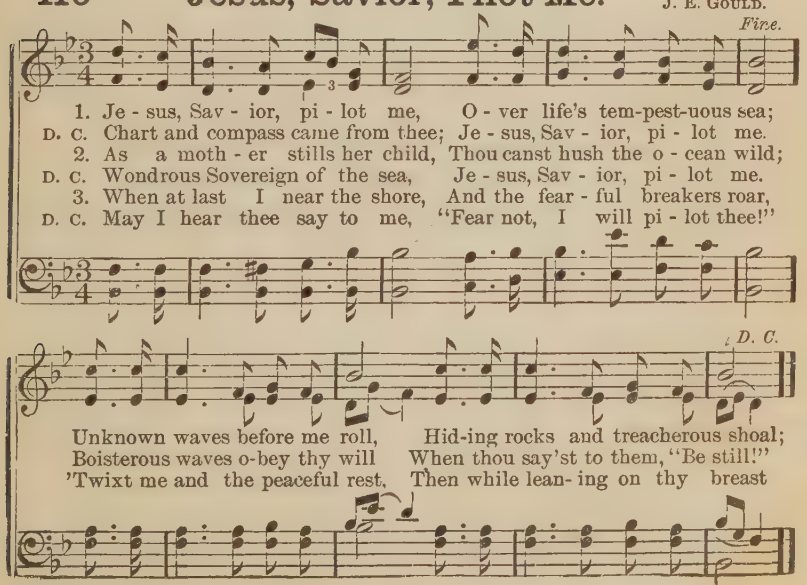
De Massa ob de Sheepfol'—Concluded.

CHORUS.


For de Mas - sa guards de sheepfol' bin, An' he wan's to know, "Is my
sheep come in?" An' he's call - in', call - in', Call - in' soft - ly,
call-in', call-in' call-in', call-in', Soft, soft,
soft - ly, Call - in' for dem all to come gad - der - in' in.
Call - - - in'

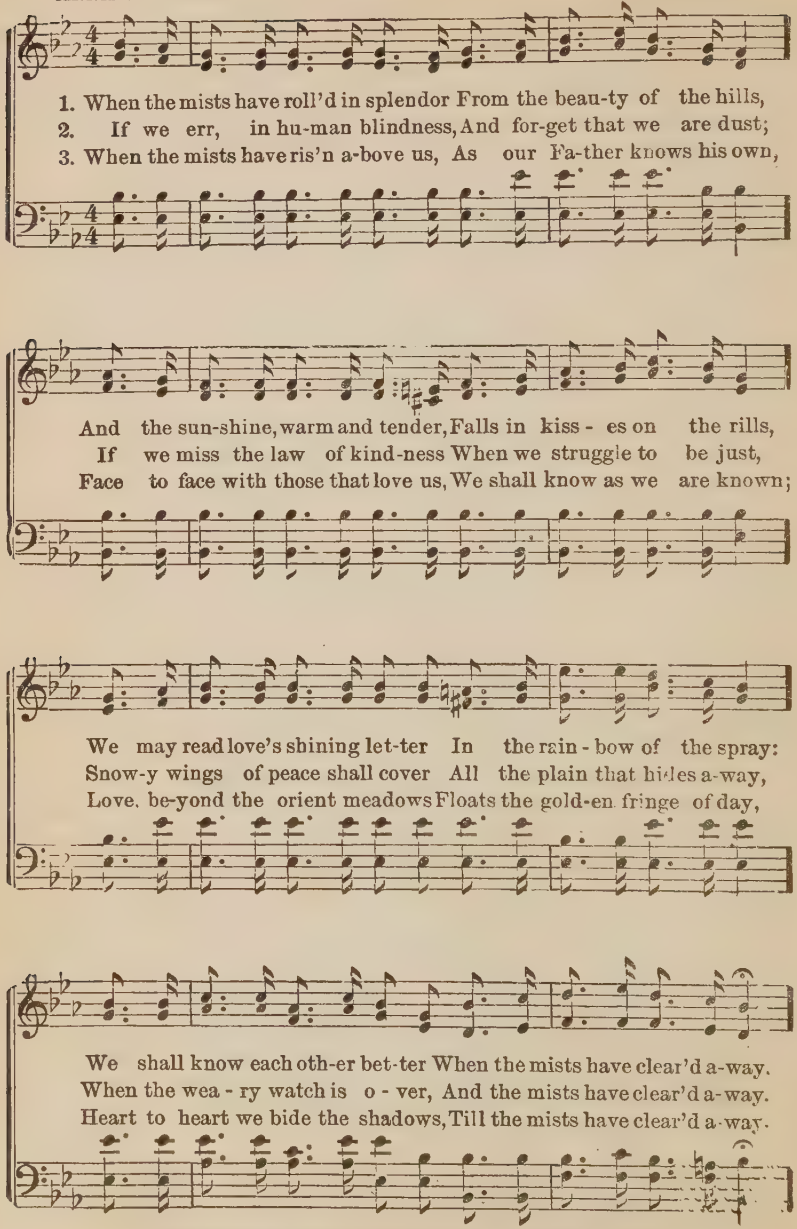
116 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D. C. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D. C.
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean-ing on thy breast

We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.


1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows his own,
And the sun-shine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain - bow of the spray:
Snow-y wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a-way,
Love, be-yond the orient meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have clear'd a-way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a-way.
Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the mists have clear'd a-way.

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We Shall Know—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er-more..... to walk a-
We shall know, as we are known, Nev-er-more
lone, In the dawn - - - - ing of the morn-ing, When the
to walk a - lone, In the dawn-ing of the morn - ing,
mists..... have clear'd a-way; In the dawn - - - ing of the
When the mists have clear'd a-way: In the dawn-ing of the
morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a-way.
When the mists have clear'd a way.

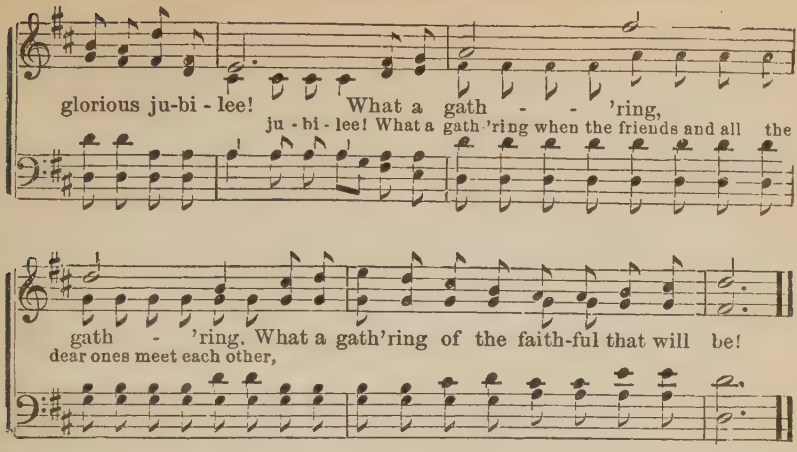
118 What a Gath'ring That will Be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 1. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment when the hid-den comes to light,
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim,
We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, (crys-tal sea;)
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ran-som'd see, (ransom'd see,)
When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see;)
In tri-umph-ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee:)
With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a - wait - ing us to come,
Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
At the bid-ding of our SAV-IOR, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,
CHORUS.
What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath -
What a gath'ring of the
'ring, gath - - 'ring At the sounding of the
loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er.

By per.

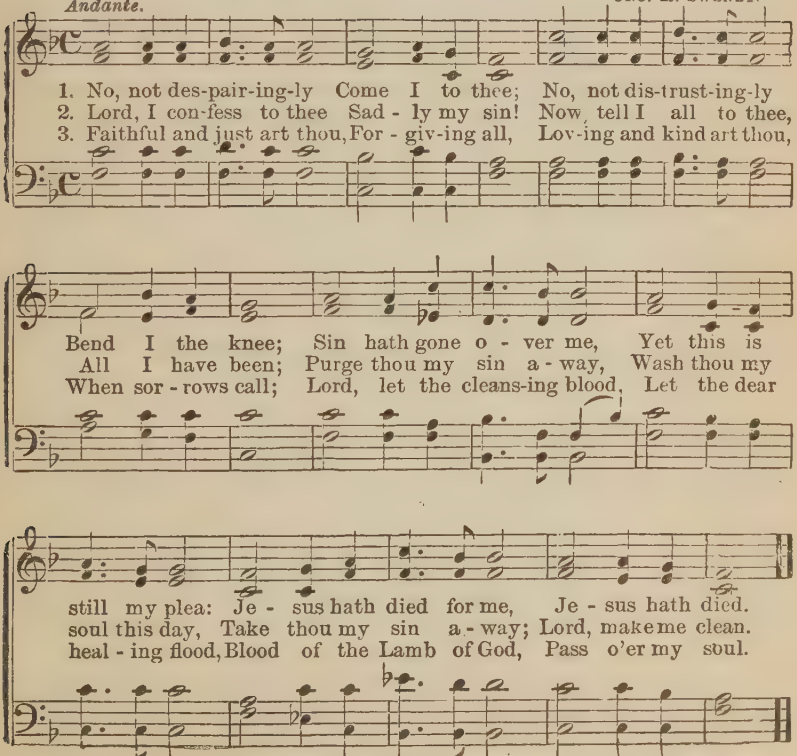
What a Gath'ring, etc.--Concluded.


glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the
gath - 'ring. What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
dear ones meet each other,

119 No, Not Despairingly.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.


1. No, not des-pair-ing-ly Come I to thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly
2. Lord, I con-fess to thee Sad - ly my sin! Now tell I all to thee,
3. Faithful and just art thou, For - giv-ing all, Lov-ing and kind art thou,
Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet this is
All I have been; Purge thou my sin a - way, Wash thou my
When sor - rows call; Lord, let the cleans-ing blood, Let the dear
still my plea: Je - sus hath died for me, Je - sus hath died.
soul this day, Take thou my sin a - way; Lord, make me clean.
heal - ing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

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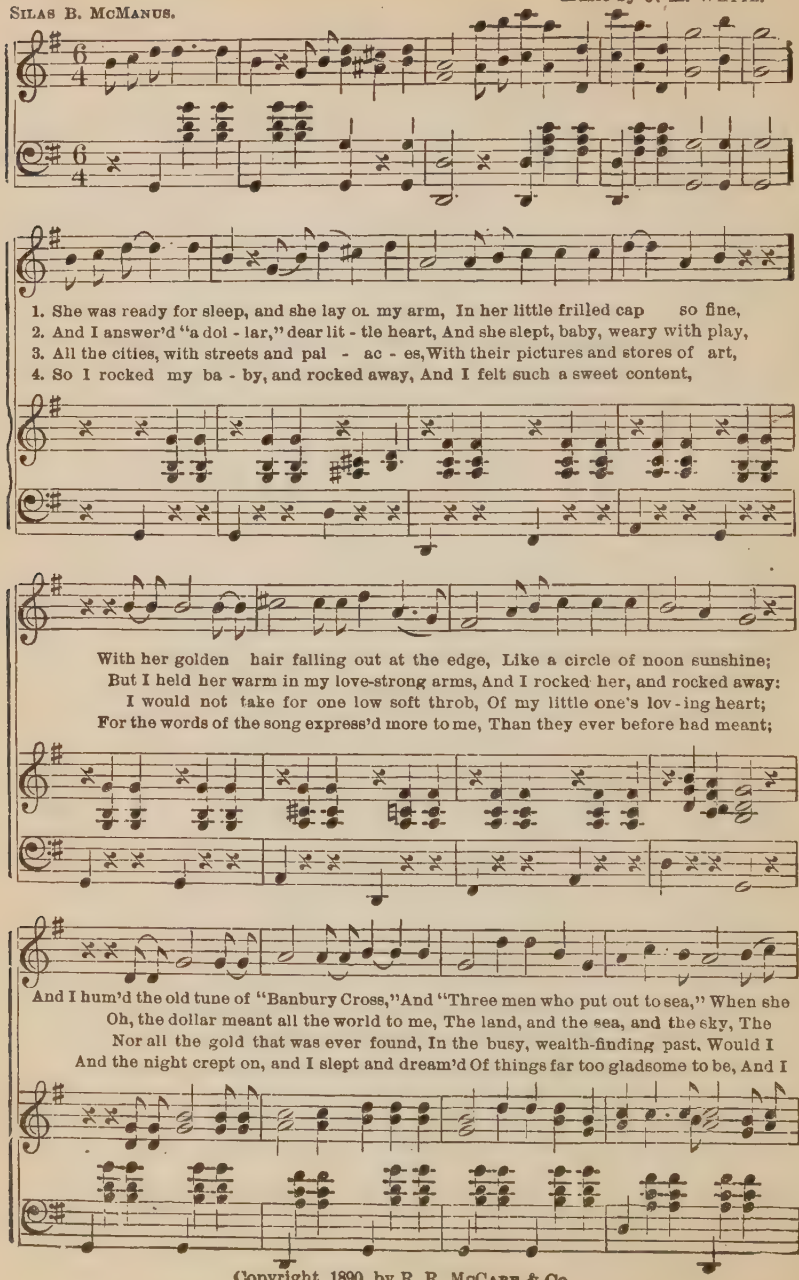
120 "Papa, fot would you take for me?"

Music by J. M. Whyte.

Silas B. McManus.


1. She was ready for sleep, and she lay on my arm, In her little frilled cap so fine,
2. And I answer'd "a dol - lar," dear lit - tle heart, And she slept, baby, weary with play,
3. All the cities, with streets and pal - ac - es, With their pictures and stores of art,
4. So I rocked my ba - by, and rocked away, And I felt such a sweet content,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge, Like a circle of noon sunshine;
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms, And I rocked her, and rocked away:
I would not take for one low soft throb, Of my little one's lov - ing heart;
For the words of the song express'd more to me, Than they ever before had meant;
And I hum'd the old tune of "Banbury Cross," And "Three men who put out to sea," When she
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me, The land, and the sea, and the sky, The
Nor all the gold that was ever found, In the busy, wealth-finding past, Would I
And the night crept on, and I slept and dream'd Of things far too gladsome to be, And I

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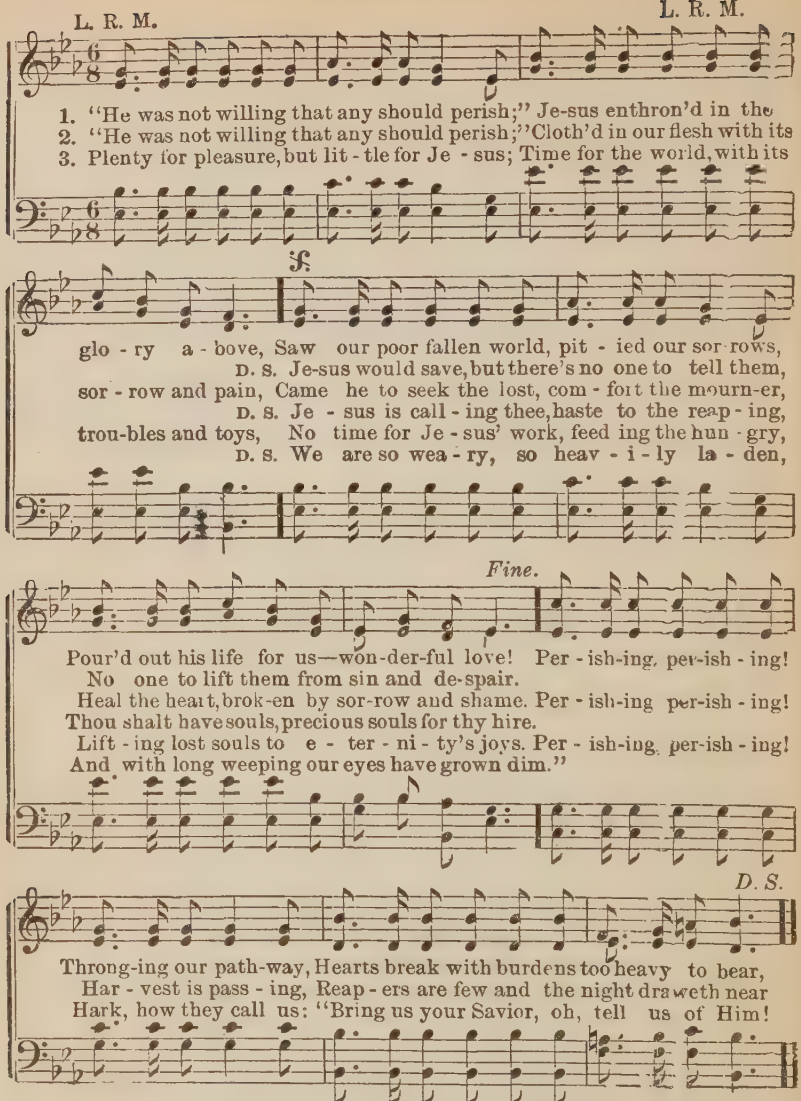
Papa, fot would you take for me? Concluded.

sleep - i - ly said, as she closed her blue eyes, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"
low - est depths of the low - est place, The highest of all that's high.
take for one smile of my darling's face, Did I know it must be the last.
wakened with lips saying close to my ear, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"
CHORUS.
So I rocked my baby, and rocked away, She was sleepy and weary with play, But I held her
warm in my love-strong arms, And I rocked her and rocked away, And I rocked her and
rocked away, And I humm'd and humm'd and humm'd away, How much, oh, how much would it
be? When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"

He was Not Willing.

L. R. M.


1. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Je-sus enthron'd in the
2. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
3. Plenty for pleasure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world, with its
glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fallen world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
D. S. Je-sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
sor - row and pain, Came he to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn-er,
D. S. Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,
trou-bles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed ing the hun - gry,
D. S. We are so wea - ry, so heav - i - ly la - den,
Fine.
Pour'd out his life for us—won-der-ful love! Per - ish-ing, per-ish - ing!
No one to lift them from sin and de-spair.
Heal the heart, brok-en by sor-row and shame. Per - ish-ing per-ish - ing!
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.
Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish-ing, per-ish - ing!
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim."
D. S.
Throng-ing our path-way, Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near
Hark, how they call us: "Bring us your Savior, oh, tell us of Him!

4 "He was not willing that any should perish;"
Am I his follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward.
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.

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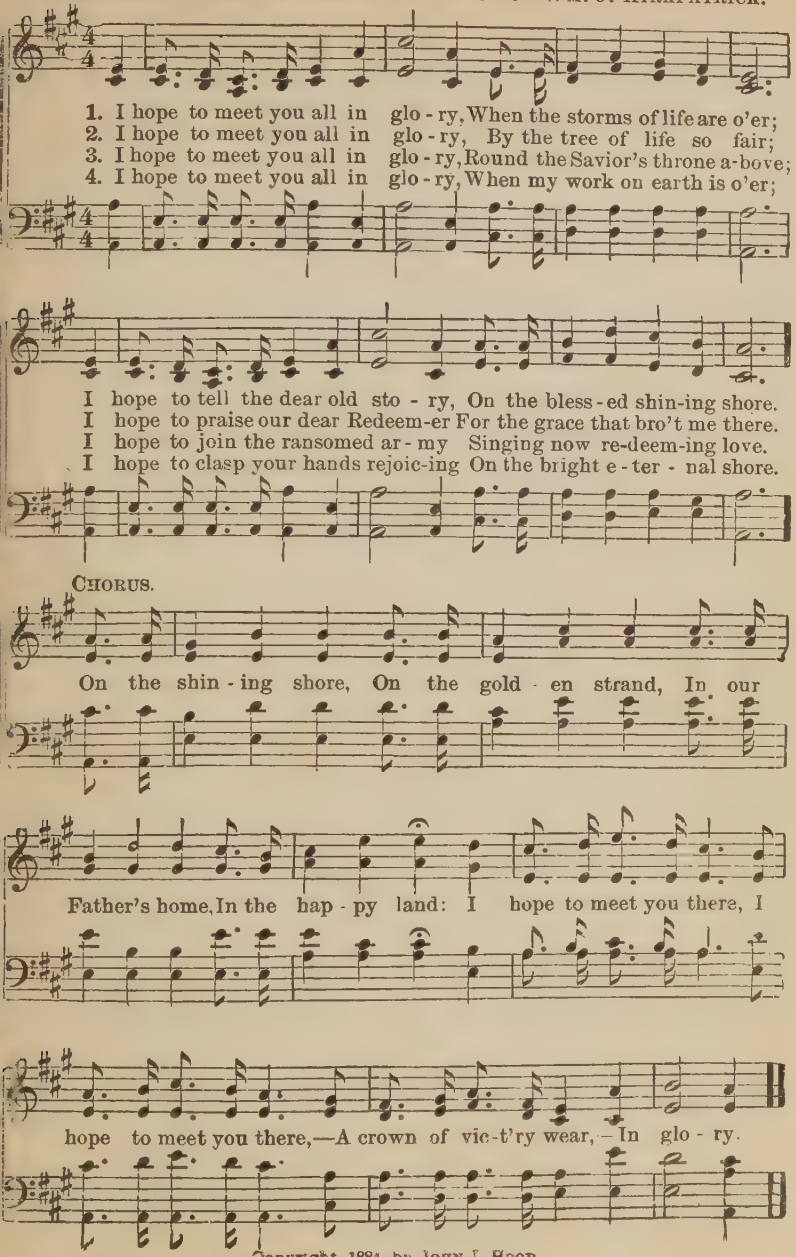
122 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Savior's throne a-bove;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;
I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bless - ed shin-ing shore.
I hope to praise our dear Redeem-er For the grace that bro't me there.
I hope to join the ransomed ar - my Singing now re-deem-ing love.
I hope to clasp your hands rejoic-ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.
CHORUS.
On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our
Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I
hope to meet you there,—A crown of vic-t'ry wear,—In glo - ry.

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123 Safe in the Glory Land.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
2. In the good old way like the ran-somed throng, Un - to
3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the
King leads on be - fore us, We are traveling home to the
Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are traveling home at the
bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours for the
Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the
CHORUS.
heavenly hills, With the day-star shin - ing o'er us. Trav'ling home
King's command, And our lamps are trimmed and burning.
King we see, And with Him we hold com - mun-ion.
oth - er side, And we'll sing his praise for - ev - er.
to the mansions fair, Crowns of re -joic-ing and life to wear;
O what a shout when we all get there Safe in the glo - ry land.

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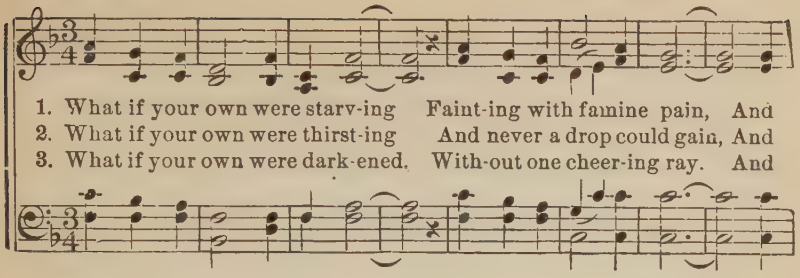
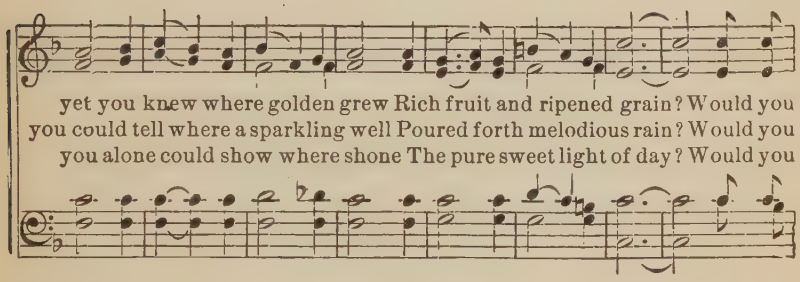
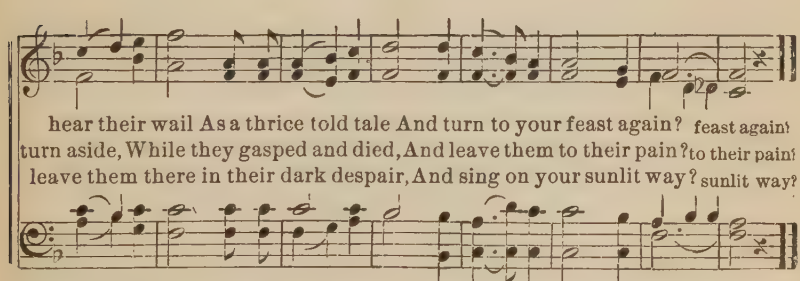
Your Own.

L. G. M'VEAN. LELIA WATERHOUSE.


1. What if your own were starv-ing Faint-ing with famine pain, And
2. What if your own were thirst-ing And never a drop could gain, And
3. What if your own were dark-ened. With-out one cheer-ing ray. And


yet you knew where golden grew Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you
you could tell where a sparkling well Poured forth melodious rain? Would you
you alone could show where shone The pure sweet light of day? Would you


hear their wail As a thrice told tale And turn to your feast again? feast again
turn aside, While they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain? to their pain
leave them there in their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way? sunlit way?

4 What if your own were wand'ring
Far in a trackless maze,
And you could show them where to go
Along your pleasant ways?
Would your heart be light
Till the pathway right
Was plain before their gaze?

5 What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key to set them free
Held in your safe command?
Would you breathe free air,
While they stifled there,
And wait, and hold your hand?

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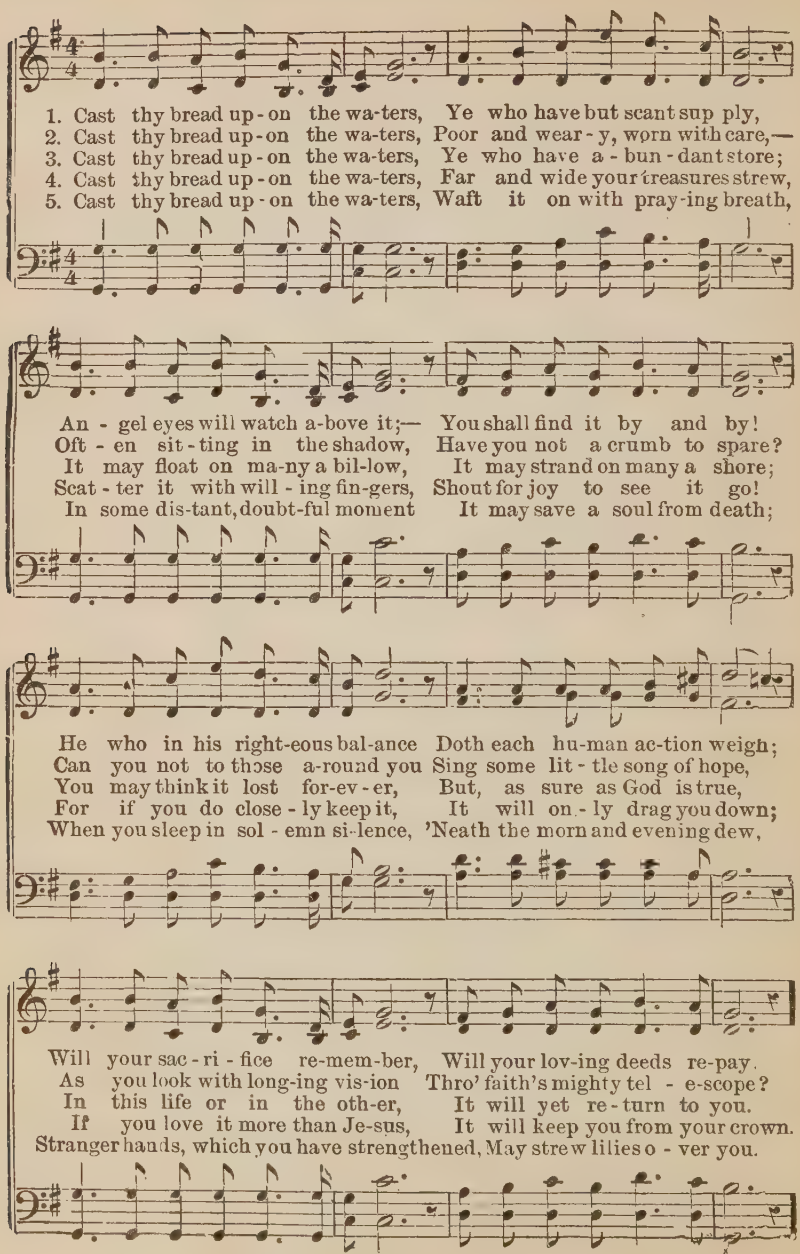
6 Yet, what else are you doing,
O ye by Christ made free,
If you'll not tell what you know so well
To those across the sea,
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary?

7 "They're not our own," you answer,
"They're neither kith nor kin."
They are God's own; his love alone
Can save them from their sin;
They are Christ's own;
He left his throne
And died their souls to win.

From "Hymns of the Heart," by per.

125 Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

* * *


1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup ply,
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wear-y, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bun-dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,
An-gel eyes will watch a-bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft-en sit-ting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on ma-ny a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat-ter it with will-ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubt-ful moment It may save a soul from death;
He who in his right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh;
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol-emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Will your sac-ri-fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o-ver you.

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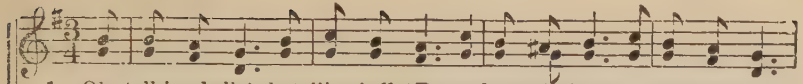
Oh, Tolling Bells!

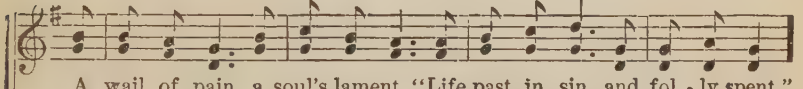
J. M. W

J. M. Whyte.

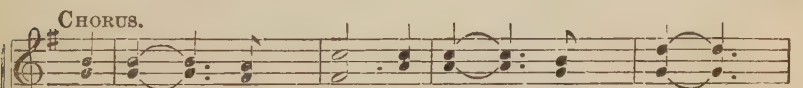


1. Oh, toll-ing bells! oh, tolling bells! Deep, deep within your tones there wells
2. When ringing out a soul's farewell, Oh, tolling bells! what do ye tell?
3. I seem to hear despairing moans, A weeping, weeping in your tones;
4. In warn-ing tones, in solemn knells, Ring out, ring out, oh tolling bells!
5. Have ye no joy-ous notes to ring, Oh, toll-ing bells! for me to sing?
6. And when I die, oh, tolling bells! Ring out "I've gone where Jesus dwells,"

A wail of pain, a soul's lament, "Life past, in sin and fol - ly spent."
Of griefs and woes? of sobs and tears? Of misspent hours and wasted years?
"The door is closed" ye ring in swells, "For-ev - er closed." oh, tolling bells!
Let dy - ing souls the warnings hear; And seek the Lord while he is near.
In Je-sus boundless mer-cy dwells,—Ye ring of him, oh, toll - ing bells!
Peal out ye bells in joy-ous tone, "The bat-tle o'er, the victory won."



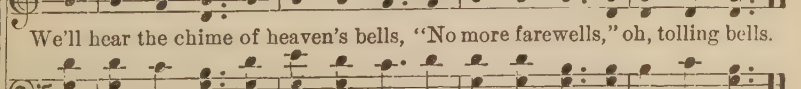
Chorus.



Oh, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing bells!
Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells!

Ye ring and ring of sad farewells, But o - ver there where Je-sus dwells,

We'll hear the chime of heaven's bells, "No more farewells," oh, tolling bells.



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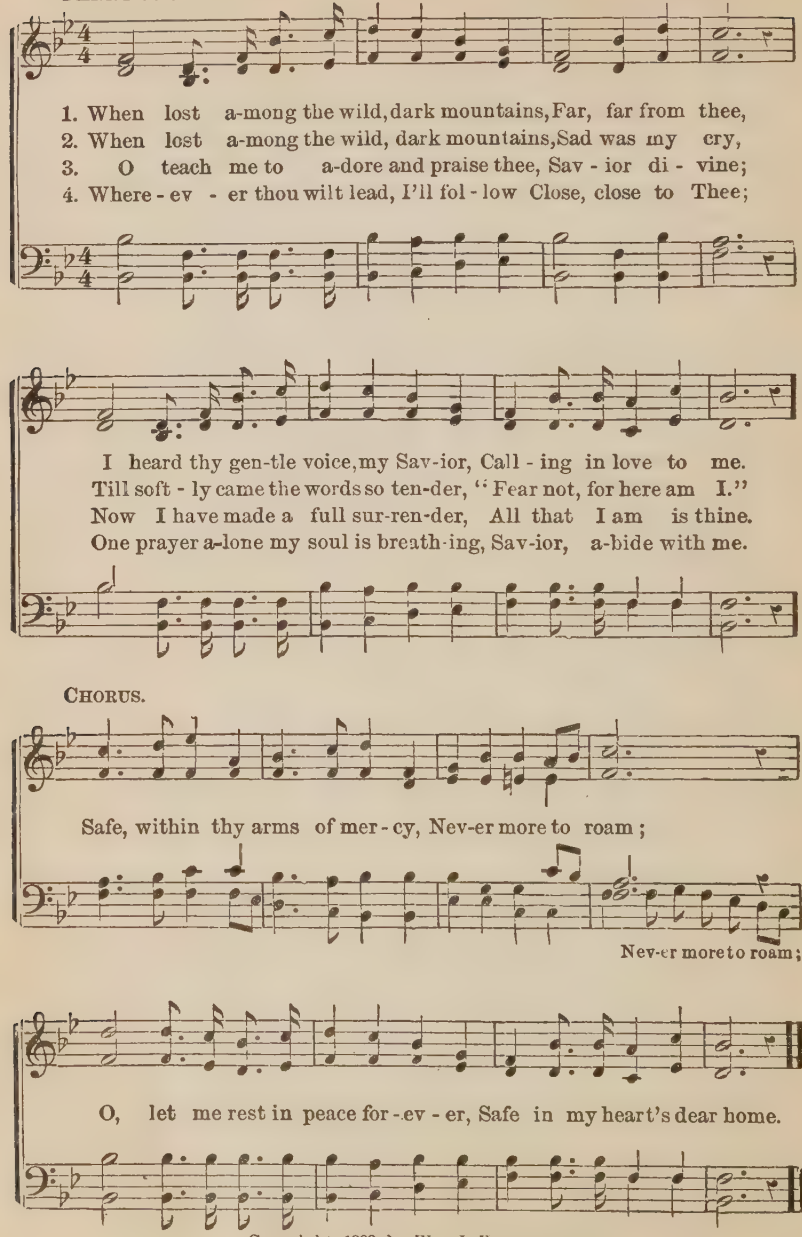
127 My Heart's Dear Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When lost a-mong the wild, dark mountains, Far, far from thee,
2. When lost a-mong the wild, dark mountains, Sad was my cry,
3. O teach me to a-dore and praise thee, Sav - ior di - vine;
4. Where - ev - er thou wilt lead, I'll fol - low Close, close to Thee;
I heard thy gen-tle voice, my Sav-ior, Call - ing in love to me.
Till soft - ly came the words so ten-der, "Fear not, for here am I."
Now I have made a full sur-ren-der, All that I am is thine.
One prayer a-lone my soul is breath-ing, Sav-ior, a-bide with me.
CHORUS.
Safe, within thy arms of mer - cy, Nev-er more to roam;
Nev-er more to roam;
O, let me rest in peace for - ev - er, Safe in my heart's dear home.

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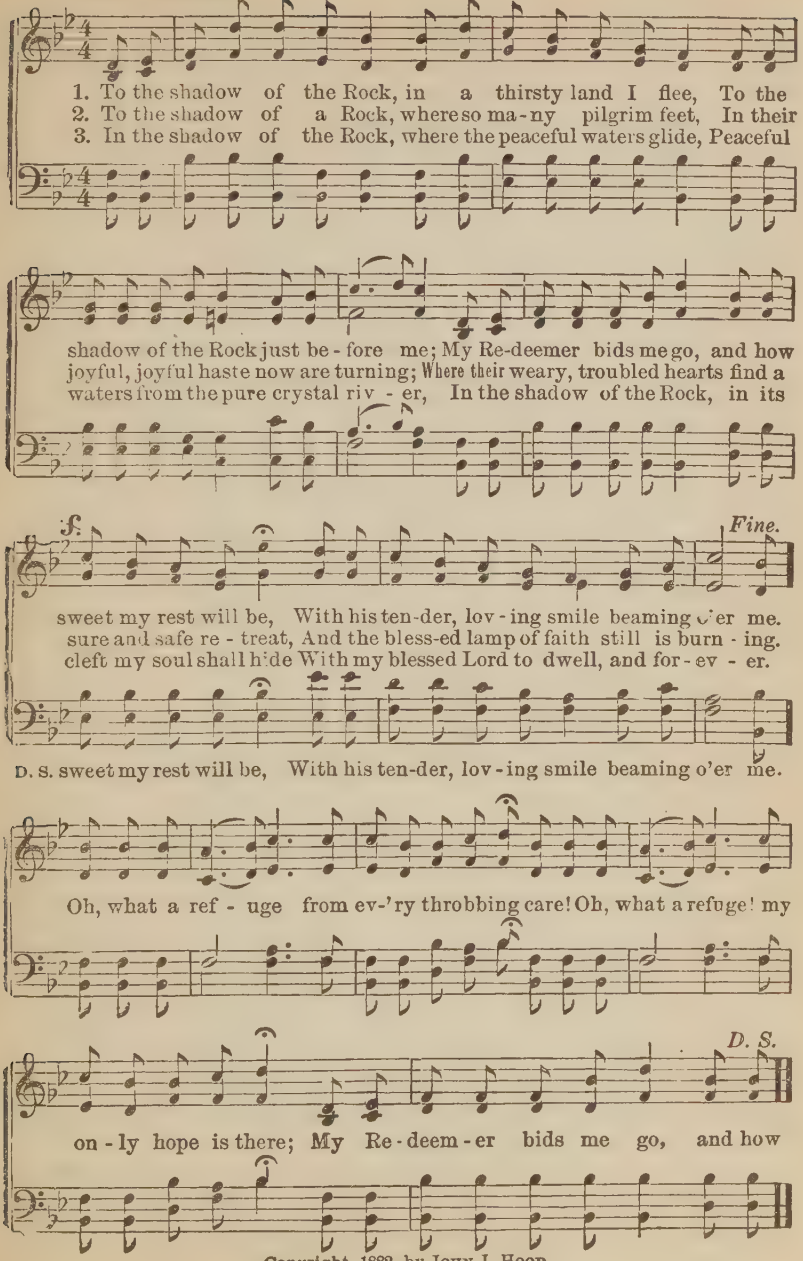
What a Refuge.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. To the shadow of the Rock, in a thirsty land I flee, To the
2. To the shadow of a Rock, where so ma-ny pilgrim feet, In their
3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful
shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Re-deemer bids me go, and how
joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a
waters from the pure crystal riv-er, In the shadow of the Rock, in its
f.
Fine.
sweet my rest will be, With his ten-der, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
sure and safe re-treat, And the bless-ed lamp of faith still is burn-ing.
cleft my soul shall hide With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev-er.
D. S. sweet my rest will be, With his ten-der, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
Oh, what a ref-uge from ev-'ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge! my
D. S.
on-ly hope is there; My Re-deem-er bids me go, and how

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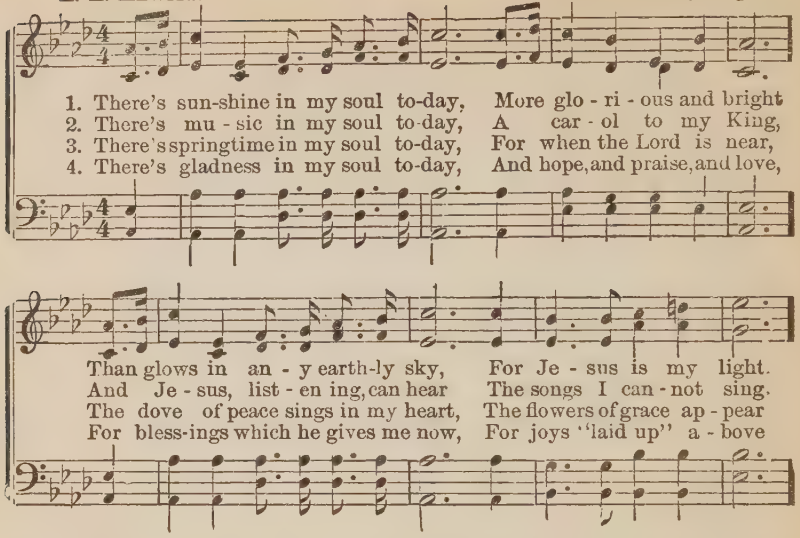
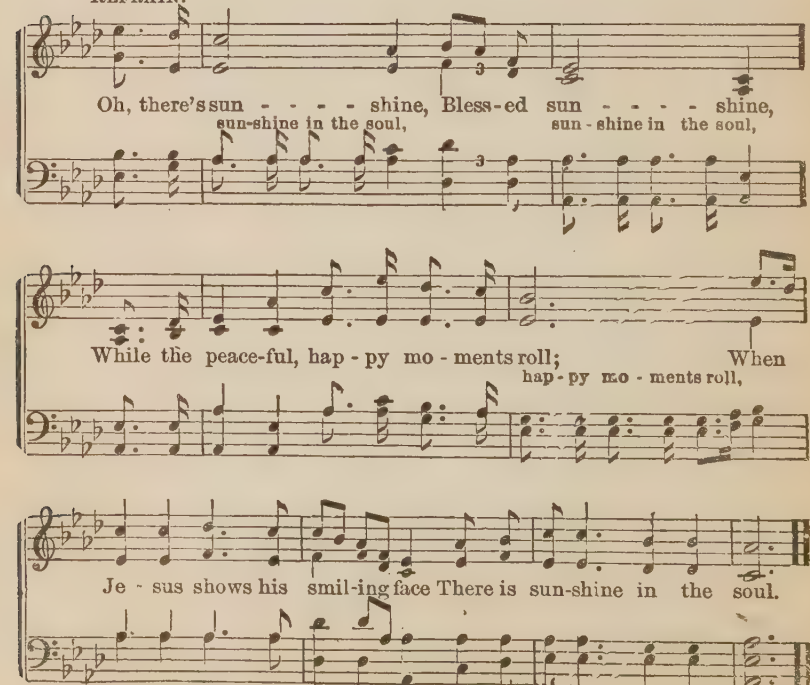
Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.


1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear
For bless-ings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove

REFRAIN.


Oh, there's sun - - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,
While the peace-ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When
hap-py mo - ments roll,
Je - sus shows his smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

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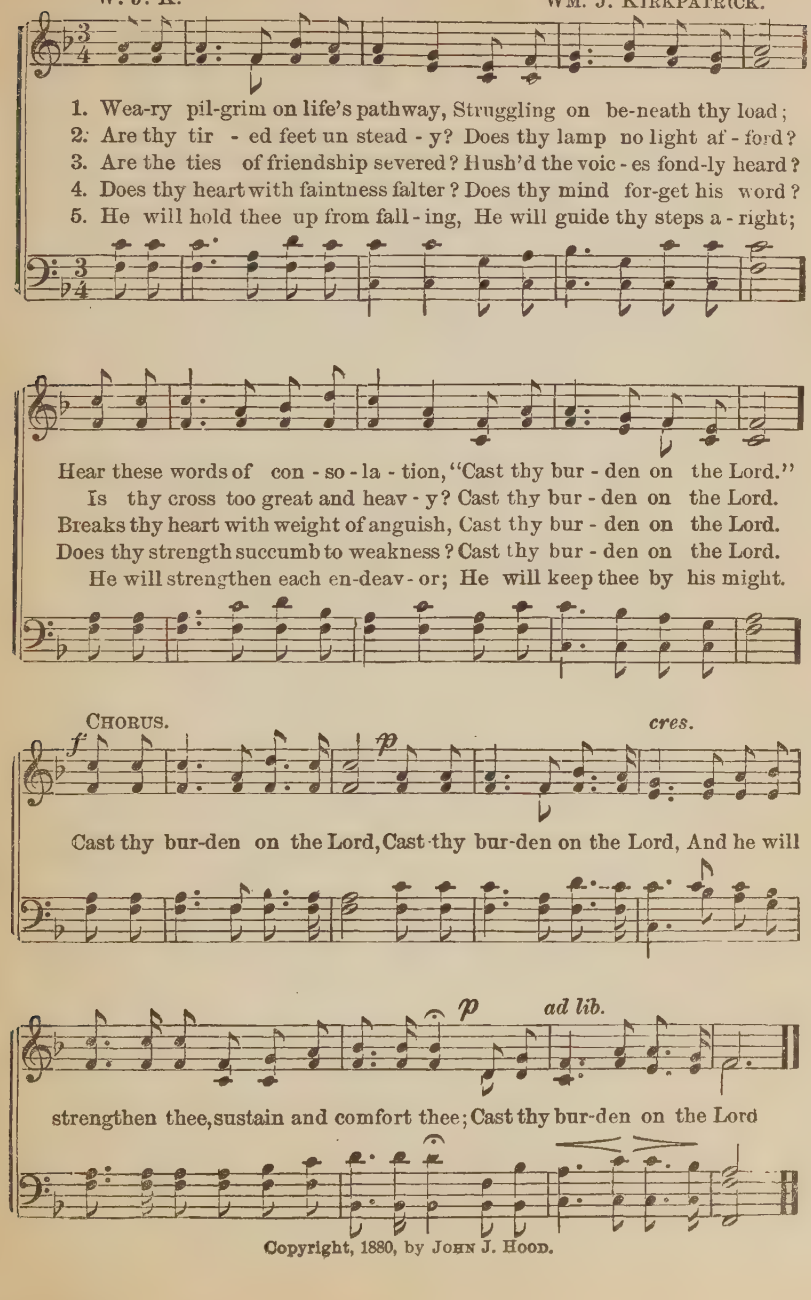
130 Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Wea-ry pil-grim on life's pathway, Struggling on be-neath thy load;
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hush'd the voic - es fond-ly heard?
4. Does thy heart with faintness falter? Does thy mind for-get his word?
5. He will hold thee up from fall - ing, He will guide thy steps a - right;
Hear these words of con - so - la - tion, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and heav - y? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Does thy strength succumb to weakness? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
He will strengthen each en-deav - or; He will keep thee by his might.
CHORUS.
cres.
Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will
ad lib.
strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur-den on the Lord

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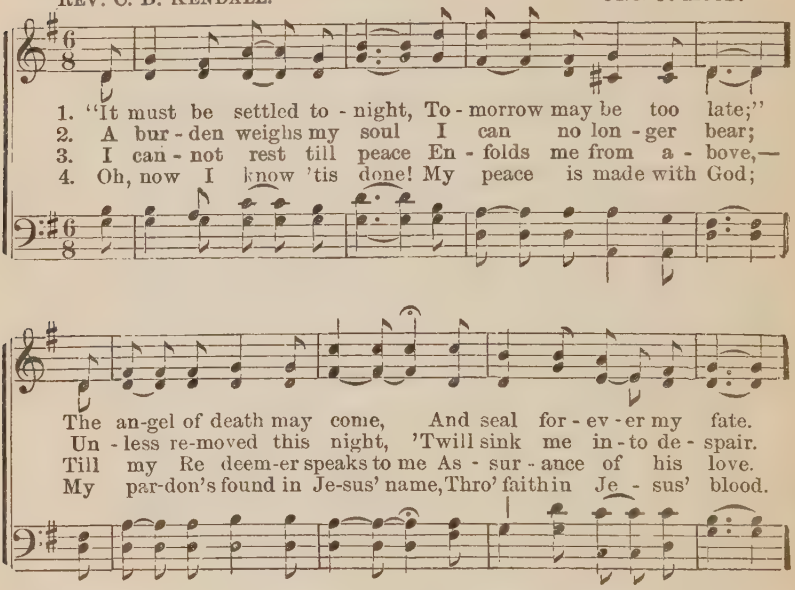
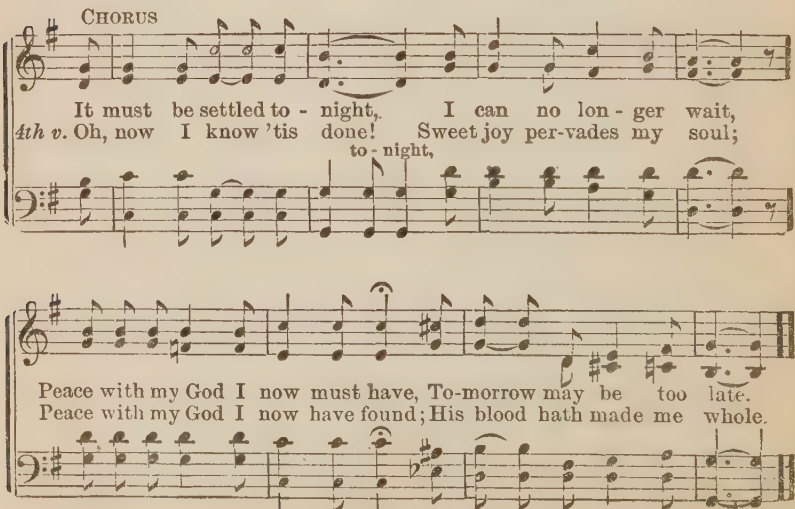
131 It must be Settled To-Night.

A miner in England went to Church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Savior there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "it must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

REV. C. B. KENDALL. JNO. J. HOOD.


1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;"
2. A bur - den weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;
3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—
4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;
The an-gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.
Un - less re-moved this night, 'Twill sink me in - to de - spair.
Till my Re deem-er speaks to me As - sur - ance of his love.
My par-don's found in Je-sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.


CHORUS
It must be settled to - night, I can no lon - ger wait,
4th v. Oh, now I know 'tis done! Sweet joy per-vades my soul;
to - night,
Peace with my God I now must have, To-morrow may be too late.
Peace with my God I now have found; His blood hath made me whole.

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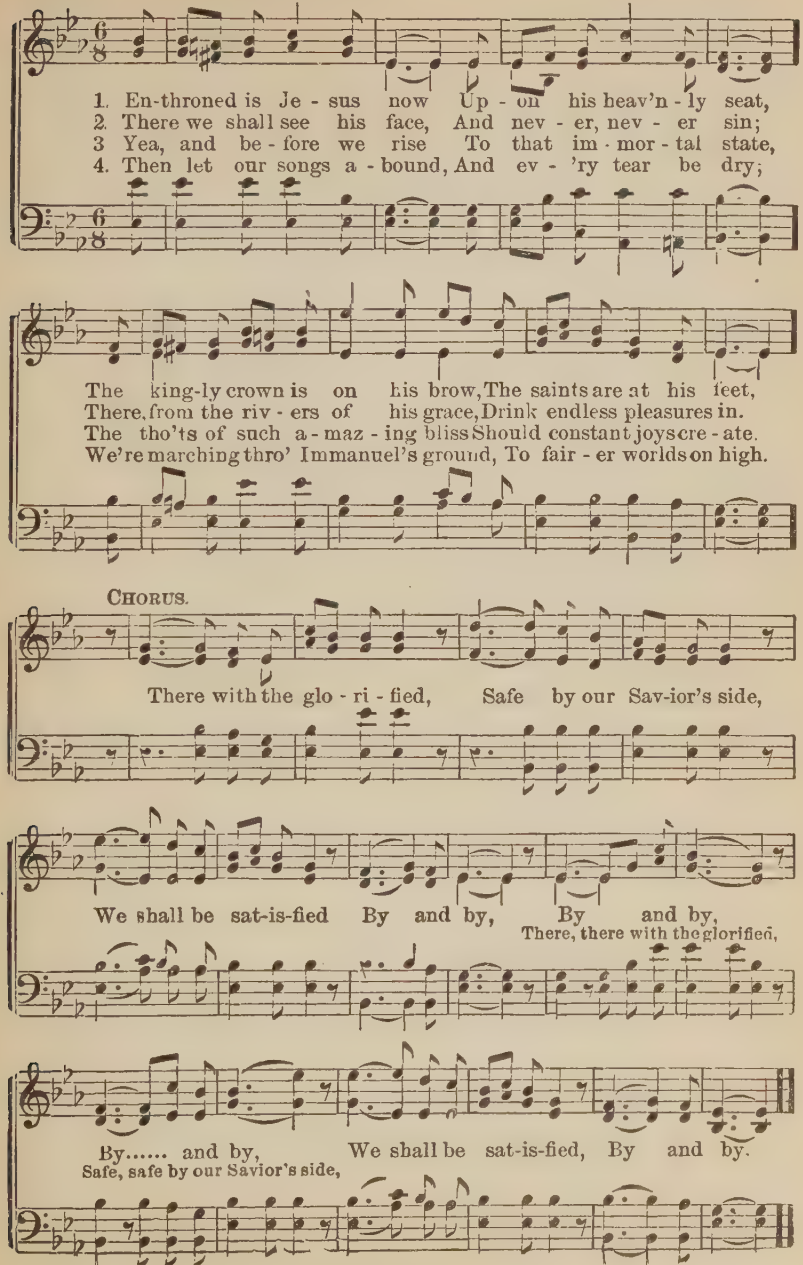
Satisfied By and By.

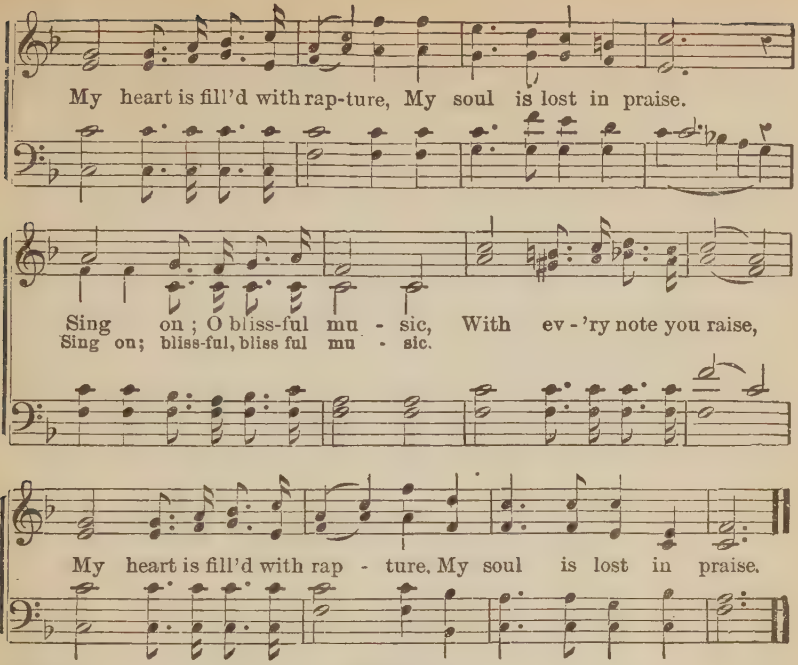
Theme of Chorus from WEBSTER. T. C. O'KANE.


1. En-throned is Je - sus now Up - on his heav'n - ly seat,
2. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
3 Yea, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state,
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
The king-ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet,
There, from the riv - ers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
The tho'ts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should constant joys cre - ate.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.
CHORUS.
There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Sav-ior's side,
We shall be sat-is-fied By and by, By and by,
There, there with the glorified,
By..... and by, We shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.
Safe, safe by our Savior's side,

Sing On.

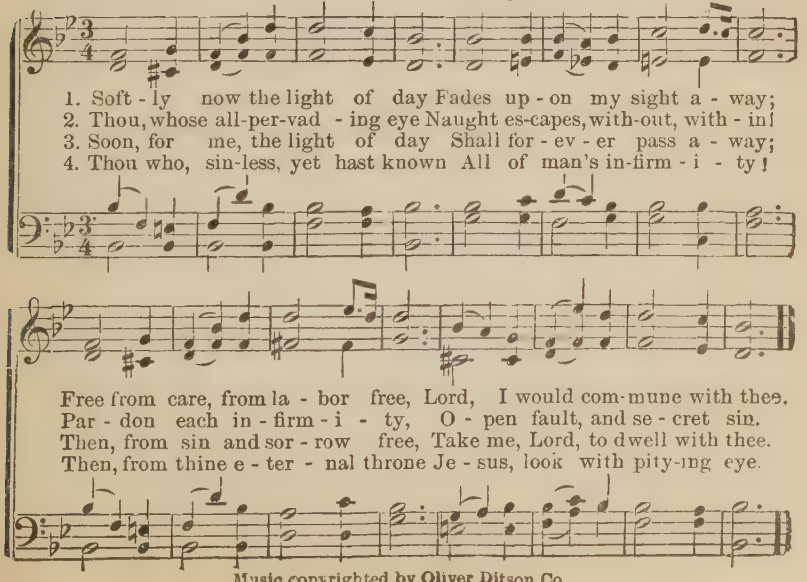
CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, Nor think the moments long;
2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, While here on earth we stay;
3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, The time will not be long;
My faith is heav'nward ris-ing With ev-'ry tune-ful song;
Let songs of home and Je-sus Be-guile each fleet-ing day;
Till in our Fa-ther's king-dom We swell a no-bler song;
Lo! on the mount of bless-ing, The glo-rious mount I stand,
Sing on the grand old sto-ry Of his re-deem-ing love;
Where those we love are wait-ing To greet us on the shore,
And look-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I see the promis'd land!
The ev-er-last-ing cho-rus That fills the realms a bove.
We'll meet be-yond the riv-er, Where sur-ges roll no more.
CHORUS.
Sing on; O bliss-ful mu-sic, With ev-'ry note you raise,


My heart is fill'd with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise.
Sing on; O bliss-ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,
Sing on; bliss-ful, bliss ful mu - sic.
My heart is fill'd with rap - ture. My soul is lost in praise.

134 Mercy.

Wm. B. Bradbury. Arr. by Edwin P. Parker.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with - in!
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in-firm - i - ty!
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Then, from thine e - ter - nal throne Je - sus, look with pity-ing eye.

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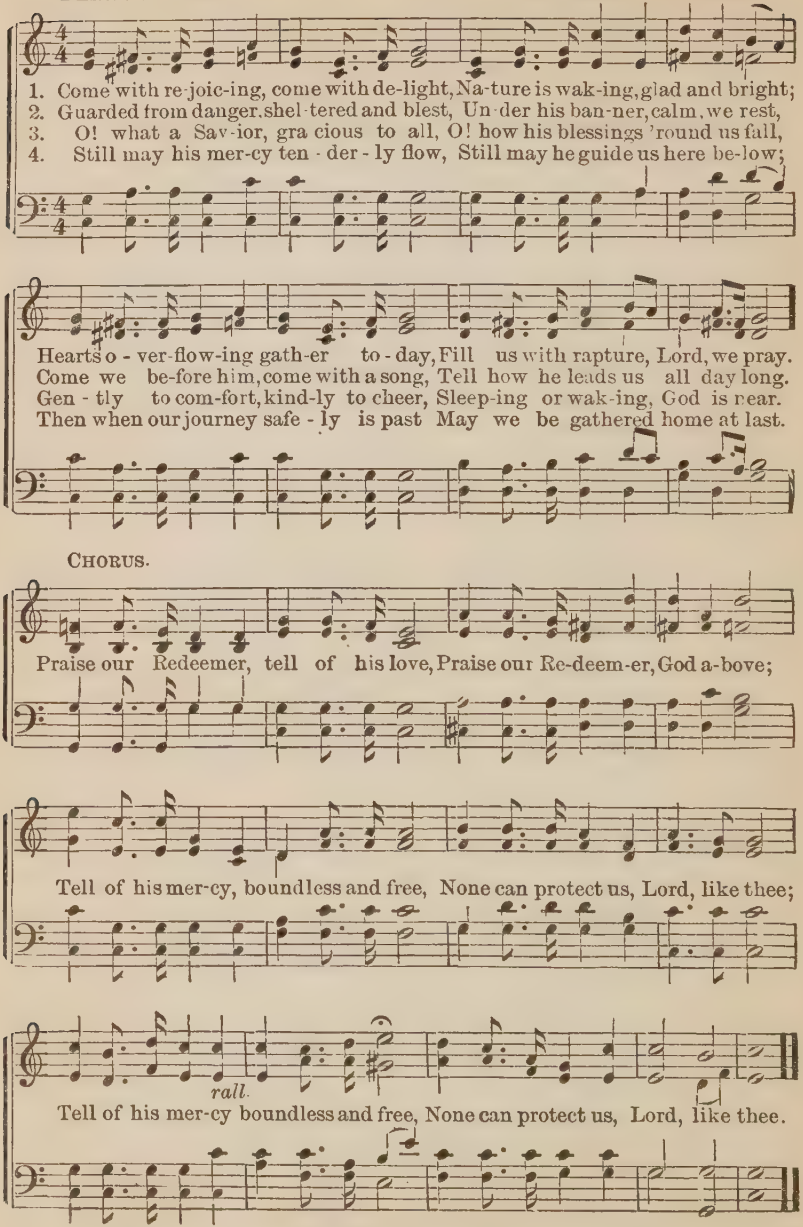
135 Come With Rejoicing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with de-light, Na-ture is wak-ing, glad and bright;
2. Guarded from danger, shel-tered and blest, Un-der his ban-ner, calm, we rest,
3. O! what a Sav-ior, gra cious to all, O! how his blessings 'round us fall,
4. Still may his mer-cy ten - der - ly flow, Still may he guide us here be-low;
Hearts o - ver-flow-ing gath-er to - day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
Come we be-fore him, come with a song, Tell how he leads us all day long.
Gen - tly to com-fort, kind-ly to cheer, Sleep-ing or wak-ing, God is near.
Then when our journey safe - ly is past May we be gathered home at last.
CHORUS.
Praise our Redeemer, tell of his love, Praise our Re-deem-er, God a-bove;
Tell of his mer-cy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee;
rall.
Tell of his mer-cy boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee.

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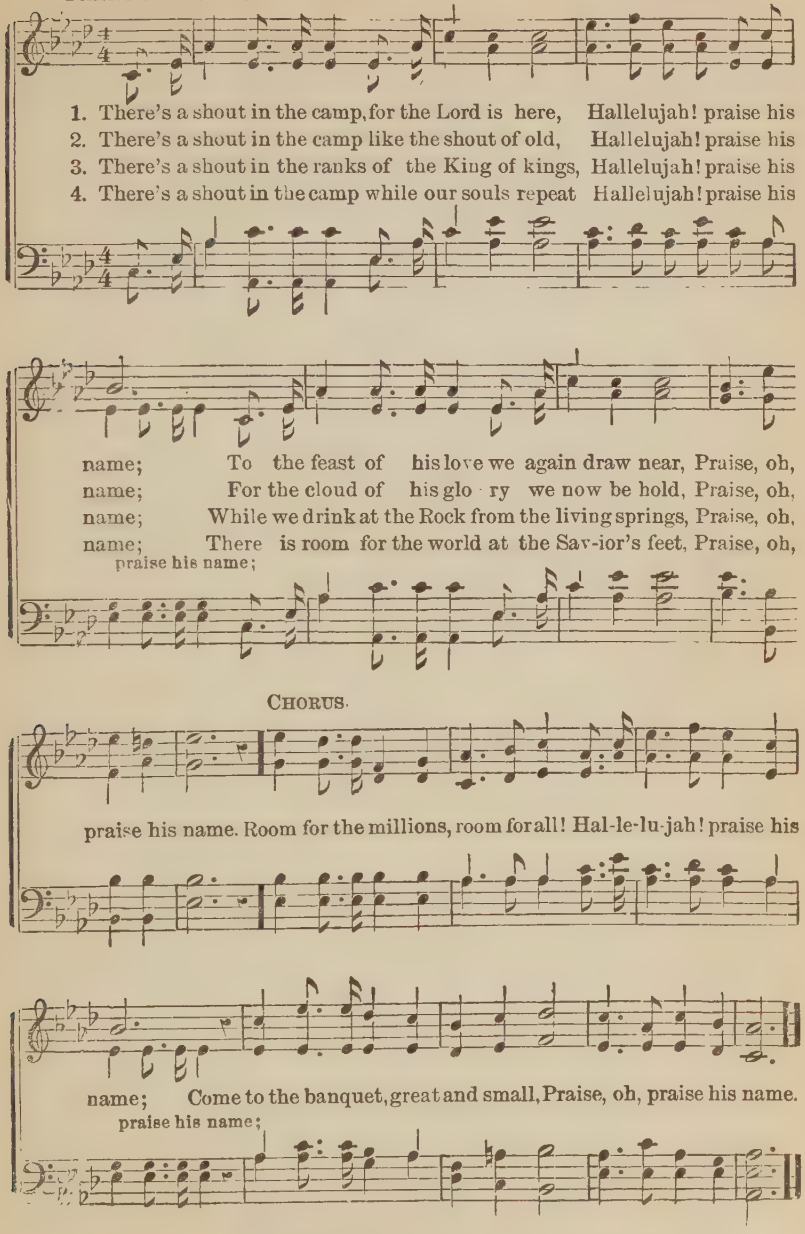
A Shout in the Camp.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hallelujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hallelujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hallelujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hallelujah! praise his
name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be hold, Praise, oh,
name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
name; There is room for the world at the Sav-ior's feet, Praise, oh,
praise his name;
CHORUS.
praise his name. Room for the millions, room for all! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his
name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.
praise his name;

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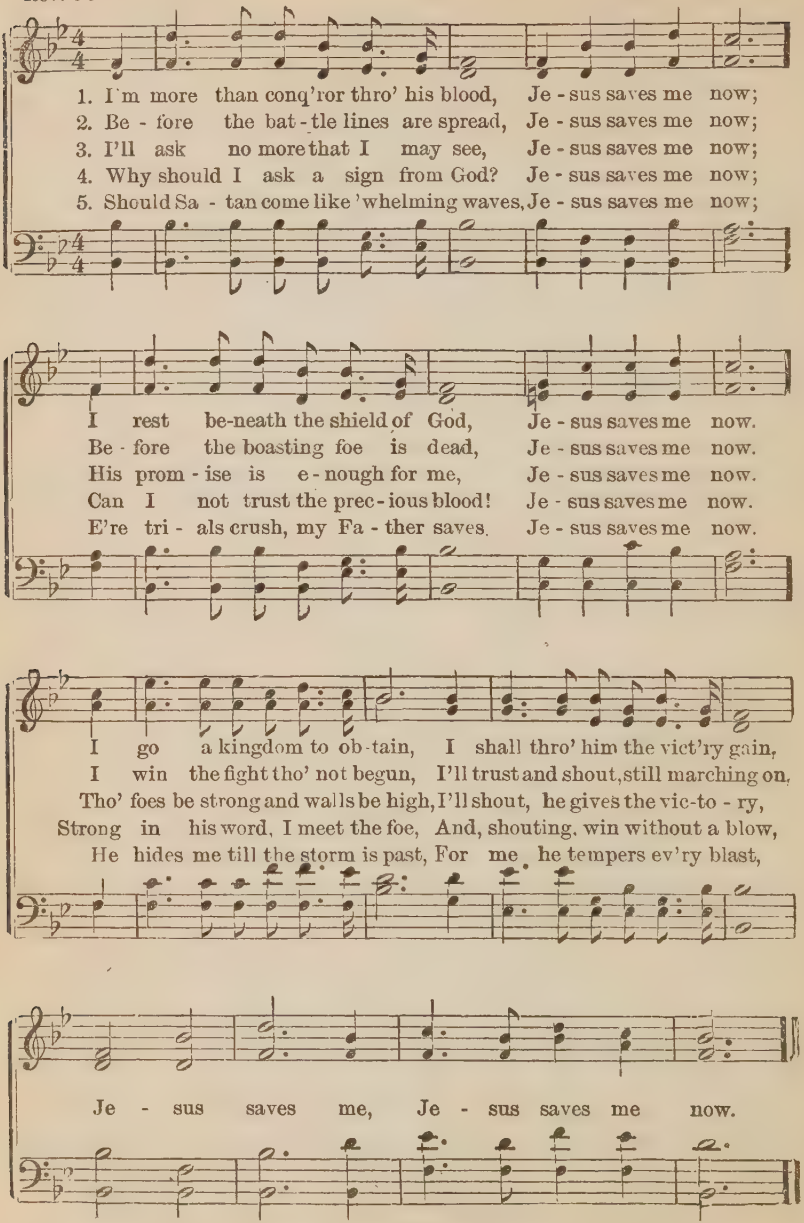
I'm more than Conqueror.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. I'm more than conq'ror thro' his blood, Je - sus saves me now;
2. Be - fore the bat - tle lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now;
3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now;
4. Why should I ask a sign from God? Je - sus saves me now;
5. Should Sa - tan come like 'whelming waves, Je - sus saves me now;
I rest be-neath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now.
Be - fore the boasting foe is dead, Je - sus saves me now.
His prom - ise is e - nough for me, Je - sus saves me now.
Can I not trust the prec - ious blood! Je - sus saves me now.
E're tri - als crush, my Fa - ther saves. Je - sus saves me now.
I go a kingdom to ob - tain, I shall thro' him the vict'ry gain,
I win the fight tho' not begun, I'll trust and shout, still marching on,
Tho' foes be strong and walls be high, I'll shout, he gives the vic-to - ry,
Strong in his word, I meet the foe, And, shouting, win without a blow,
He hides me till the storm is past, For me he tempers ev'ry blast,
Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me now.

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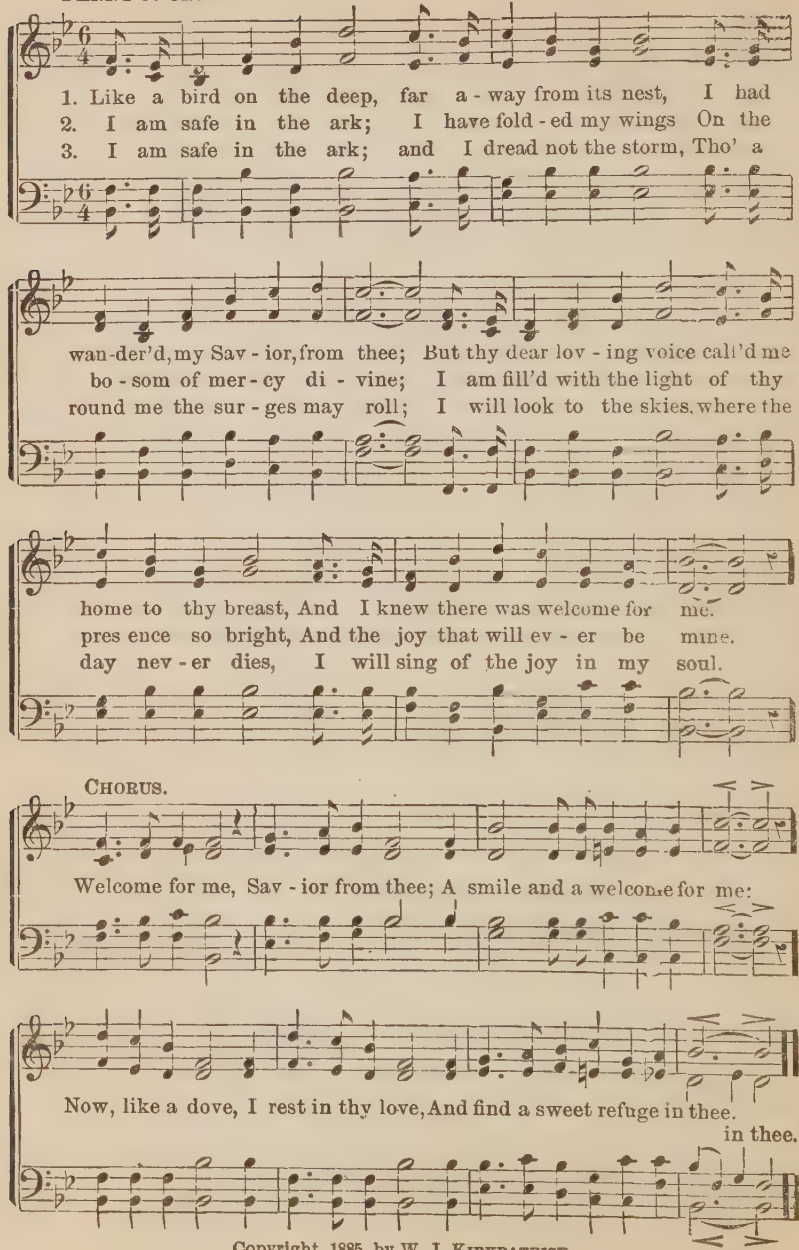
Wait, and Murmur Not.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;
Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho-li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not;
CHORUS.
O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and murmur not,
meek - ly wait, O, mur - mur not.

139 Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
wan-der'd, my Sav - ior, from thee; But thy dear lov - ing voice call'd me
home to thy breast, And I knew there was welcome for me.
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the
bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am fill'd with the light of thy
pres ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
3. I am safe in the ark; and I dread not the storm, Tho' a
round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the
day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.
CHORUS.
Welcome for me, Sav - ior from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee.
in thee.

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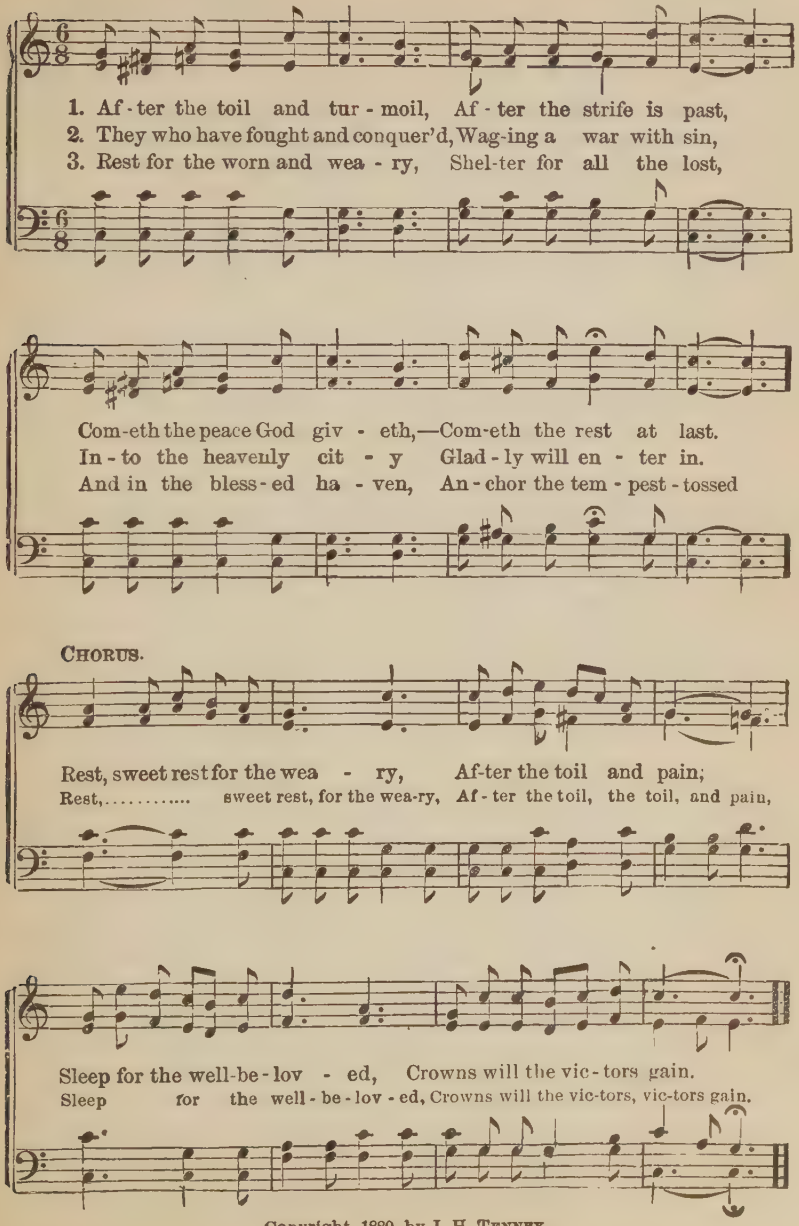
Rest in Heaven.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. J. H. Tenney.


1. Af-ter the toil and tur-moil, Af-ter the strife is past,
2. They who have fought and conquer'd, Wag-ing a war with sin,
3. Rest for the worn and wea-ry, Shel-ter for all the lost,
Com-eth the peace God giv-eth,—Com-eth the rest at last.
In-to the heavenly cit-y Glad-ly will en-ter in.
And in the bless-ed ha-ven, An-chor the tem-pest-tossed
Chorus.
Rest, sweet rest for the wea-ry, Af-ter the toil and pain;
Rest,..... sweet rest, for the wea-ry, Af-ter the toil, the toil, and pain,
Sleep for the well-be-lov-ed, Crowns will the vic-tors gain.
Sleep for the well-be-lov-ed, Crowns will the vic-tors, vic-tors gain.

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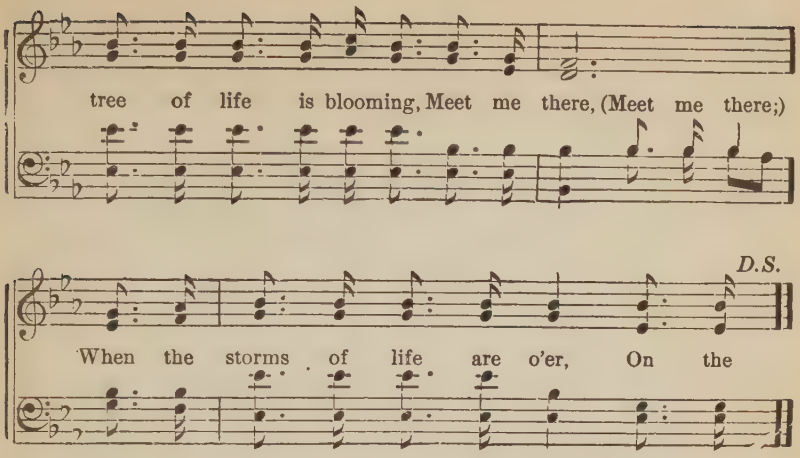
Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more,
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain,
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,
When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the
But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the
In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in
night dis-solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,
riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
sweet com-mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,
D. S.—hap - py gold - en shore,
Fine.
I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.
CHORUS.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the

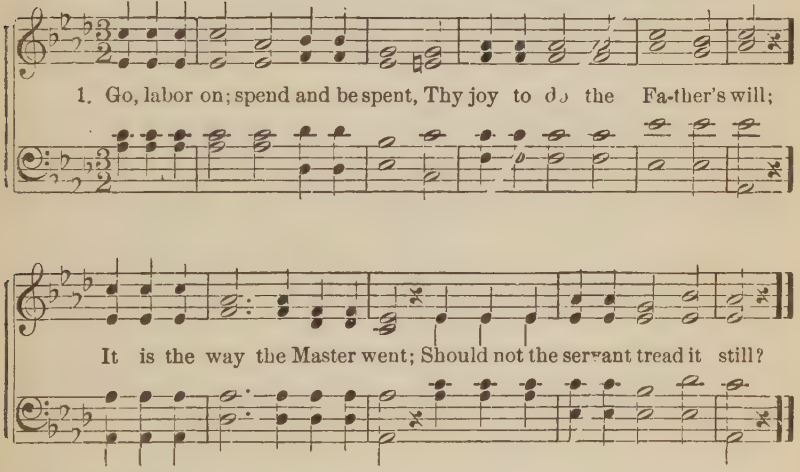
By permission of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Meet me There.—Concluded.



142 Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. Tune MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.


1. Go, labor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

143 O, Sing of the Rapture.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O sing of the rap-ture, the ho - ly de - light, Sal - va-tion so
2. O sing of the ful - ness of in- - fi - nite love, The bliss that we
3. How sweet when we gather to worship his name, And praise him for
4. O glo - ry to Je - sus! a - gain and a - gain Our song of de-
free-ly bestows, Our path, like the noonday, is cloudless and bright With
constant-ly share, Com-mun-ing with Je - sus our Sav - ior a - bove, And
all he has done, To feel, while the rich - es of grace we proclaim. Our
vo-tion shall rise, And an - gels re - ech - o the joy - ful a-men, They
CHORUS.
joy from his presence that flows.
knowing our treas-ure is there.
E - den on earth is be - gun.
bear from our hearts to the skies.
Sal-va tion is free, salvation is free,
A per - fect sal-va-tion for you and for me; When o-ver the riv-er our
dwell-ing we see, We'll shout as we en ter, sal - va - tion is free.

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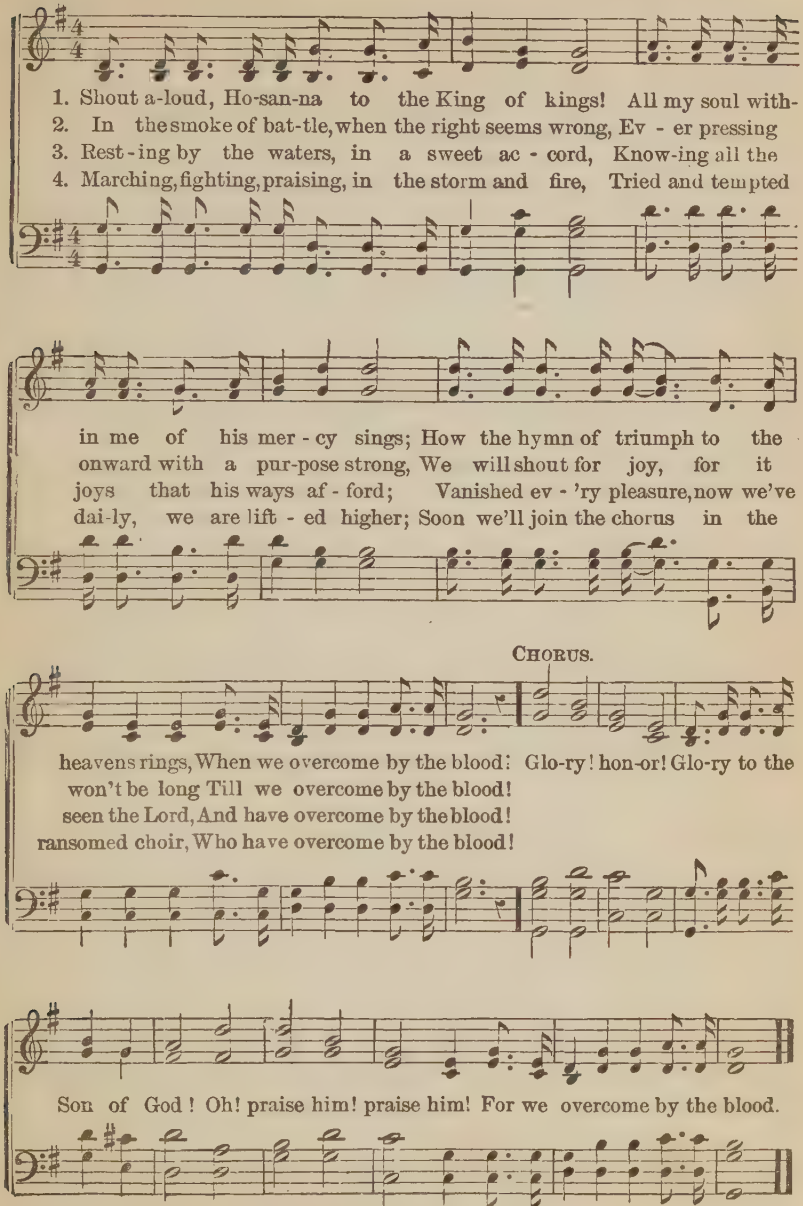
We Overcome by the Blood.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Shout a-loud, Ho-san-na to the King of kings! All my soul with-
2. In the smoke of bat-tle, when the right seems wrong, Ev - er pressing
3. Rest-ing by the waters, in a sweet ac - cord, Know-ing all the
4. Marching, fighting, praising, in the storm and fire, Tried and tempted
in me of his mer - cy sings; How the hymn of triumph to the
onward with a pur-pose strong, We will shout for joy, for it
joys that his ways af - ford; Vanished ev - 'ry pleasure, now we've
dai-ly, we are lift - ed higher; Soon we'll join the chorus in the
CHORUS.
heavens rings, When we overcome by the blood! Glo-ry! hon-or! Glo-ry to the
won't be long Till we overcome by the blood!
seen the Lord, And have overcome by the blood!
ransomed choir, Who have overcome by the blood!
Son of God! Oh! praise him! praise him! For we overcome by the blood.

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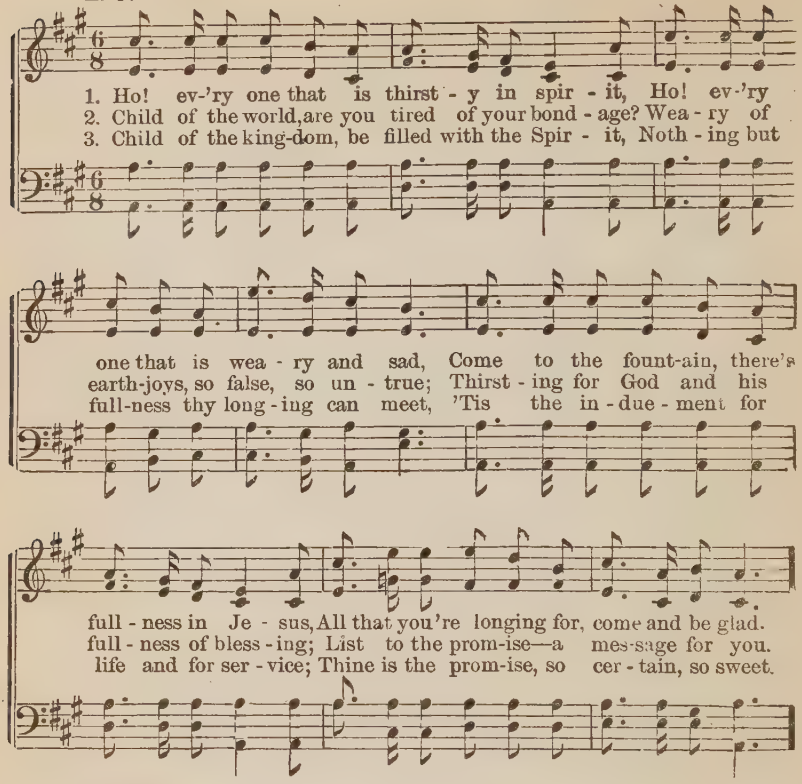
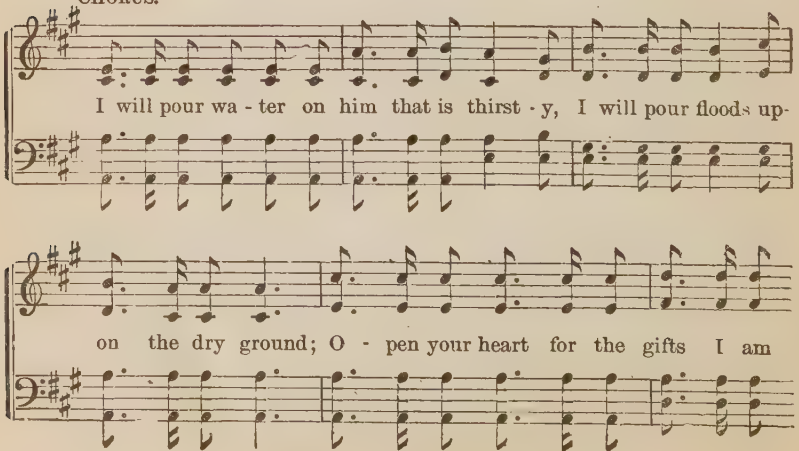
145 Ho! Every One that is Thirsty.

L. J. R. LUCY J. RIDER.


1. Ho! ev-'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev-'ry one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the fount-ain, there's
2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bond - age? Wea - ry of earth-joys, so false, so un - true; Thirst - ing for God and his
3. Child of the king-dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth - ing but full-ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the in - due - ment for
full - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
full - ness of bless - ing; List to the prom-ise—a mes-sage for you.
life and for ser - vice; Thine is the prom-ise, so cer - tain, so sweet.

CHORUS.



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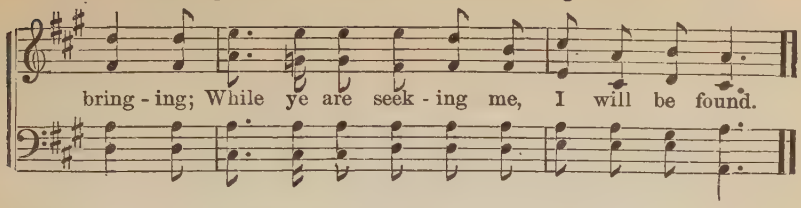
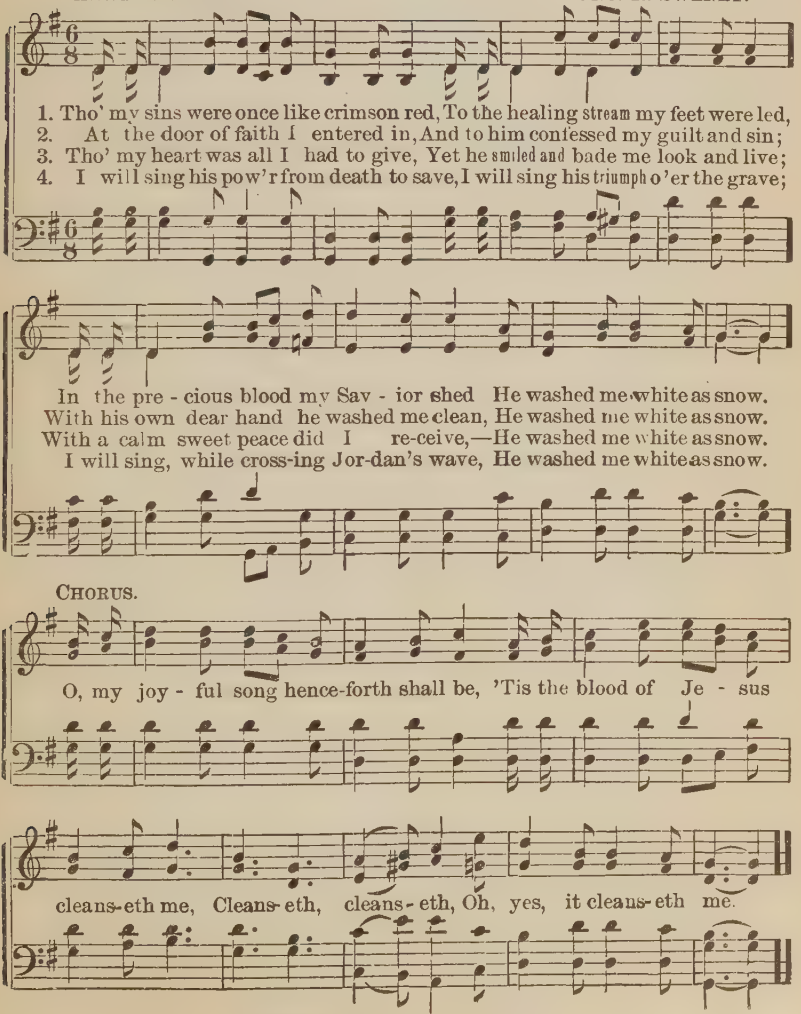


146 Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin;
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live;
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave;
In the pre - cious blood my Sav - ior shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
With a calm sweet peace did I re-ceive,—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing, while cross-ing Jor-dan's wave, He washed me white as snow.
CHORUS.
O, my joy - ful song hence-forth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus
cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleans-eth me.

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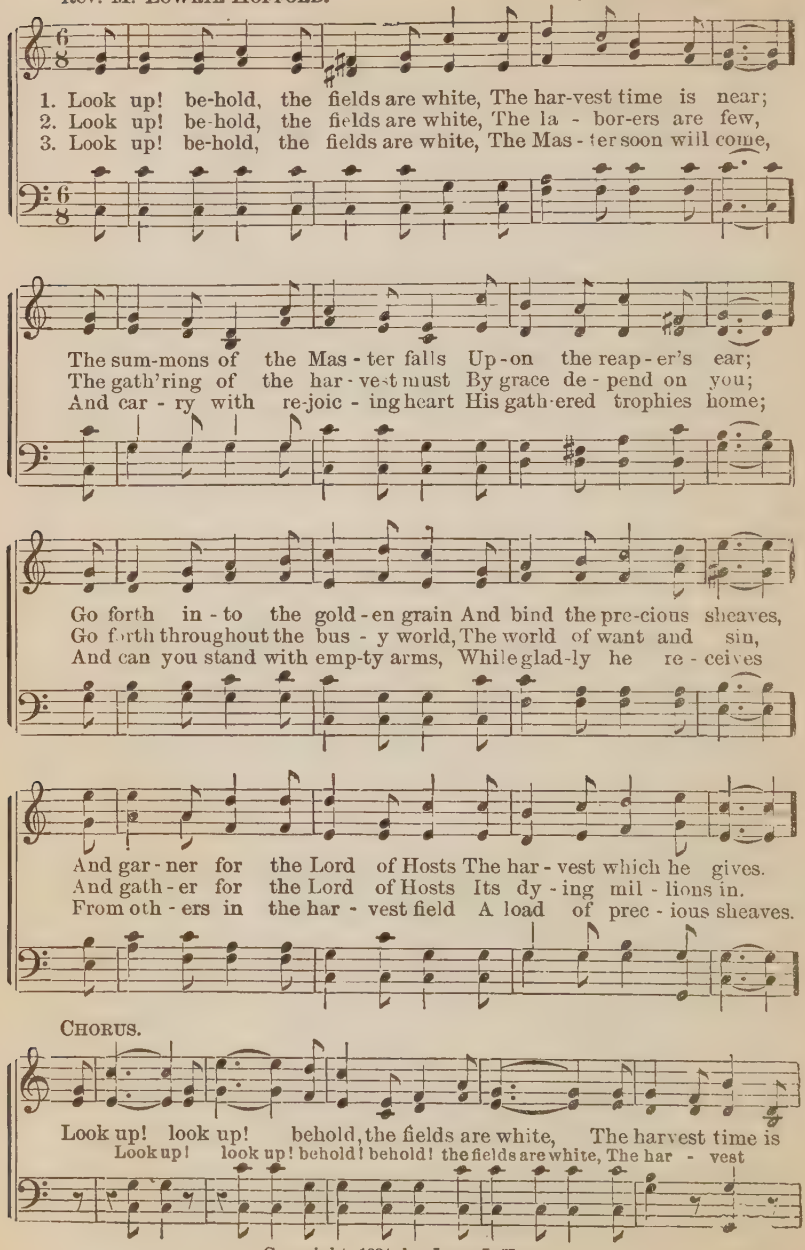
147 Behold, the Fields are White.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near;
2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The la - bor-ers are few,
3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas - ter soon will come,
The sum-mons of the Mas - ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear;
The gath'ring of the har - vest must By grace de - pend on you;
And car - ry with re-joic - ing heart His gath-ered trophies home;
Go forth in - to the gold - en grain And bind the pre-cious sheaves,
Go forth throughout the bus - y world, The world of want and sin,
And can you stand with emp-ty arms, While glad-ly he re - ceives
And gar - ner for the Lord of Hosts The har - vest which he gives.
And gath - er for the Lord of Hosts Its dy - ing mil - lions in.
From oth - ers in the har - vest field A load of prec - ious sheaves.
CHORUS.
Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is
Look up! look up! behold! behold! the fields are white, The har - vest

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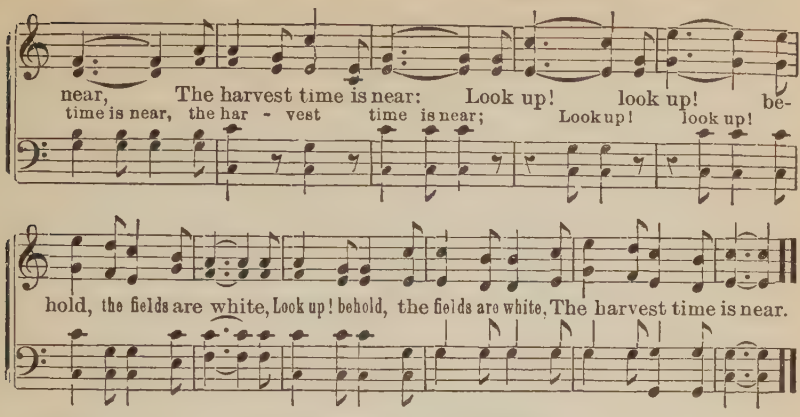
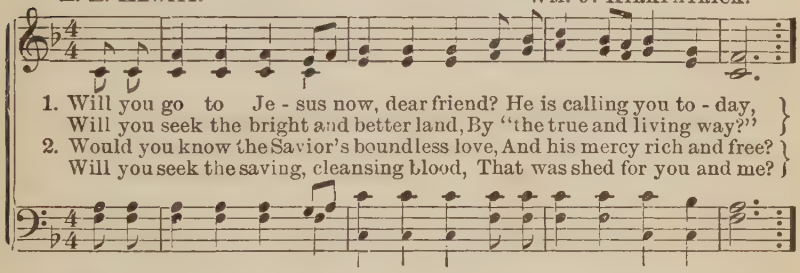
Behold the Fields are White—Concluded.

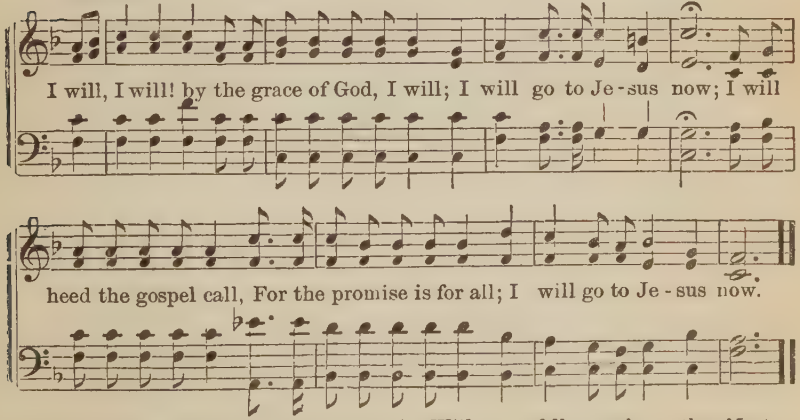

near, The harvest time is near: Look up! look up! be-
time is near, the har - vest time is near; Look up! look up!
hold, the fields are white, Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near.

148 By Grace I Will.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Will you go to Je - sus now, dear friend? He is calling you to - day,
Will you seek the bright and better land, By "the true and living way?"
2. Would you know the Savior's boundless love, And his mercy rich and free?
Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood, That was shed for you and me?

REFRAIN.


I will, I will! by the grace of God, I will; I will go to Je - sus now; I will
heed the gospel call, For the promise is for all; I will go to Je - sus now.

3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown;
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?

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149 Far as the East from the West.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Why is thy harp on the willow, Child of the Fa-ther a-bove?
2. Why is thy harp on the willow? Hast thou no song for the Lord?
3. Why is thy harp on the willow? Why art thou troubled and tried?
Where is thy hope in his mer-cy? Where is thy trust in his love?
Think of each won-der-ful prom-ise Je-sus has left in his Word.
Hast thou, o'ercome by the tempter, Wandered a-way from thy Guide?
REFRAIN.
Go to the arms of the Sav-ior, Pil-low thy head on his breast;
He will re-move thy transgressions Far as the east from the west.

4 Wouldst thou return to thy duty,
Jesus will answer thy call;
If thou art truly repentant,
He will forgive thee for all.

5 Take now thy harp from the willow,
Sing the glad songs of the past;
Trust not thyself but in Jesus,
Then shalt thou triumph at last

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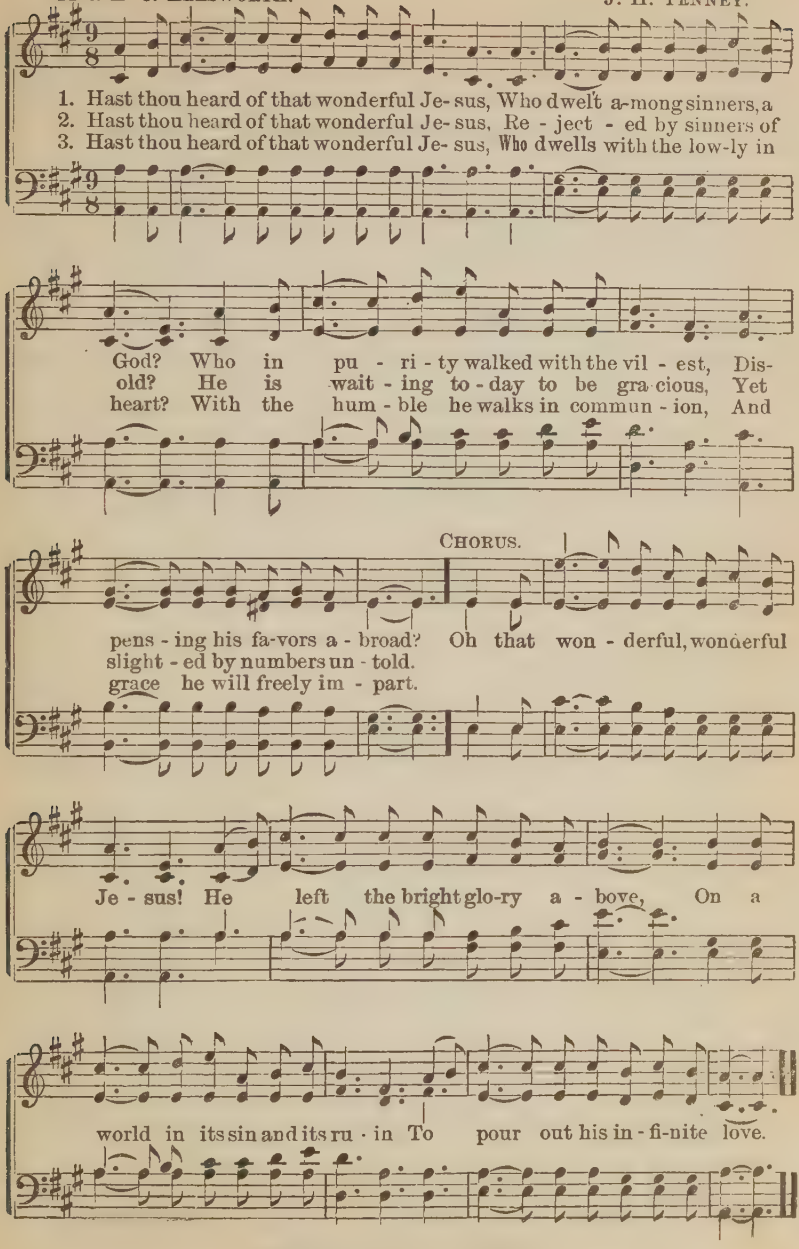
150 Hast Thou Heard of Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.


1. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je- sus, Who dwelt a-mong sinners, a
2. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je- sus, Re - ject - ed by sinners of
3. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je- sus, Who dwells with the low-ly in
God? Who in pu - ri - ty walked with the vil - est, Dis-
old? He is wait - ing to - day to be gra cious, Yet
heart? With the hum - ble he walks in commun - ion, And
Chorus.
pens - ing his fa-vors a - broad? Oh that won - derful, wonderful
slight - ed by numbers un - told.
grace he will freely im - part.
Je - sus! He left the bright glo-ry a - bove, On a
world in its sin and its ru - in To pour out his in - fi-nite love.

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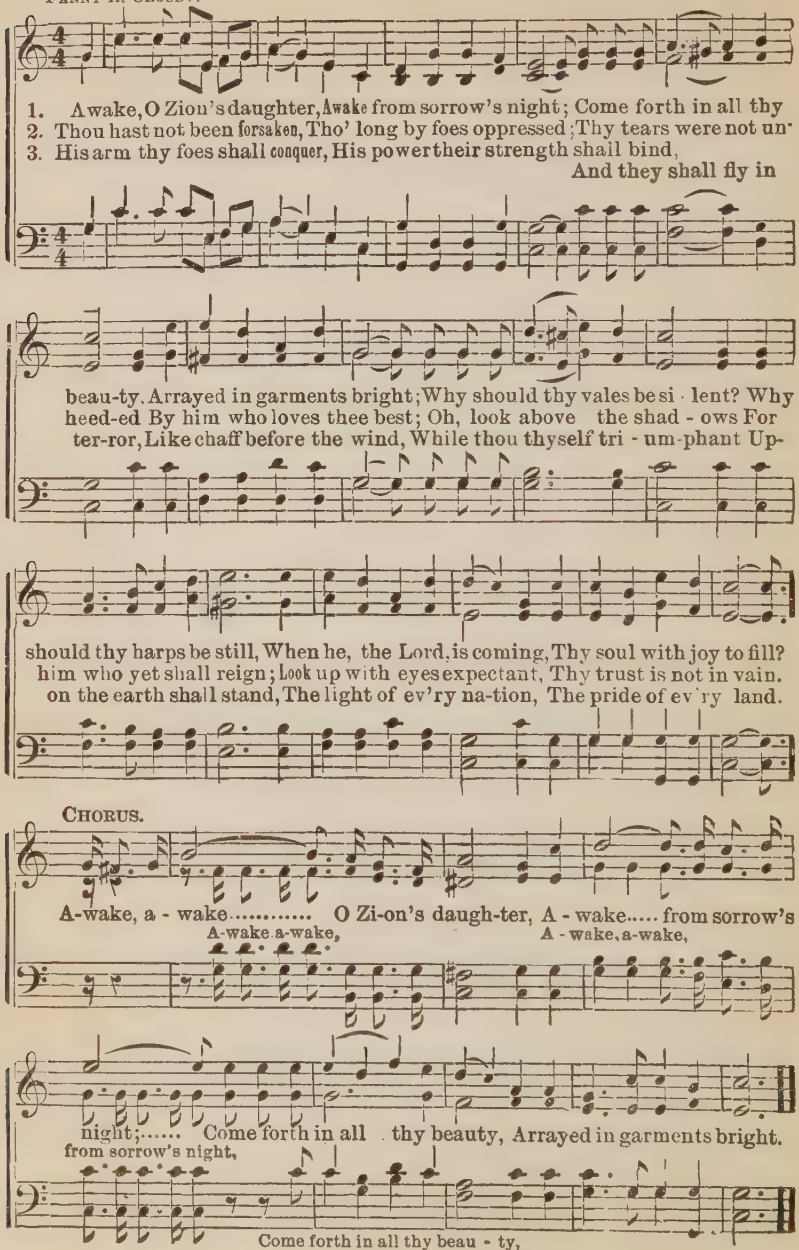
151 Awake, O Zion's Daughter.

FANNY R. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Awake, O Zion's daughter, Awake from sorrow's night; Come forth in all thy
2. Thou hast not been forsaken, Tho' long by foes oppressed; Thy tears were not un-
3. His arm thy foes shall conquer, His power their strength shall bind,
And they shall fly in
beau-ty. Arrayed in garments bright; Why should thy vales be si - lent? Why
heed-ed By him who loves thee best; Oh, look above the shad - ows For
ter-ror, Like chaff before the wind, While thou thyself tri - um-phant Up-
should thy harps be still, When he, the Lord, is coming, Thy soul with joy to fill?
him who yet shall reign; Look up with eyes expectant, Thy trust is not in vain.
on the earth shall stand, The light of ev'ry na-tion, The pride of ev'ry land.
CHORUS.
A-wake, a - wake..... O Zi-on's daugh-ter, A - wake..... from sorrow's
A-wake, a-wake,
A - wake, a-wake,
night;..... Come forth in all thy beauty, Arrayed in garments bright.
from sorrow's night,
Come forth in all thy beau - ty,

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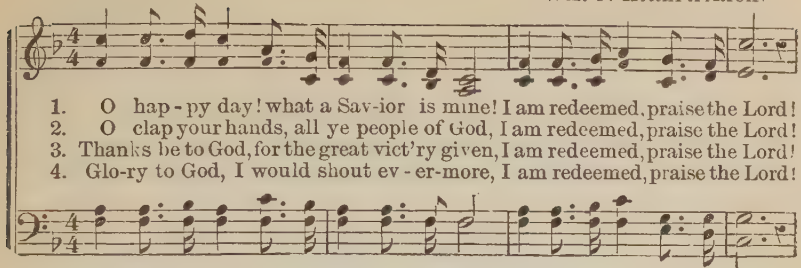
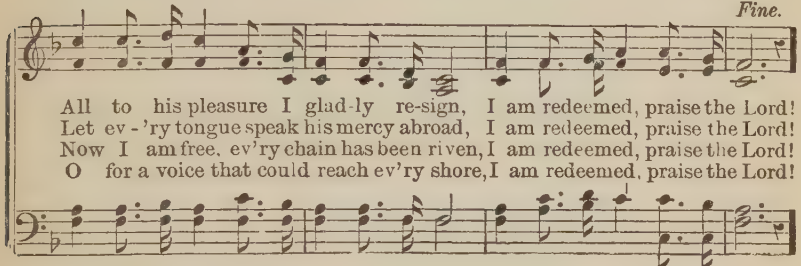
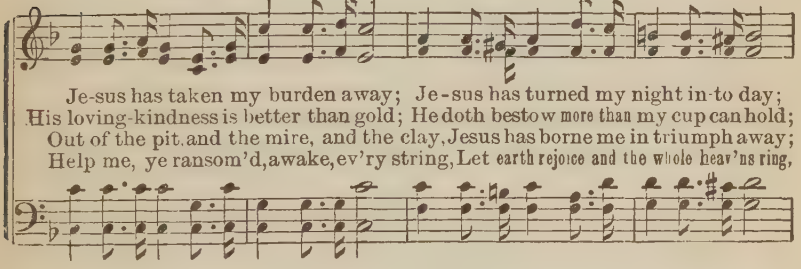
Redeemed, Praise the Lord.

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

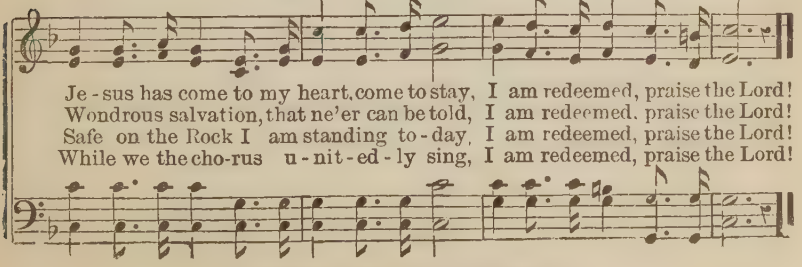

1. O hap - py day! what a Sav-ior is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God, for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glo-ry to God, I would shout ev - er-more, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

Fine.


All to his pleasure I glad-ly re-sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Let ev - 'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Now I am free, ev'ry chain has been riven, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!


Je-sus has taken my burden away; Je - sus has turned my night in-to day;
His loving-kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heav'ns ring,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.


Je - sus has come to my heart, come to stay, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Wondrous salvation, that ne'er can be told, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Safe on the Rock I am standing to - day, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
While we the cho-rus u - nit - ed - ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!

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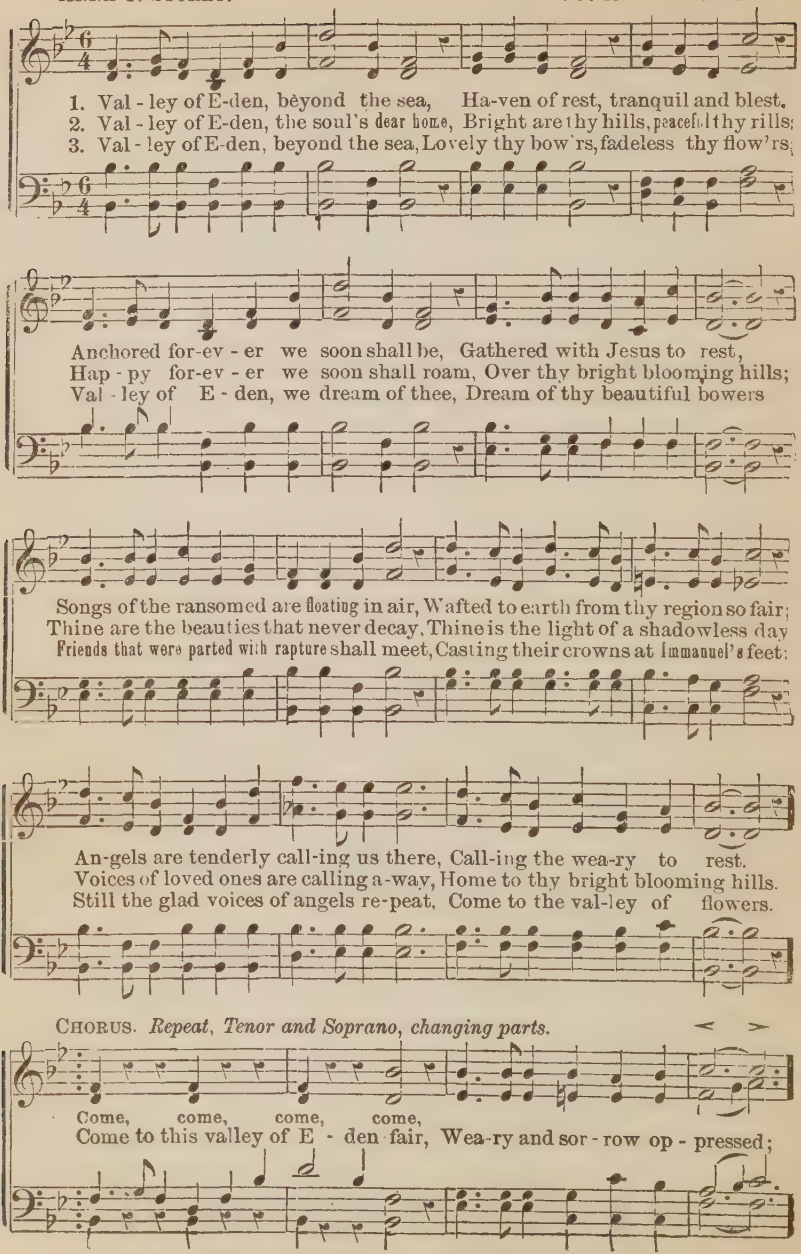
Valley of Rest.

ANNA C. STOREY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Val - ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Ha-ven of rest, tranquil and blest.
2. Val - ley of E-den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills, peaceful thy rills;
3. Val - ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Lovely thy bow'rs, fadeless thy flow'rs;
Anchored for-ev - er we soon shall be, Gathered with Jesus to rest,
Hap - py for-ev - er we soon shall roam, Over thy bright blooming hills;
Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy beautiful bowers
Songs of the ransomed are floating in air, Wafted to earth from thy region so fair;
Thine are the beauties that never decay, Thine is the light of a shadowless day
Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet, Casting their crowns at Immanuel's feet;
An-gels are tenderly call-ing us there, Call-ing the wea-ry to rest.
Voices of loved ones are calling a-way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
Still the glad voices of angels re-peat, Come to the val-ley of flowers.
CHORUS. *Repeat, Tenor and Soprano, changing parts.*
Come, come, come, come,
Come to this valley of E - den fair, Wea-ry and sor - row op - pressed;

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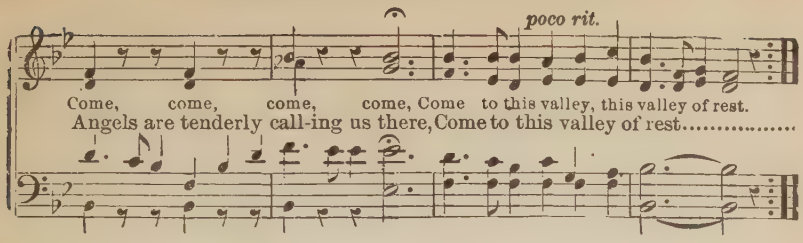
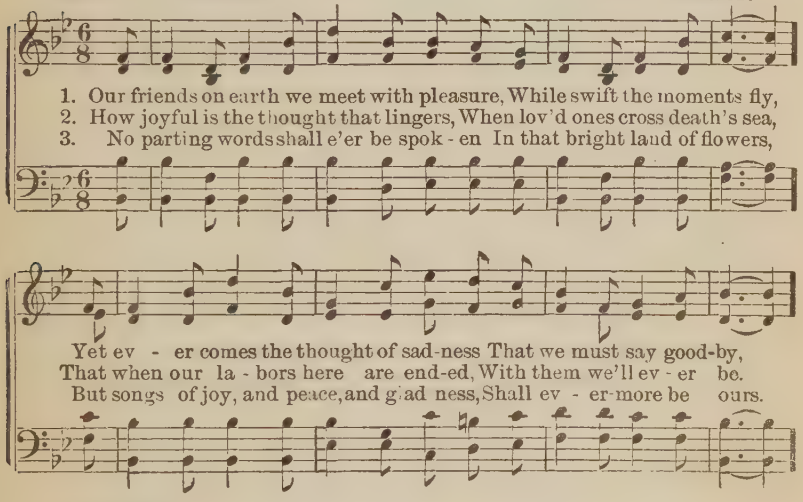
Valley of Rest—Concluded.


poco rit.
Come, come, come, come, Come to this valley, this valley of rest.
Angels are tenderly call-ing us there, Come to this valley of rest.....

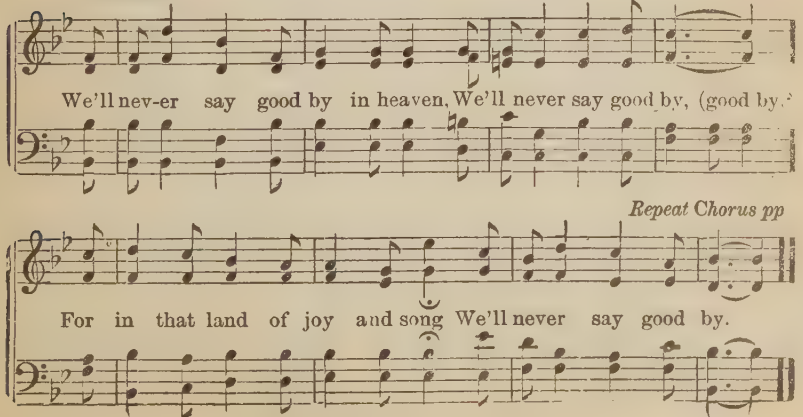
154 We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian Woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spok - en In that bright land of flowers,
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad-ness That we must say good-by,
That when our la - bors here are end-ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad ness, Shall ev - er-more be ours.

CHORUS


We'll nev-er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, (good by.)
Repeat Chorus pp
For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

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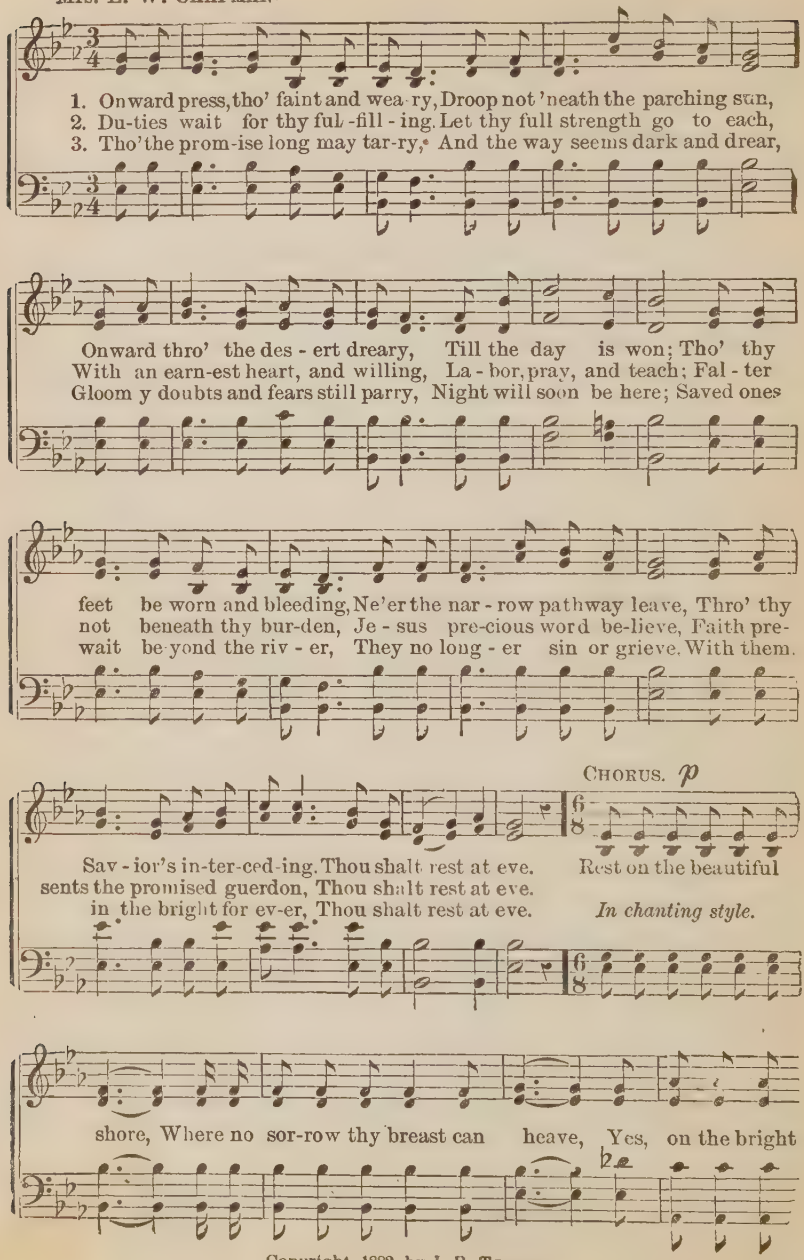
155 Thou Shalt Rest at Eve.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. Onward press, tho' faint and wea-ry, Droop not 'neath the parching sun,
2. Du-ties wait for thy ful-fill-ing. Let thy full strength go to each,
3. Tho' the prom-ise long may tar-ry, And the way seems dark and drear,
Onward thro' the des-ert dreary, Till the day is won; Tho' thy
With an earn-est heart, and willing, La-bor, pray, and teach; Fal-ter
Gloom y doubts and fears still parry, Night will soon be here; Saved ones
feet be worn and bleeding, Ne'er the nar-row pathway leave, Thro' thy
not beneath thy bur-den, Je-sus pre-cious word be-lieve, Faith pre-
wait be-yond the riv-er, They no long-er sin or grieve. With them.
CHORUS. p
Sav-ior's in-ter-ced-ing, Thou shalt rest at eve.
sents the promised guerdon, Thou shalt rest at eve.
in the bright for ev-er, Thou shalt rest at eve.
Rest on the beautiful
In chanting style.
shore, Where no sor-row thy breast can heave, Yes, on the bright

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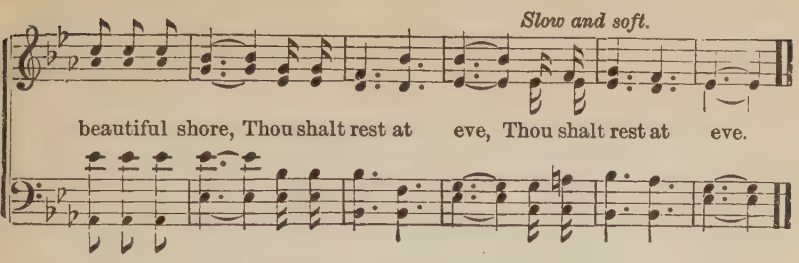
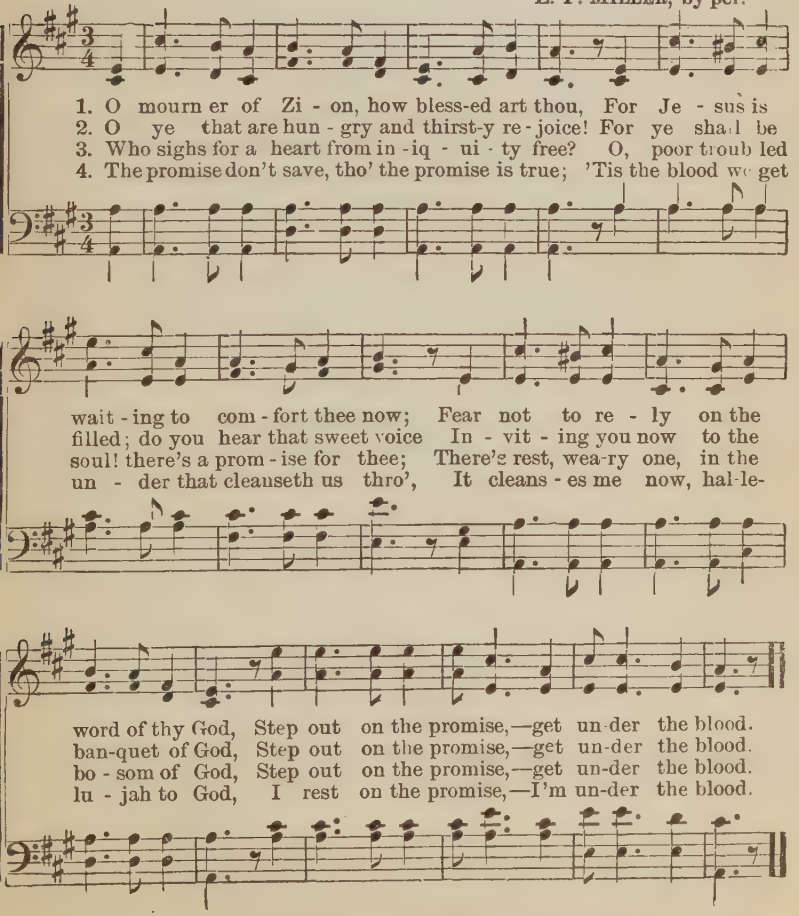
Thou Shalt Rest at Eve—Concluded.



156 Step Out on the Promise.

E. F. MILLER, by per.


1. O mourn er of Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troub led
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get
wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
un - der that cleanseth us thro', It cleans - es me now, hal-le-
word of thy God, Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
ban-quet of God, Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
bo - som of God, Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
lu - jah to God, I rest on the promise,—I'm un-der the blood.

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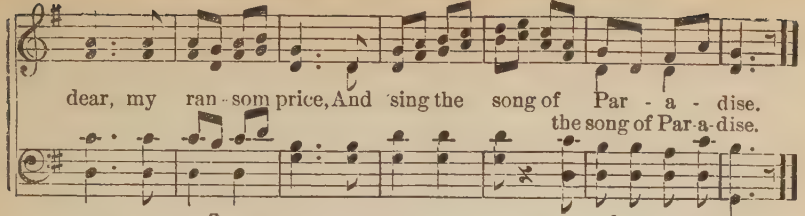
157 A Song of Trust.

BEULAH. *Melodious.* (Music dedicated to Mrs. C. C. McCABE.) J. M. WHYTE.

1. God has giv - en me a song, A song of trust;
And I sing it all day long, For sing I must;
2. O I sing it on the moun-tain, In the light,
Where the ra - diance of God's sun - shine. Makes all bright;
Ev - 'ry hour it sweet-er grows,
Keep my soul in blest re - pose;
All my paths seem bright and clear,
Heav'n-ly land seems ver - y near;
Just how rest - ful no one
And I al-most do ap-
CHORUS.
knows, But those who trust, but those who trust. I sing a
pear To walk by sight, to walk by sight. I sing a
song, a song of trust, For sing I
song of trust, I sing a song of trust,
must: And soon I'll stand at thy right hand, My Sav - ior

Words used by per. of John J. Hood. Copyright, 1886, by R. R. McCabe.



3

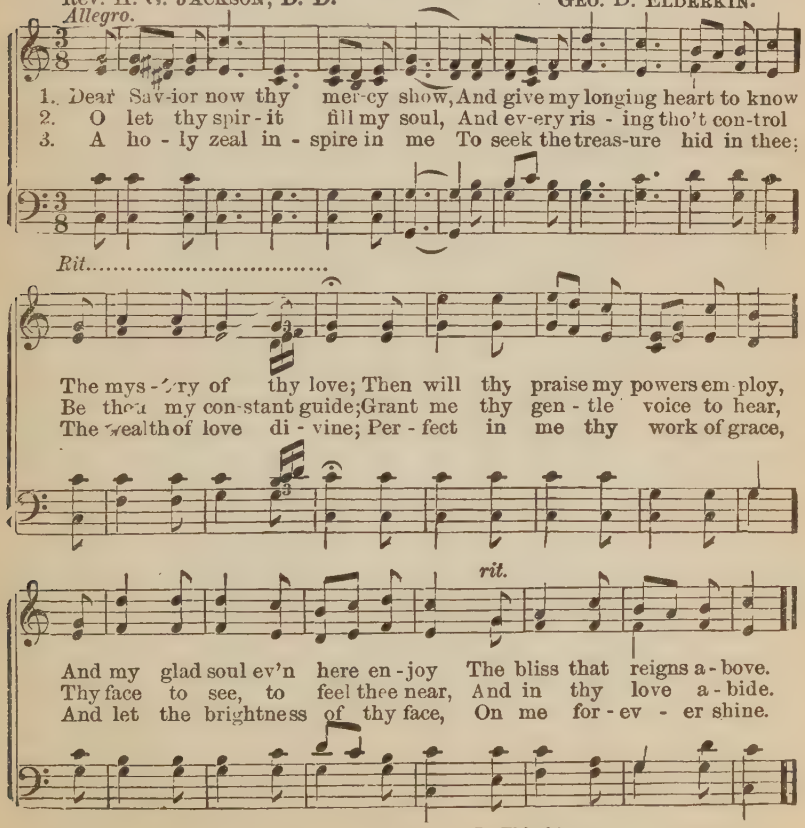
And I sing it in the valley,
Dark and low;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
Pain and woe;
Then the shadows flee away,
Like the night when dawns the day;
Trust in God brings light alway--
I find it so. *Cho.*

4

For I've cross'd the river Jordan,
And I stand
In the blessed land of promise—
Beulah land!
Trusting is like breathing here,
Just so easy doubt and fear
Vanish in this atmosphere,
And life is grand. *Cho.*

158 Perfect Love.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.


Allegro.
1. Dear Sav-ior now thy mer-cy show, And give my longing heart to know
2. O let thy spir - it fill my soul, And ev-ery ris - ing tho't con-trol
3. A ho - ly zeal in - spire in me To seek the treas-ure hid in thee;
Rit.
The mys - tery of thy love; Then will thy praise my powers em-ploy,
Be thou my con-stant guide; Grant me thy gen - tle voice to hear,
The wealth of love di - vine; Per - fect in me thy work of grace,
rit.
And my glad soul ev'n here en - joy The bliss that reigns a - bove.
Thy face to see, to feel thee near, And in thy love a - bide.
And let the brightness of thy face, On me for - ev - er shine.

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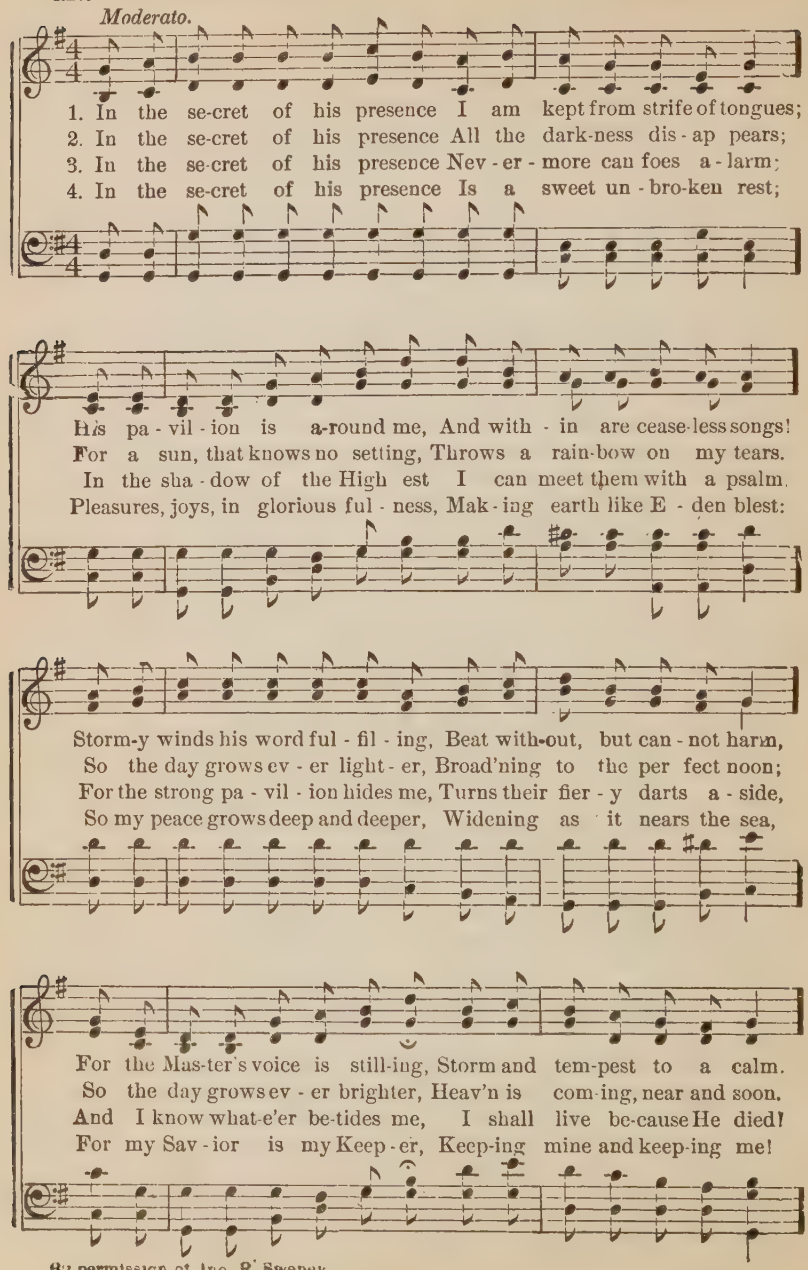
159 In the Secret of His Presence.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. Jno. R. Sweney.

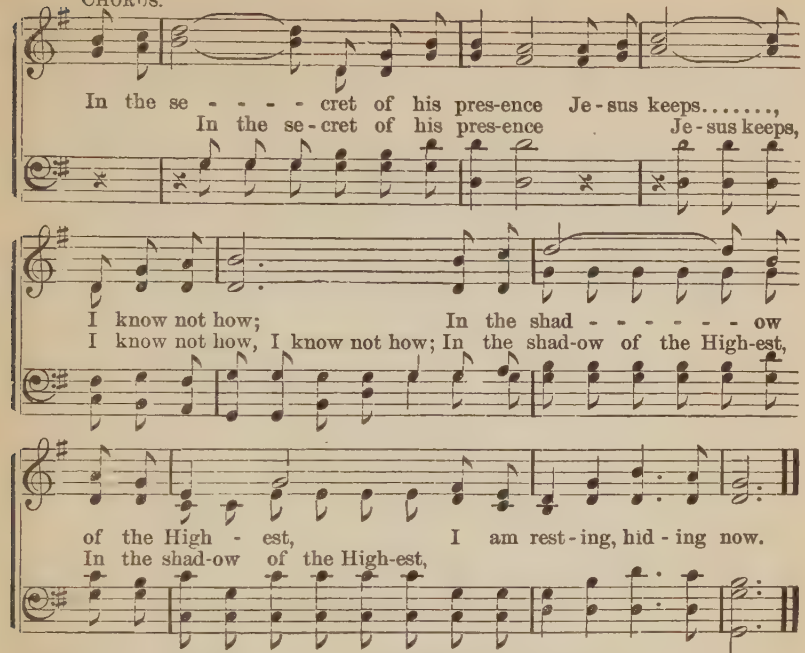
Moderato.


1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;
2. In the se-cret of his presence All the dark-ness dis-ap pears;
3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;
4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet un-bro-ken rest;
His pa-vil-ion is a-round me, And with-in are cease-less songs!
For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rain-bow on my tears.
In the sha-dow of the High est I can meet them with a psalm.
Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Mak-ing earth like E-den blest:
Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat with-out, but can-not harm,
So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per fect noon;
For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,
So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,
For the Mas-ter's voice is still-ing, Storm and tem-pest to a calm.
So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.
And I know what-e'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause He died!
For my Sav-ior is my Keep-er, Keep-ing mine and keep-ing me!

By permission of Jno. R. Sweney

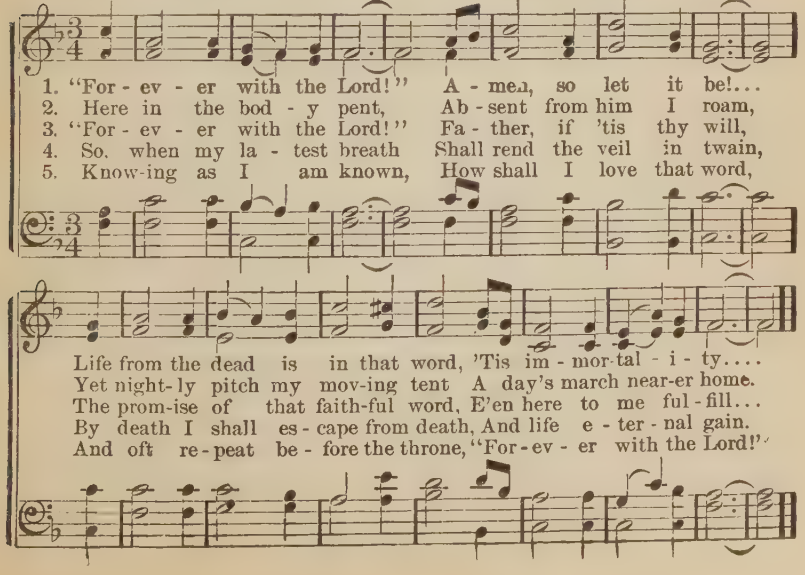
In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


In the se - - - - cret of his pres-ence Je-sus keeps.....,
In the se-cret of his pres-ence Je-sus keeps,
I know not how; In the shad - - - - - - ow
I know not how, I know not how; In the shad-ow of the High-est,
of the High - est, I am rest-ing, hid-ing now.
In the shad-ow of the High-est,

160 Forever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Tune, VIGIL. S. M.

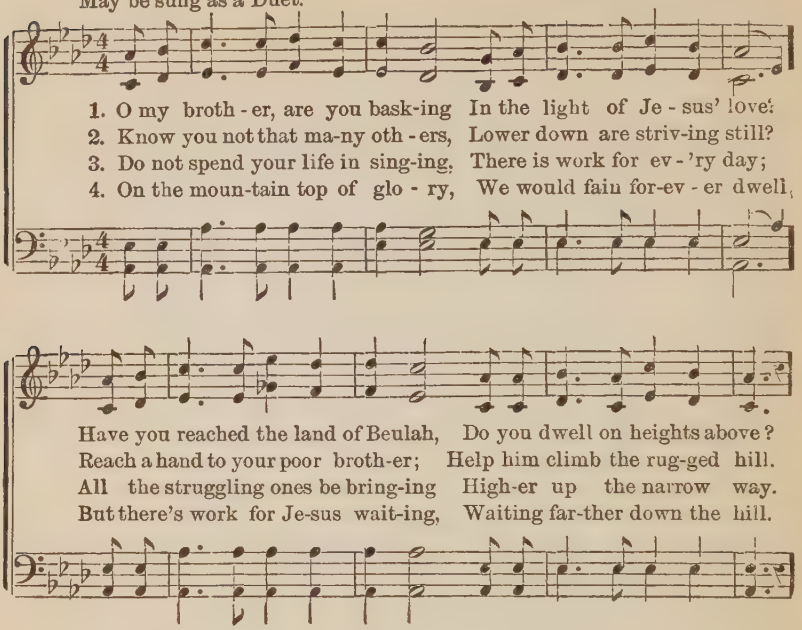

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be!...
2. Here in the bod-y pent, Ab-sent from him I roam,
3. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" Fa-ther, if 'tis thy will,
4. So, when my la-test breath Shall rend the veil in twain,
5. Know-ing as I am known, How shall I love that word,
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty....
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home.
The prom-ise of that faith-ful word, E'en here to me ful-fill...
By death I shall es-cape from death, And life e-ter-nal gain.
And oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "For-ev-er with the Lord!"

161 Help Your Brother.

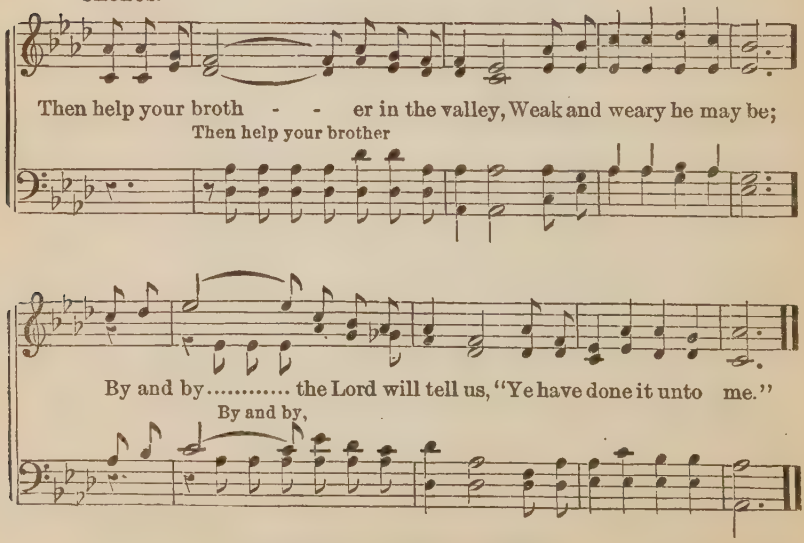
Matt. xxv. 40.

Mrs. Geo. D. Elderkin. Jno. R. Sweney.

May be sung as a Duet.


1. O my broth - er, are you bask-ing In the light of Je - sus' love?
2. Know you not that ma-ny oth - ers, Lower down are striv-ing still?
3. Do not spend your life in sing-ing, There is work for ev - 'ry day;
4. On the moun-tain top of glo - ry, We would fain for-ev - er dwell,
Have you reached the land of Beulah, Do you dwell on heights above?
Reach a hand to your poor broth-er; Help him climb the rug-ged hill.
All the struggling ones be bring-ing High-er up the narrow way.
But there's work for Je-sus wait-ing, Waiting far-ther down the hill.

Chorus.


Then help your broth - - er in the valley, Weak and weary he may be;
Then help your brother
By and by..... the Lord will tell us, "Ye have done it unto me."
By and by,

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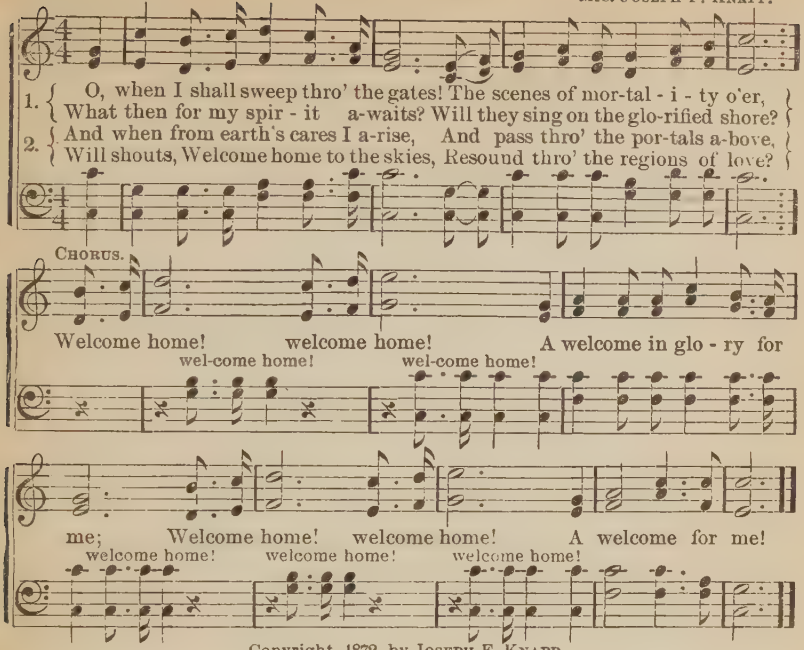
162 Welcome to Glory.

PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. O, when I shall sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er,
What then for my spir - it a-waits? Will they sing on the glo-rified shore?
2. And when from earth's cares I a-rise, And pass thro' the por-tals a-bove,
Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies, Resound thro' the regions of love?
CHORUS.
Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glo - ry for
wel-come home! wel-come home!
me; Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!
welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

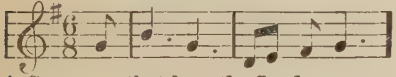
Copyright, 1872, by JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me
In chorus will hail me, I know, [here,
And welcome me home with good cheer!

4 The beautiful gates will unfold, [see;
The home of the blood-washed I'll
The city of saints I'll behold!
For, O! there's a welcome for me!

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!

163 Marching to Zion.



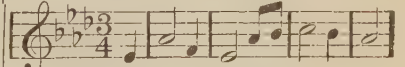
1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our song abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground;
To fairer worlds on high.

164 Forever here my Rest.



1 Forever here my rest shall be.
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea.
"For me the Savior died."

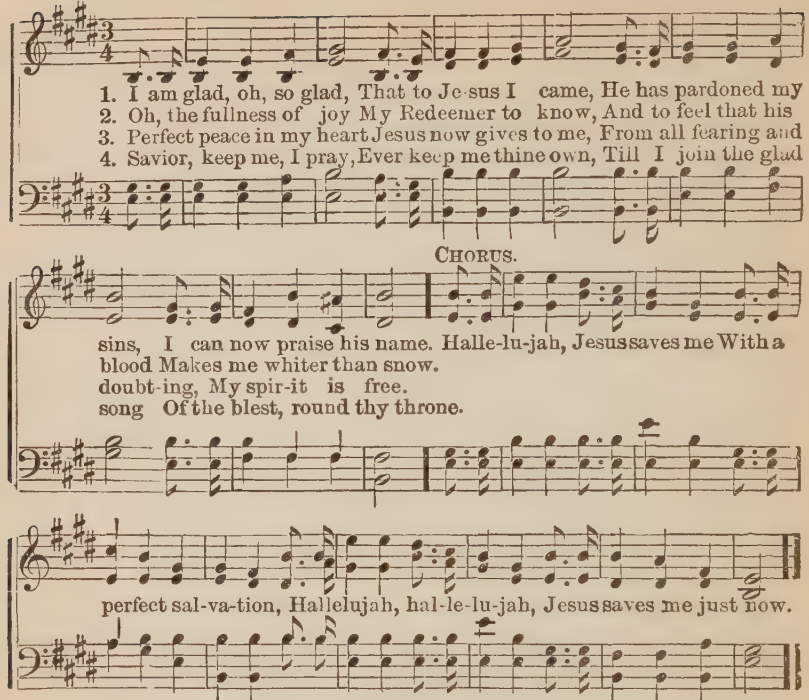
2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art, [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

165 Hallelujah.

WM. G. COLLINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I am glad, oh, so glad, That to Je-sus I came, He has pardoned my
2. Oh, the fullness of joy My Redeemer to know, And to feel that his
3. Perfect peace in my heart Jesus now gives to me, From all fearing and
4. Savior, keep me, I pray, Ever keep me thine own, Till I join the glad
CHORUS.
sins, I can now praise his name. Halle-lu-jah, Jesus saves me With a
blood Makes me whiter than snow.
doubt-ing, My spir-it is free.
song Of the blest, round thy throne.
perfect sal-va-tion, Hallelujah, hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me just now.

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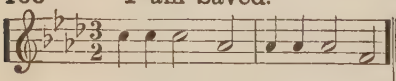
166 I am Saved.



1 I am saved! the Lord hath saved me,
Help me shout the glorious news!
I have tasted God's salvation,
And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.

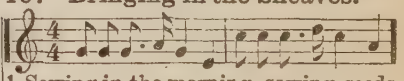
Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I rejoice, salvation came;
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I am saved in Jesus' name.

2 Loud I sing my exultation,
Hoping it will reach the skies;
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever
Under thy protecting eyes.

3 Free salvation! glad salvation!
Let us shout from pole to pole,
Until each diseased nation
Feels that God hath made it whole.

4 When at last the days are gathered
Into thy great judgment one,
May I find my name deep written,
In the records of thy Son.

167 Bringing in the Sheaves.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, [dewy eves:
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

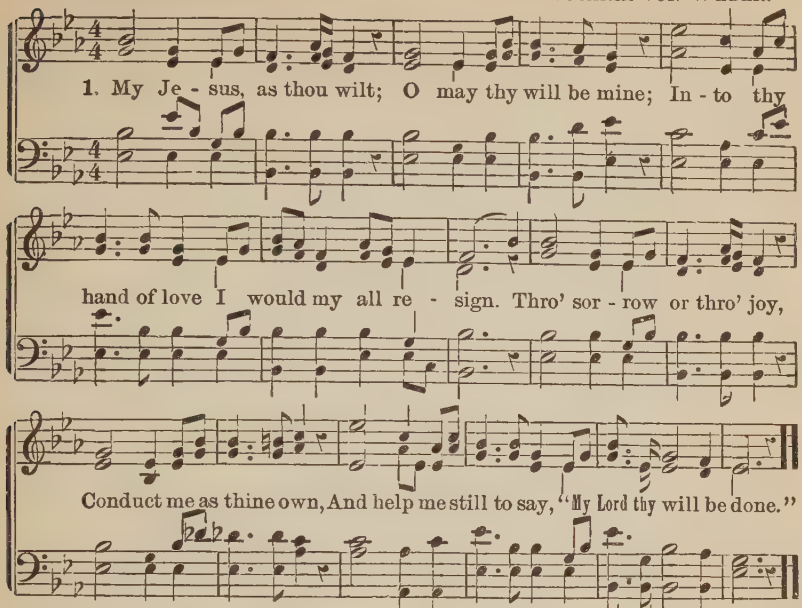
Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, :‖
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [chilling breeze.
Fearing neither clouds, nor winters
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, [in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, [it often grieves;
Though the loss sustained our spir
When our weeping's over he will bid us welcome, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

Jewett.

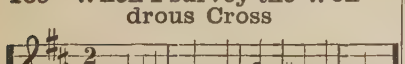
Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick. Carl Maria von Weber.


1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

169 When I survey the Wondrous Cross



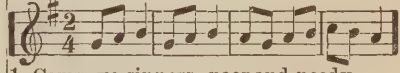
1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

170 Come, Ye Sinners.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Cho.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

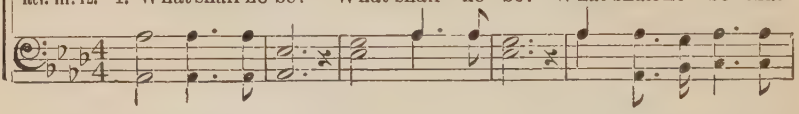
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

"Overcomers."

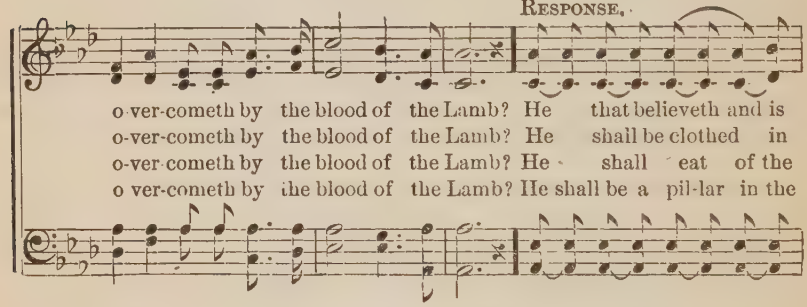
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

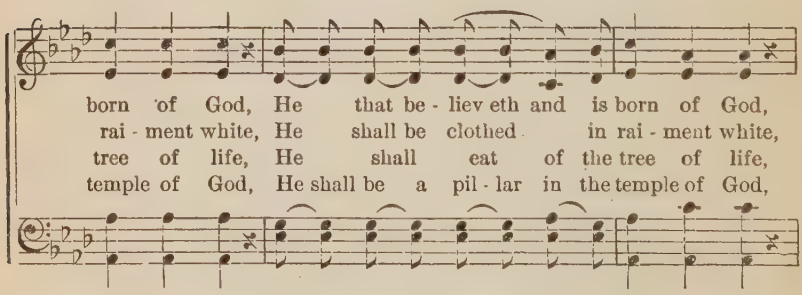
Question.

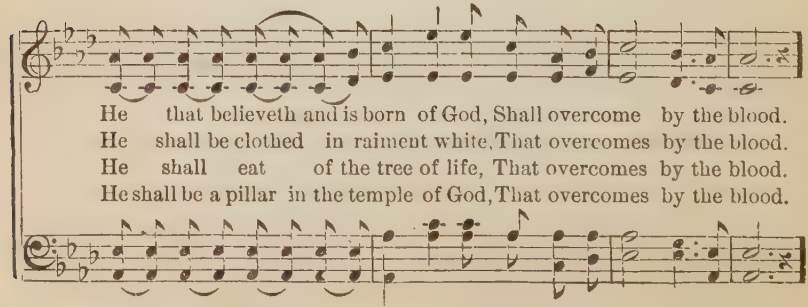
1 John. V: 5, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
Rev. III: 5. 2 What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that
Rev. II: 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that
Rev. III: 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that



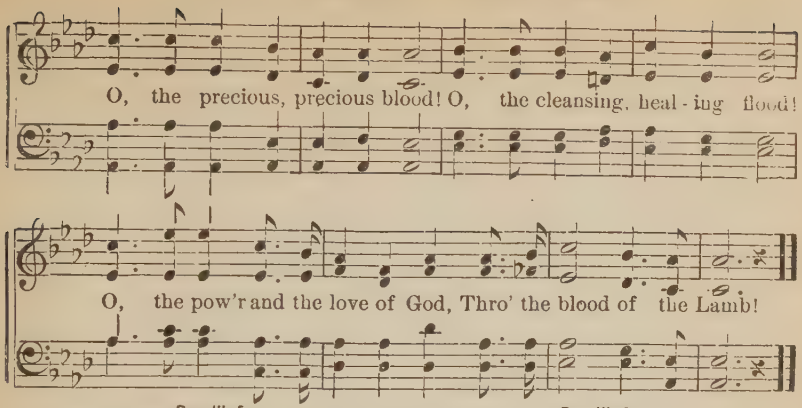
Response.


o ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He that believeth and is
o-ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
o-ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
o ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the


born of God, He that be - liev eth and is born of God,
rai - ment white, He shall be clothed in rai - ment white,
tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the temple of God,


He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.
He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.
He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

By permission of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Rev. III: 5. Rev. III: 21.

5 ‖: What shall he hear? :‖ that over-cometh By the blood of the Lamb? ‖: He shall hear his name con- | fessed in heaven, :‖ That overcomes by the blood.

‖: Where shall he sit? :‖ that overcometh By the blood of the Lamb? ‖: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his throne, :‖ That overcomes by the blood.

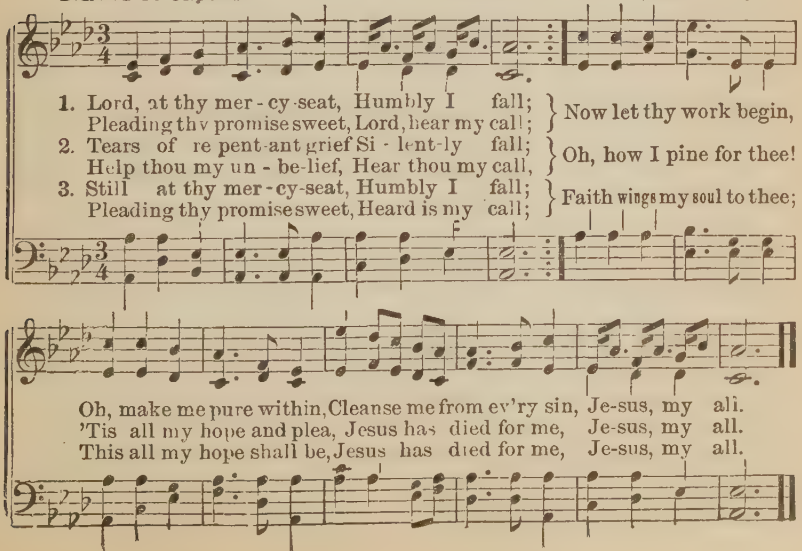
Rev. XXI: 7. 1 John V: 4.

6 ‖: What shall he have? :‖ that overcometh By the blood of the Lamb? ‖: God will give him all things, and | make him his son, :‖ That overcomes by the blood.

‖: What is the victory? :‖ that overcometh By the blood of the Lamb? ‖: Faith is the victory that | overcometh By the blood of the Lamb.

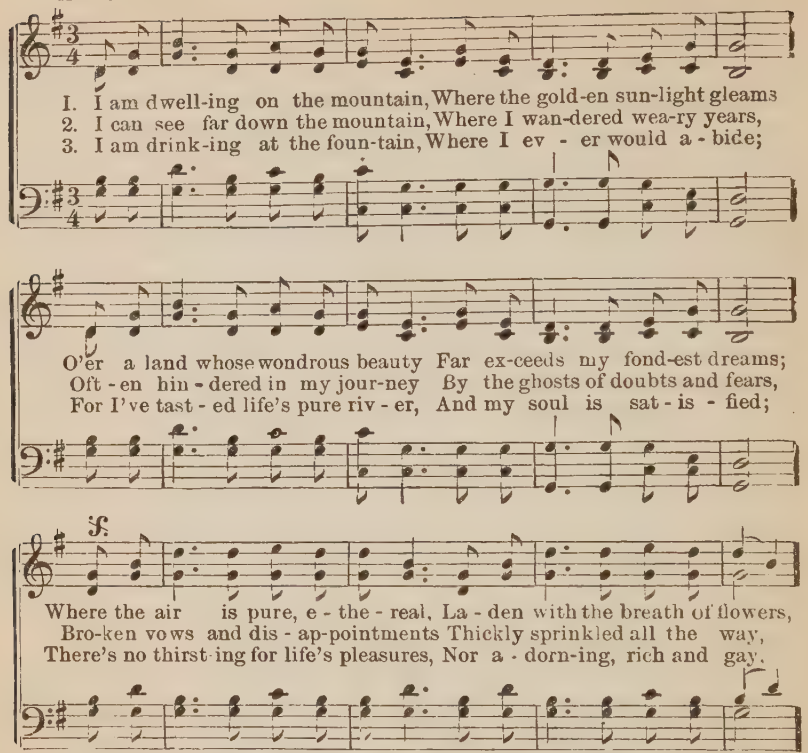
172 Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Scotch Air.


1. Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call;
Now let thy work begin,
2. Tears of re pent-ant grief Si - lent-ly fall;
Help thou my un - be-lief, Hear thou my call,
Oh, how I pine for thee!
3. Still at thy mer - cy-seat, Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet, Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to thee;
Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev'ry sin, Je-sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea, Jesus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Jesus has died for me, Je-sus, my all.

173 Is not this the Land of Beulah?

Anon. Arranged.

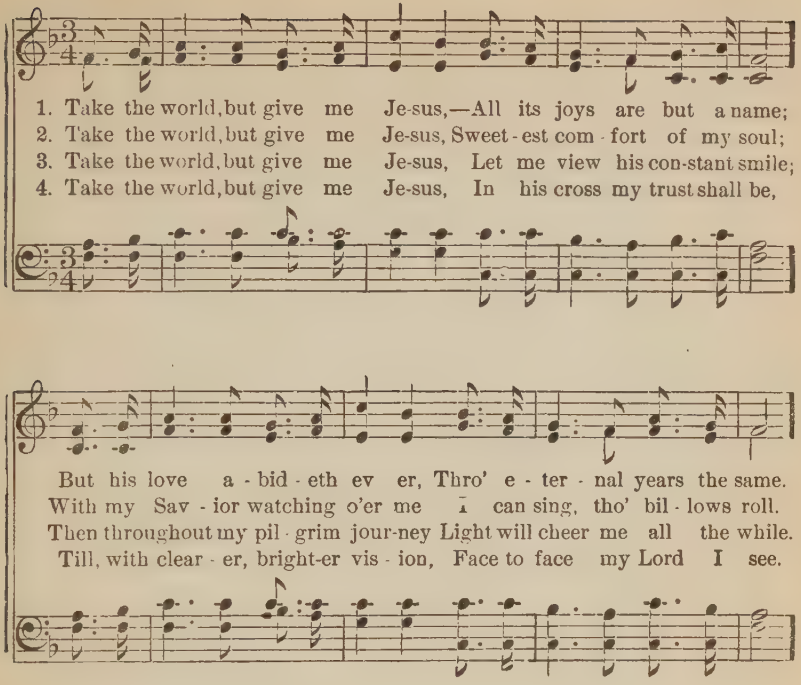

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
f.
Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
Bro-ken vows and dis - ap-pointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay.
CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,
D. S. Chorus.
They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - er - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

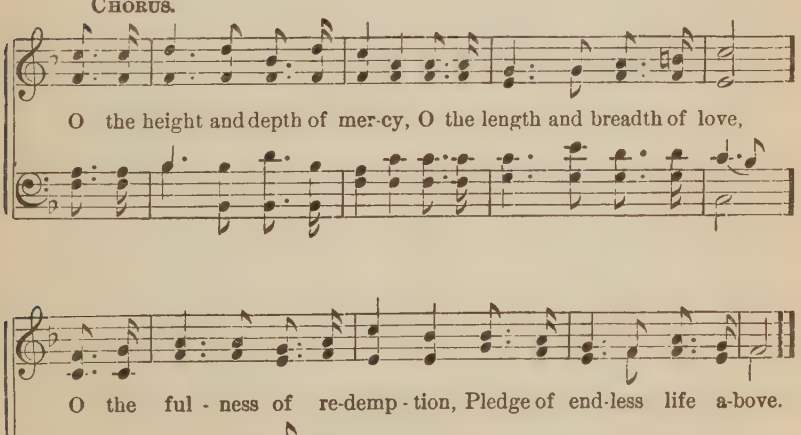
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through:
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near

174 Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Take the world, but give me Je-sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Sweet-est com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Let me view his con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, In his cross my trust shall be,
But his love a-bid-eth ev er, Thro' e-ter-nal years the same.
With my Sav-ior watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
Then throughout my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, bright-er vis-ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

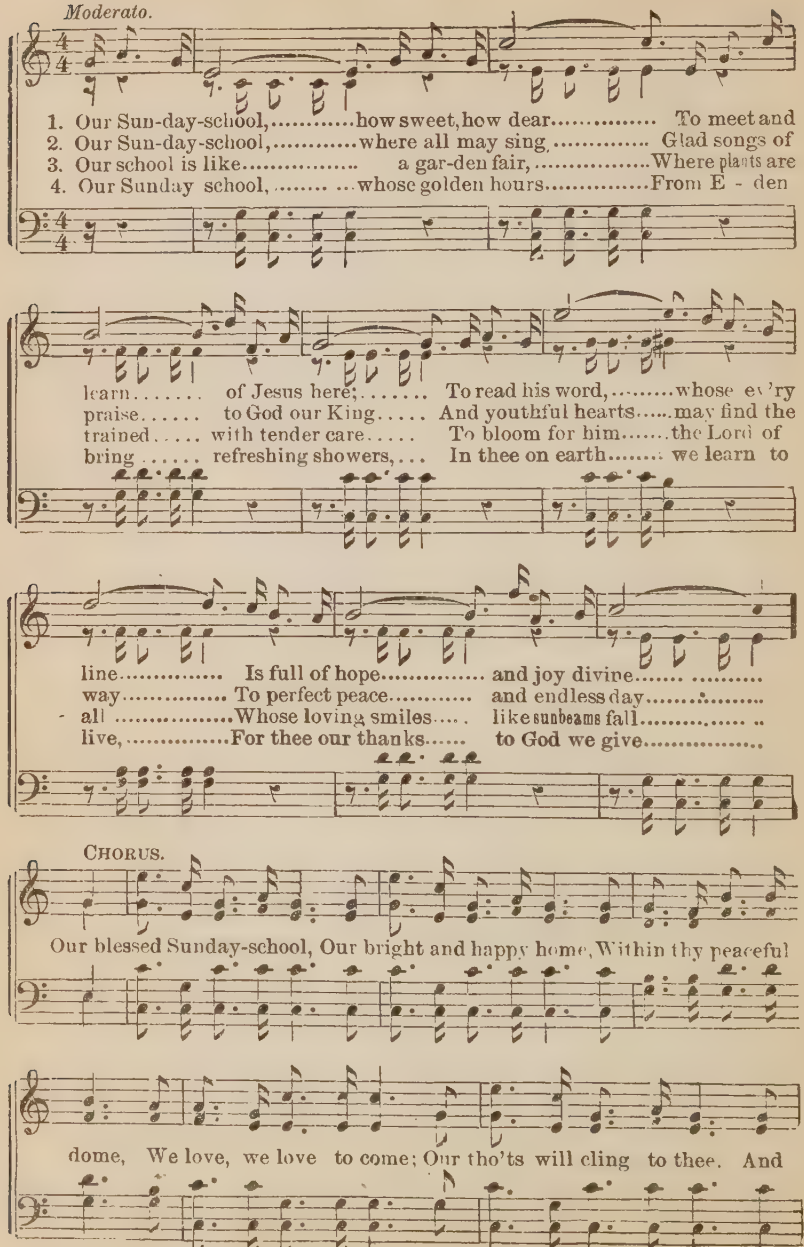


By permission.

175 Our Sunday School.

JAMES R. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.


1. Our Sun-day-school, how sweet, how dear To meet and learn of Jesus here; To read his word, whose ev'ry line Is full of hope and joy divine
2. Our Sun-day-school, where all may sing Glad songs of praise to God our King And youthful hearts may find the way To perfect peace and endless day
3. Our school is like a gar-den fair, Where plants are trained with tender care To bloom for him the Lord of all Whose loving smiles like sunbeams fall
4. Our Sunday school, whose golden hours From E - den bring refreshing showers, In thee on earth we learn to live, For thee our thanks to God we give
CHORUS.
Our blessed Sunday-school, Our bright and happy home, Within thy peaceful dome, We love, we love to come; Our tho'ts will cling to thee. And

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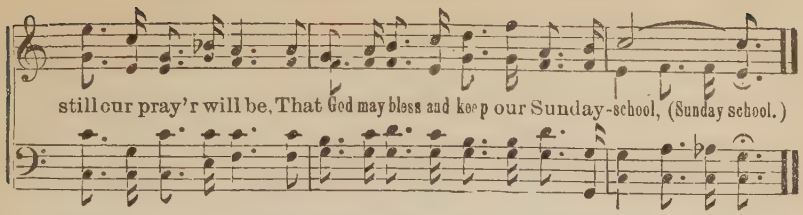
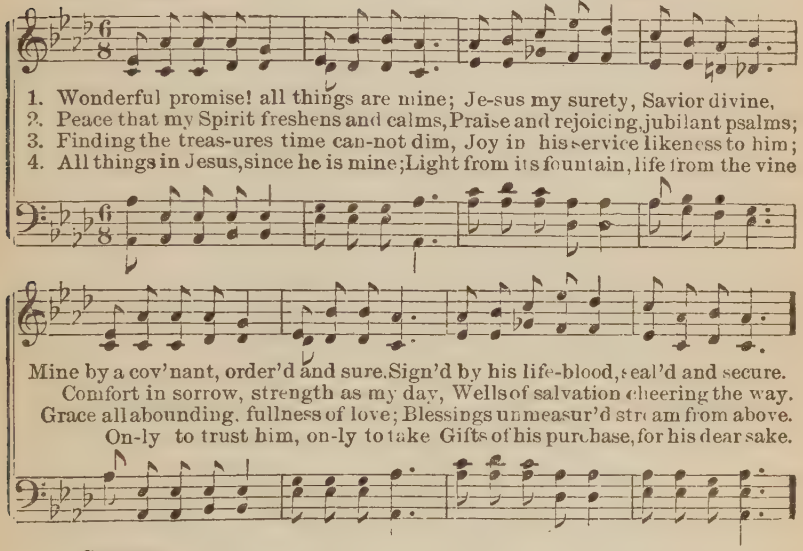
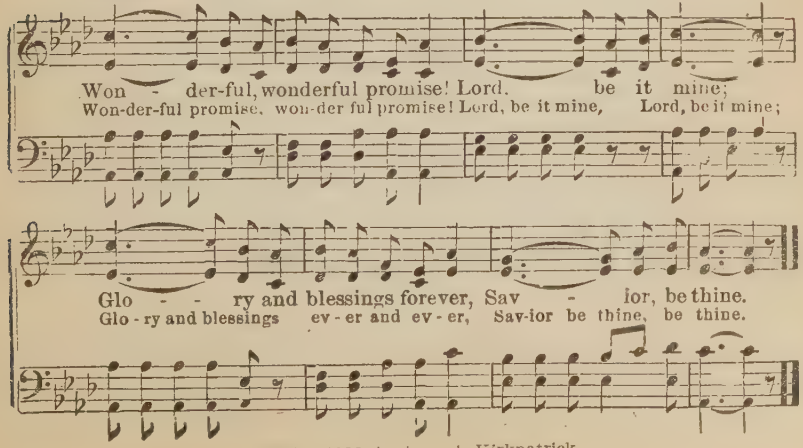


176 All Things in Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Wonderful promise! all things are mine; Je-sus my surety, Savior divine,
2. Peace that my Spirit freshens and calms, Praise and rejoicing, jubilant psalms;
3. Finding the treas-ures time can-not dim, Joy in his service likeness to him;
4. All things in Jesus, since he is mine; Light from its fountain, life from the vine
Mine by a cov'nant, order'd and sure. Sign'd by his life-blood, seal'd and secure.
Comfort in sorrow, strength as my day, Wells of salvation cheering the way.
Grace all abounding, fullness of love; Blessings unmeasur'd stream from above.
On-ly to trust him, on-ly to take Gifts of his purchase, for his dear sake.

CHORUS.


Won - der-ful, wonderful promise! Lord, be it mine;
Won-der-ful promise, won-der ful promise! Lord, be it mine, Lord, be it mine;
Glo - - ry and blessings forever, Sav - ior, be thine.
Glo - ry and blessings ev - er and ev - er, Sav-ior be thine, be thine.

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177 His Child Forevermore.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Of him I boast, who shed for me His pre-cious
2. Of him I boast, my Sav-ior dear, Who takes a-
3. Of him I boast, my Lord and King, Whose blessed
4. Of him I'll boast, while here I stay, And then to
blood on Cal-va-ry, Who bore the cross that I might
way my guilt and fear, And bids me now by faith draw
name I love to sing, To him a-lone my heart shall
realms of endless day I'll spread my wings and fly a-
be His child for-ev-er-more.
near, His child for-ev-er-more.
cling, His child for-ev-er-more.
way, His child for-ev-er-more.
REFRAIN.
His child for ev-er-more, His mer-cy
His child for ev-er-more, His child for evermore, His mer-cy I a-dore,
I a-dore; He bore the cross that I might
His mer-cy I a-dore; He bore the cross,

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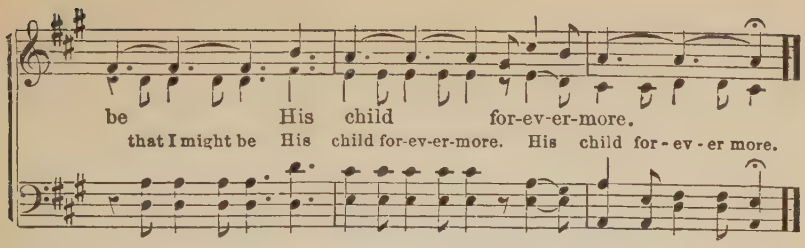
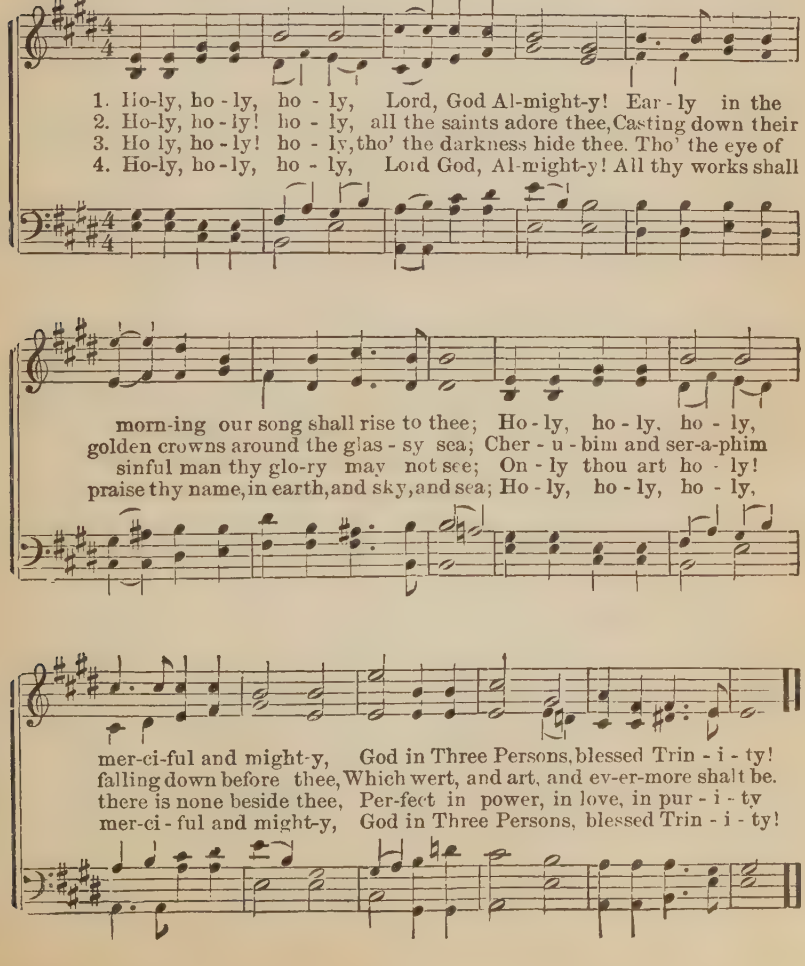


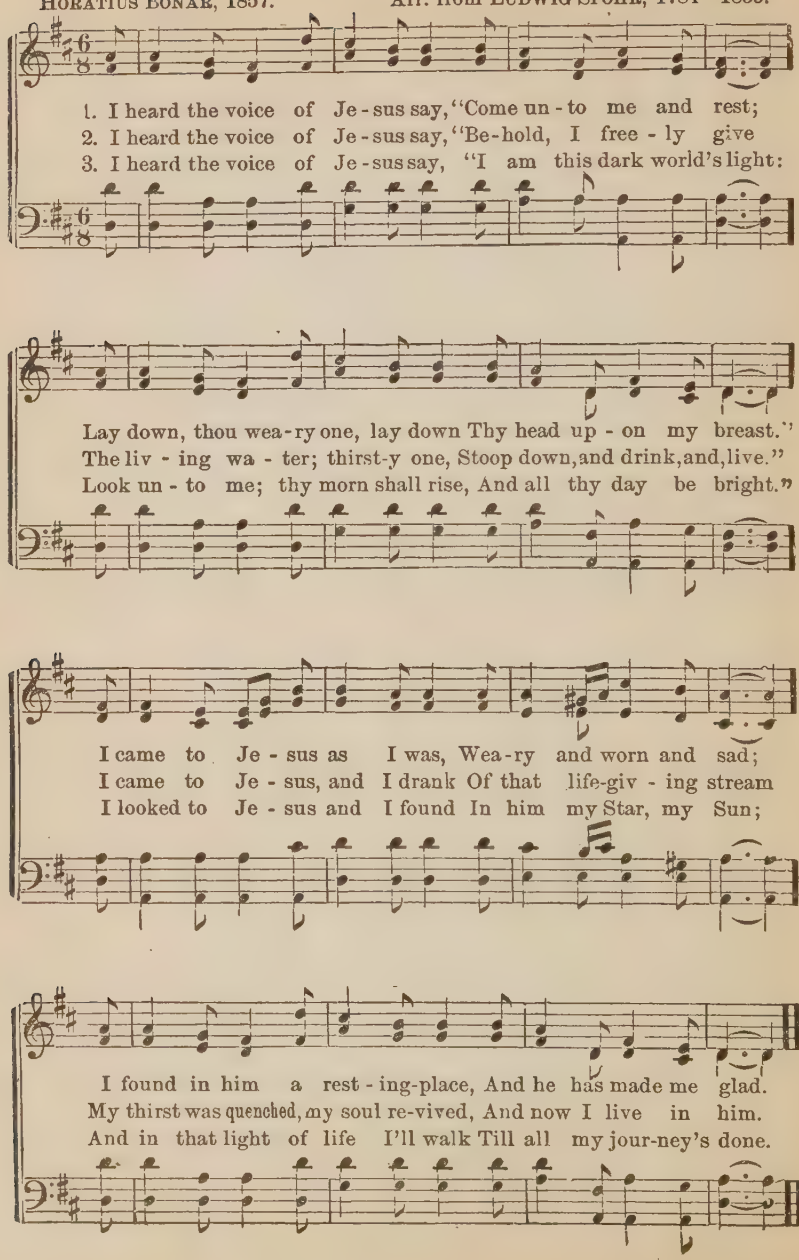
178 Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER. J. B. DYKES.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord, God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly! ho-ly, all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho ly, ho-ly! ho-ly, tho' the darkness hide thee. Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God, Al-might-y! All thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
golden crowns around the glas-sy sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sinful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho-ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none beside thee, Per-fect in power, in love, in pur-i-ty
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

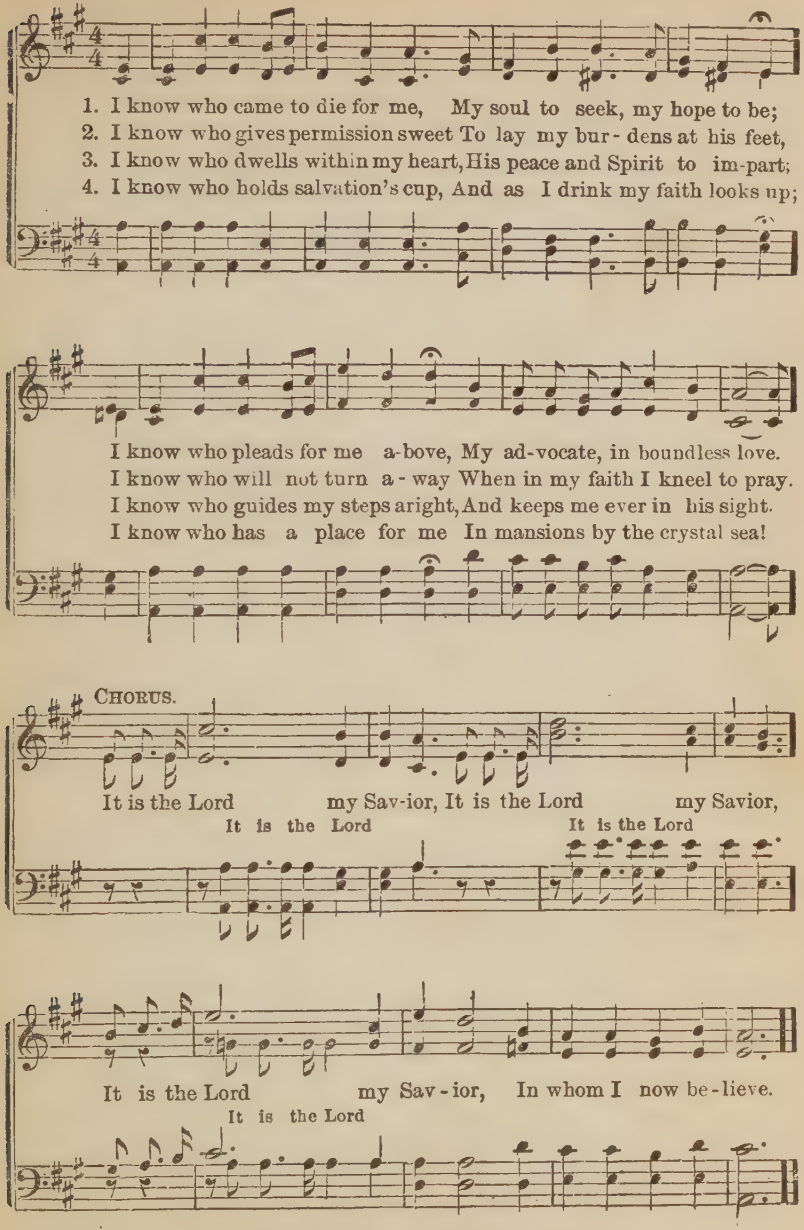
Invitation.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. Arr. from LUDWIG SPOHR, 1784—1859.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and, live."
Look un - to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream
I looked to Je - sus and I found In him my Star, my Sun;
I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done.

180 It is the Lord my Savior.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I know who came to die for me, My soul to seek, my hope to be;
2. I know who gives permission sweet To lay my bur- dens at his feet,
3. I know who dwells within my heart, His peace and Spirit to im-part;
4. I know who holds salvation's cup, And as I drink my faith looks up;
I know who pleads for me a-bove, My ad-vocate, in boundless love.
I know who will not turn a- way When in my faith I kneel to pray.
I know who guides my steps aright, And keeps me ever in his sight.
I know who has a place for me In mansions by the crystal sea!
CHORUS.
It is the Lord my Sav-ior, It is the Lord my Savior,
It is the Lord
It is the Lord
It is the Lord my Sav- ior, In whom I now be- lieve.
It is the Lord

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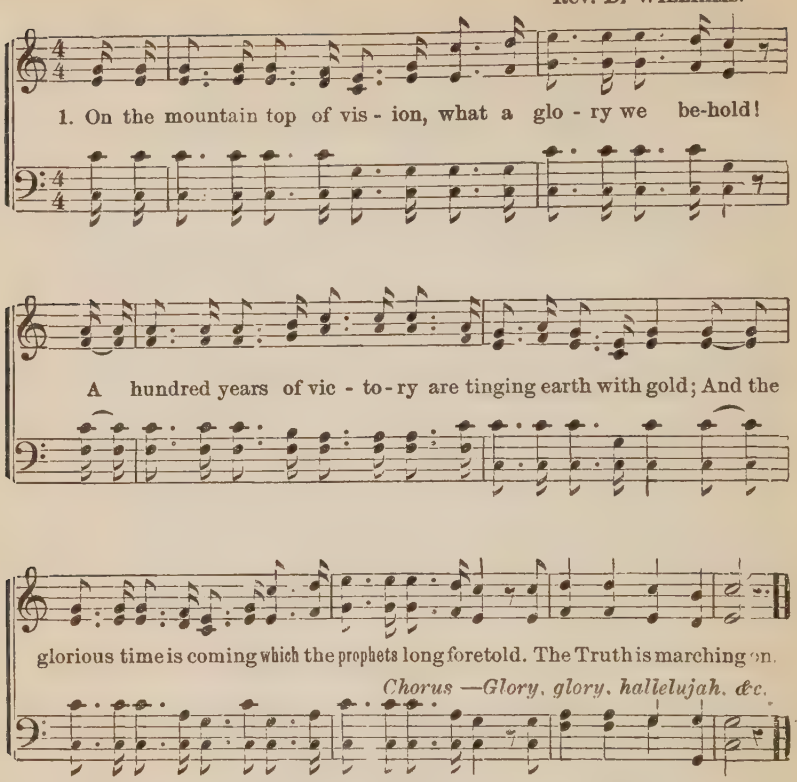
Glory, Hallelujah! *

Rev. D. WILLIAMS.


1. On the mountain top of vis - ion, what a glo - ry we be-hold!
A hundred years of vic - to-ry are tinging earth with gold; And the
glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold. The Truth is marching on.
Chorus —Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

2. For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

3. From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home,
Salvation's rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

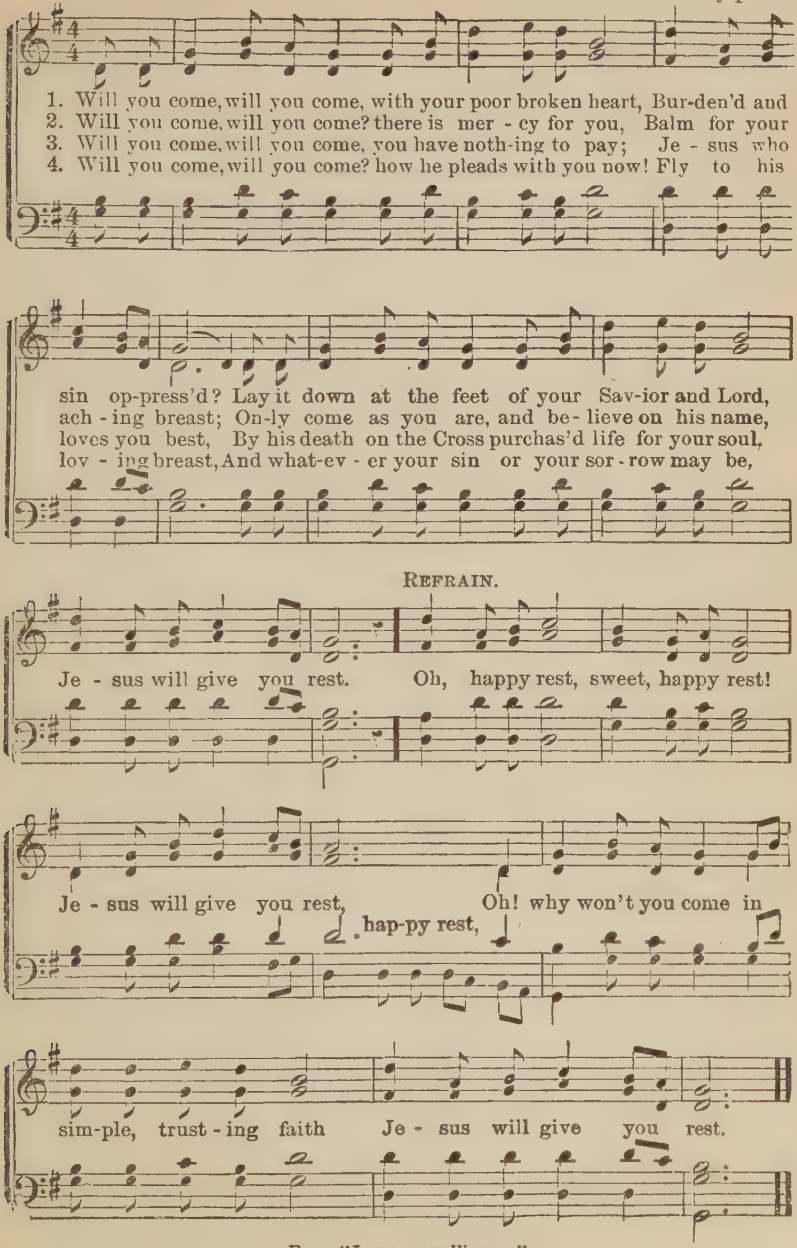
4. A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When he shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong.
Our God is marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c

5. And when the war is over, with the saints forevermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

* The Chorus, "GLORY, HALLELUJAH," is so familiar, that the music need not be repeated.

182 Jesus will give you Rest.

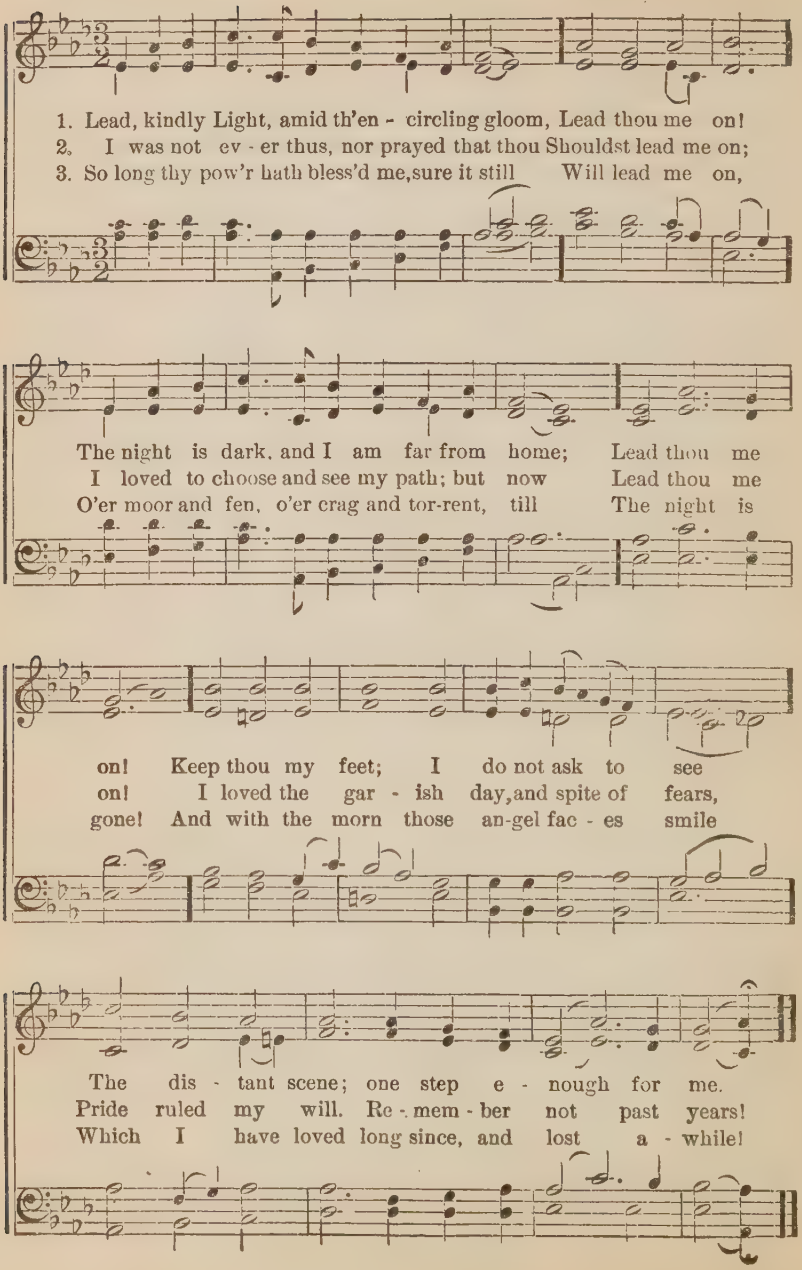
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Bur-den'd and sin op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,
3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus who loves you best, By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest!
Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
hap-py rest,
sim-ple, trust - ing faith Je - sus will give you rest.

From "JOY TO THE WORLD"

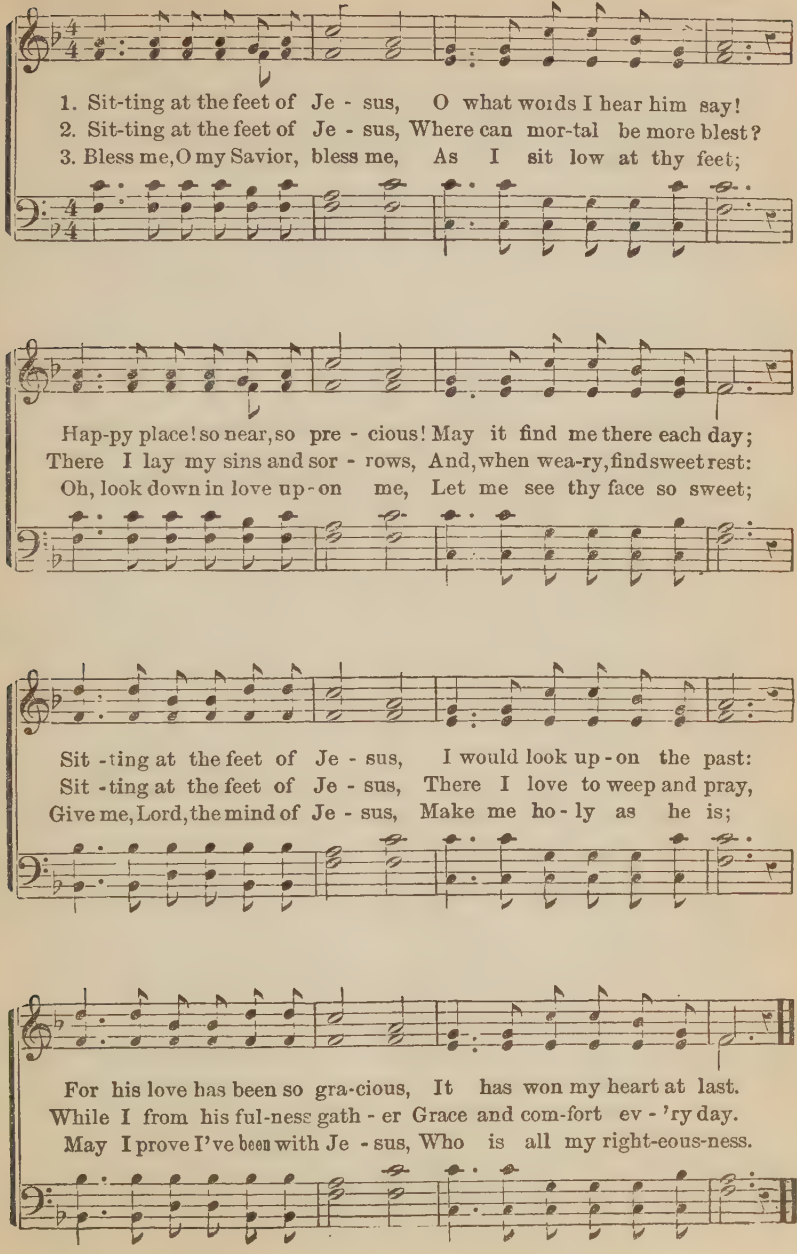
183 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en - circling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on,
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is
on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
gone! And with the morn those an-gel fac - es smile
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

184 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Words by J. H. Arr.


1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Savior, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;
Hap-py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wea-ry, find sweet rest:
Oh, look down in love up-on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;
Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past:
Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho-ly as he is;
For his love has been so gra-cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his ful-ness gath - er Grace and com-fort ev - 'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

Keep Me ever Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Source from whence the stream of mercy Like a riv - er flows to me,
2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul,
3. There in ho - ly, sweet com - munion With thy Spir - it day by day,
4. Close to thee, O Sav - ior, keep me, Till I reach the shin-ing shore.—
With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.
When the clouds hang darkly round me, And the dis-tant sur - ges roll.
Faith to realms of light and glo - ry Bears my raptured soul a - way
Till I join the rap-tured ar - my, Shouting joy for - ev - er - more.
REFRAIN.
Keep me ev - er close to thee, Bless-ed Sav-ior, dear to me, With thy
cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev-er close to
thee, Bless-ed Sav-ior, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.

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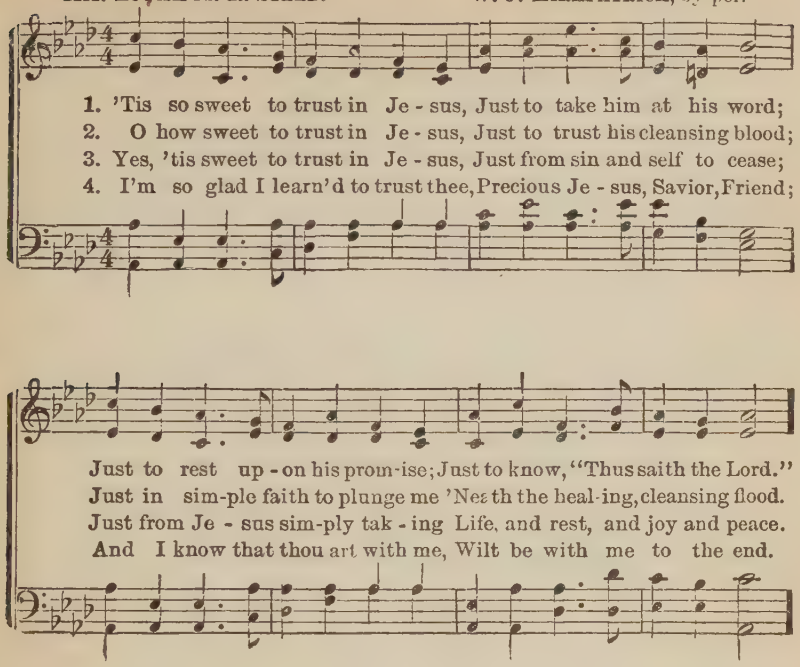
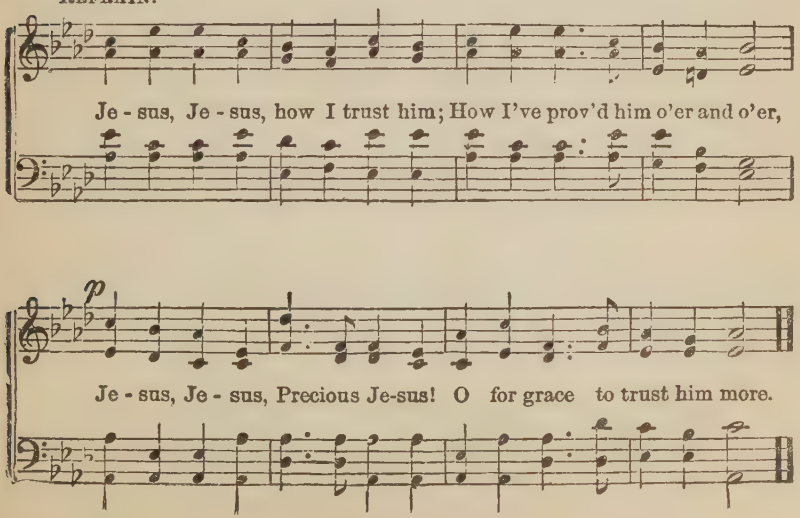
186 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. W. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

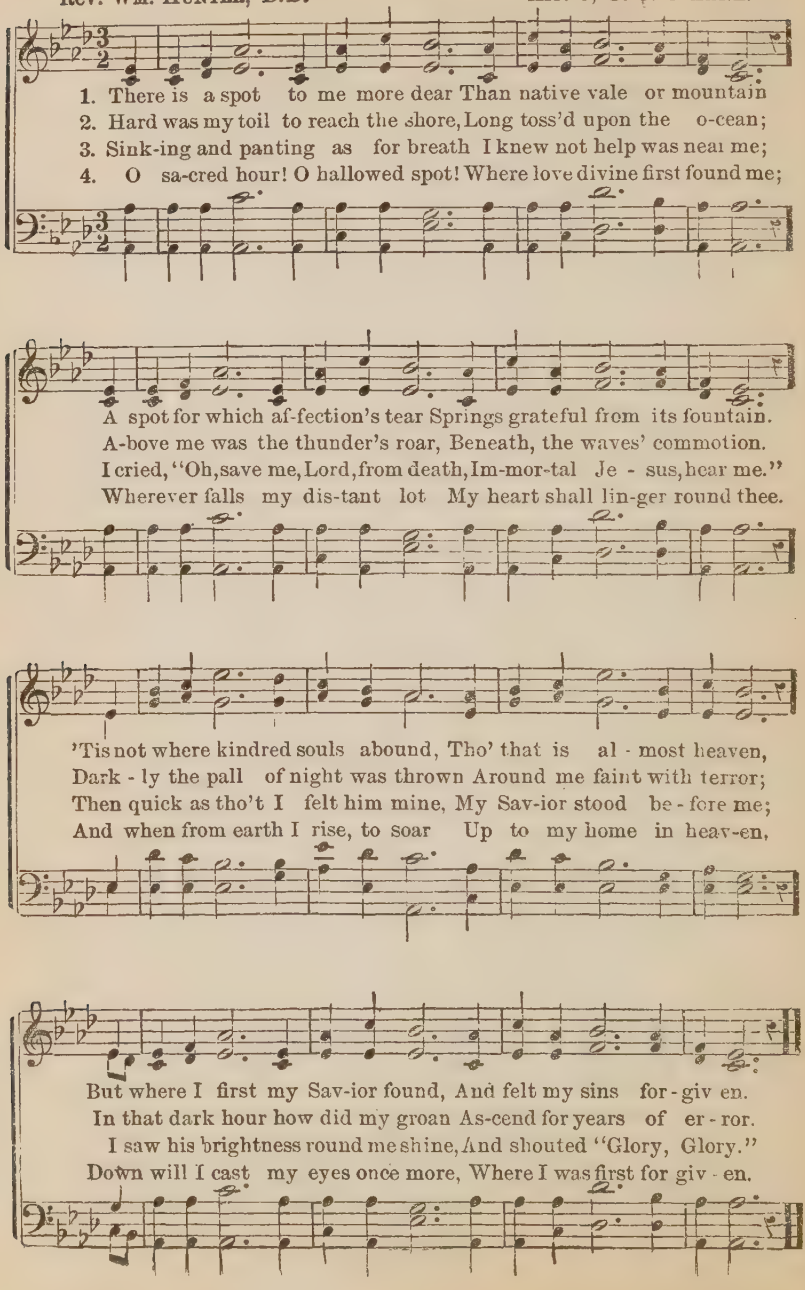
Refrain.



From "Songs of Triumph."

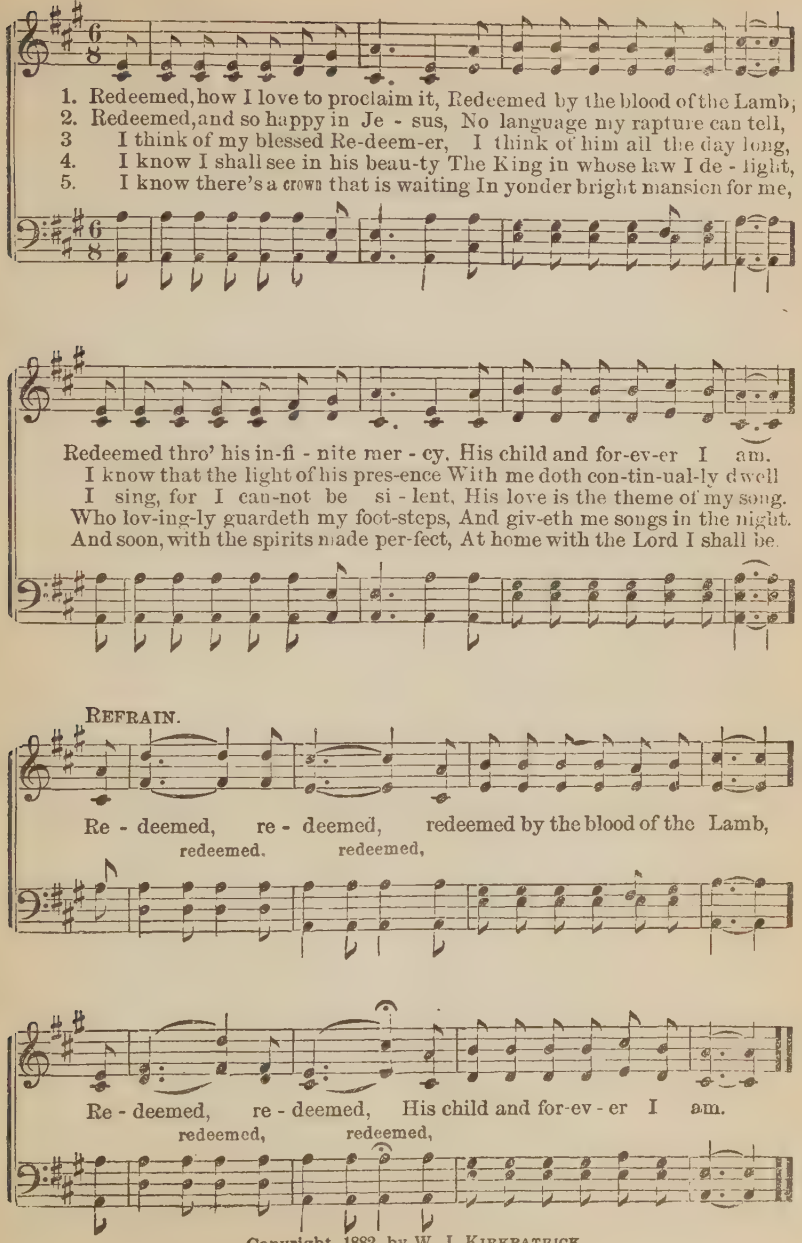
The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o-cean;
3. Sink-ing and panting as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sa-cred hour! O hallowed spot! Where love divine first found me;
A spot for which af-fection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the waves' commotion.
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor-tal Je - sus, hear me."
Wherever falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin-ger round thee.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho' that is al - most heaven,
Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown Around me faint with terror;
Then quick as tho't I felt him mine, My Sav-ior stood be - fore me;
And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav-en,
But where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for - giv en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er - ror.
I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glory, Glory."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for giv - en.

Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3 I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,
Redeemed thro' his in-fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon, with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.
REFRAIN.
Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
redeemed. redeemed,
Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and for-ev - er I am.
redeemed, redeemed,

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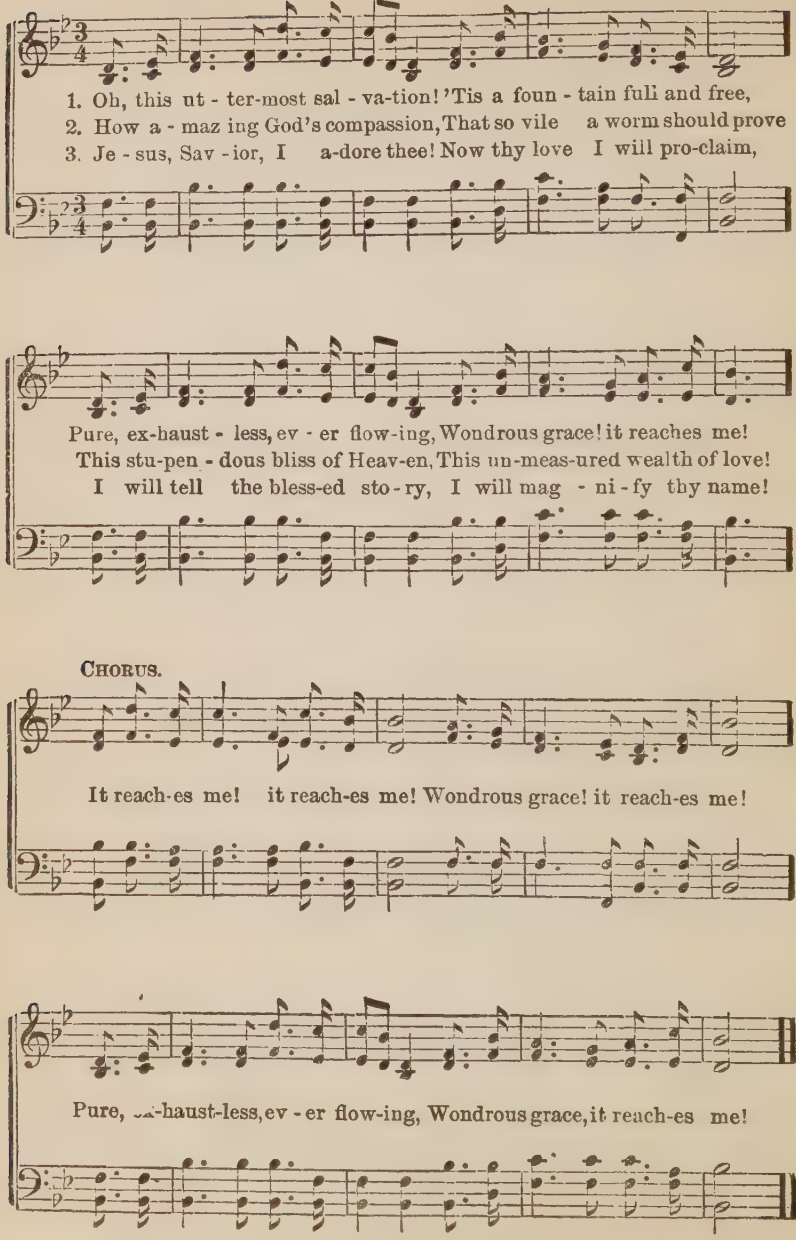
It Reaches Me.

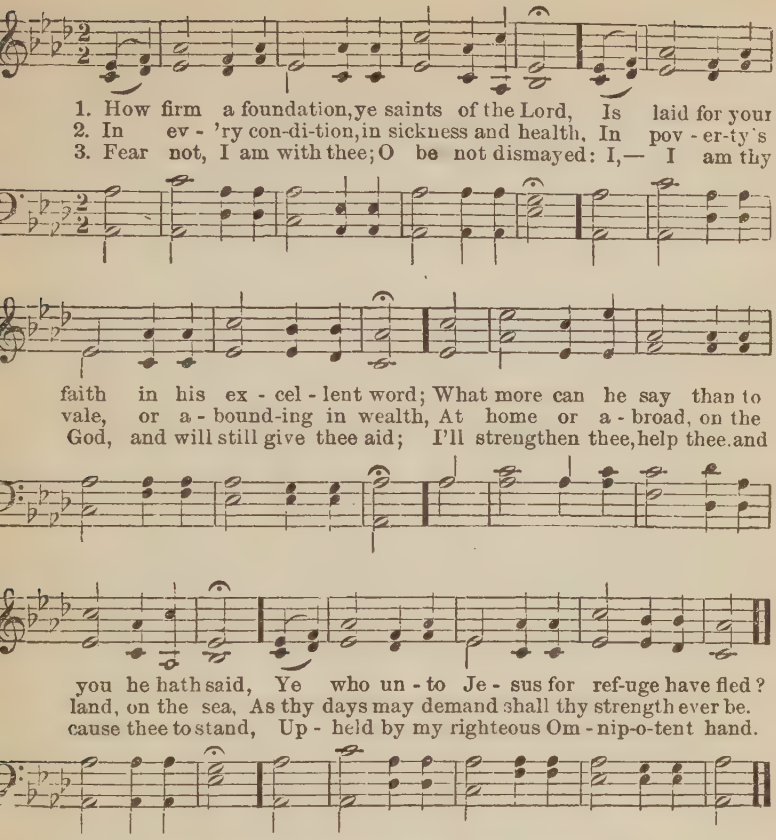
MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free,
2. How a - maz ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a-dore thee! Now thy love I will pro-claim,
Pure, ex-haust - less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
This stu-pen - dous bliss of Heav-en, This un-meas-ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless-ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!
CHORUS.
It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace, it reach-es me!

From "The Garner," by per.

How firm a Foundation.

Arr.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion, in sickness and health, In pov - er-ty's
3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed: I,— I am thy
faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home or a - broad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
you he hath said, Ye who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous Om - nip-o-tent hand.

4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not harm thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne,

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake.

191 Behold the Bridegroom Comes.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" At the mid-night watch, in the dark-ness deep, When across our souls heav-y slum-bers creep, We shall hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still, And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the soul will take its e-ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" He will sure-ly come, though he seem-eth late, Be at peace with him, nor a mo-ment wait, You will hear the cry ere the morning light, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
4. Hast thou made a vow? has-ten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door, And ye stand and pray, "O-pen, we im-plore," It will be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
CHORUS.
O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! O be read-y when the

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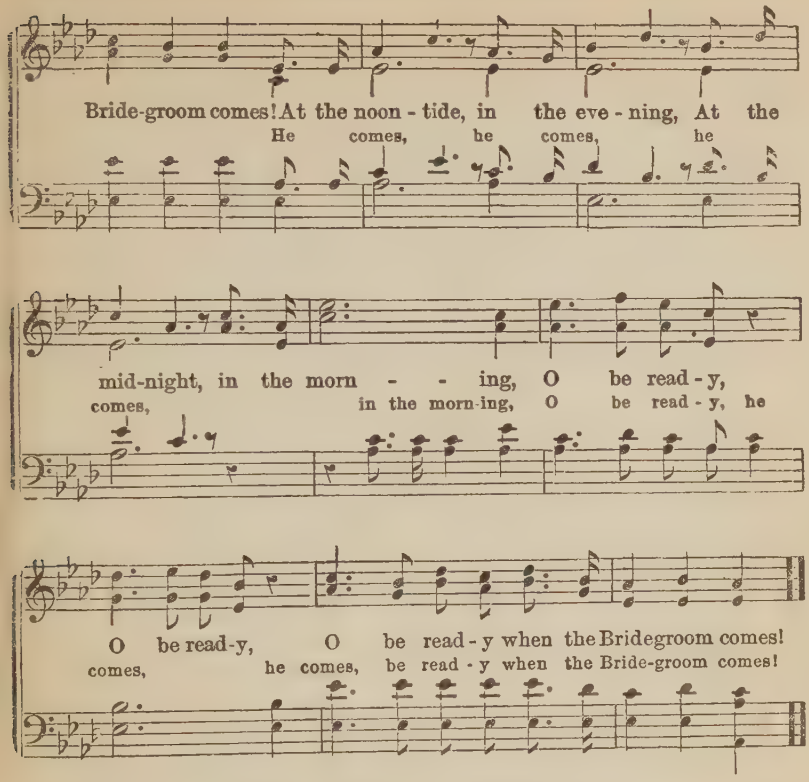
Behold, the Bridegroom Comes.—Concluded.


Bride-groom comes! At the noon - tide, in the eve - ning, At the
He comes, he comes, he
mid-night, in the morn - - ing, O be read - y,
comes, in the morn-ing, O be read - y, he
O be read-y, O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes!
comes, he comes, be read - y when the Bride-groom comes!

192 Marching to Glory.

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

Key of B Flat.

1 Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gospel song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the mighty throng;
Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud and long,
While we are marching to glory.

CHO.—Then hail! all hail! the coming jubilee!
Redeemed from sin, our Jesus make us free;
Now we'll shout salvation over mountain, land, and sea,
While we are marching to glory!

2 Gird the gospel armor on and duty's call obey;
See the host of Satan ready marshaled for the fray;
Going forth to meet them we will watch and fight and pray,
While we are marching to glory!

3 Forward then to battle 'neath the banner of the cross;
Counting worldly honors at their best as only dross;
Jesus is our Captain, and we ne'er can suffer loss,
While we are marching to glory!

193 Eventide.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847. WM. H. MONK, 1867.

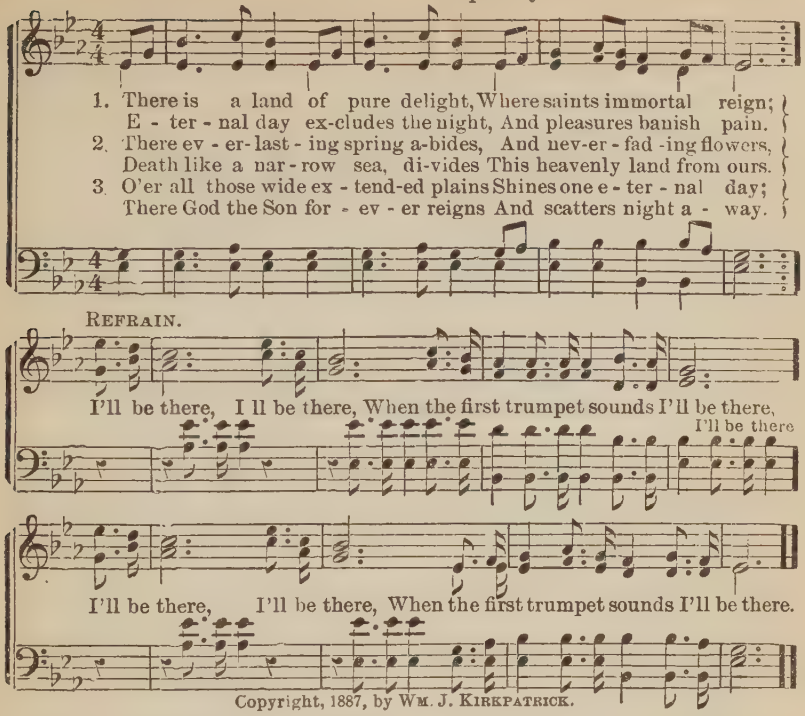
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour,
The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;
What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
O thou who chan - gest not, a - bide with me.
Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!

4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

I'll be There.

Adapted by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
2. There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev-er - fad -ing flowers,
Death like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
3. O'er all those wide ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns And scatters night a - way.
Refrain.
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there,
I'll be there
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

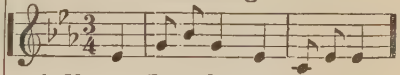
195 From Greenland's Icy Mts.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

196 The Cleansing Wave.



1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

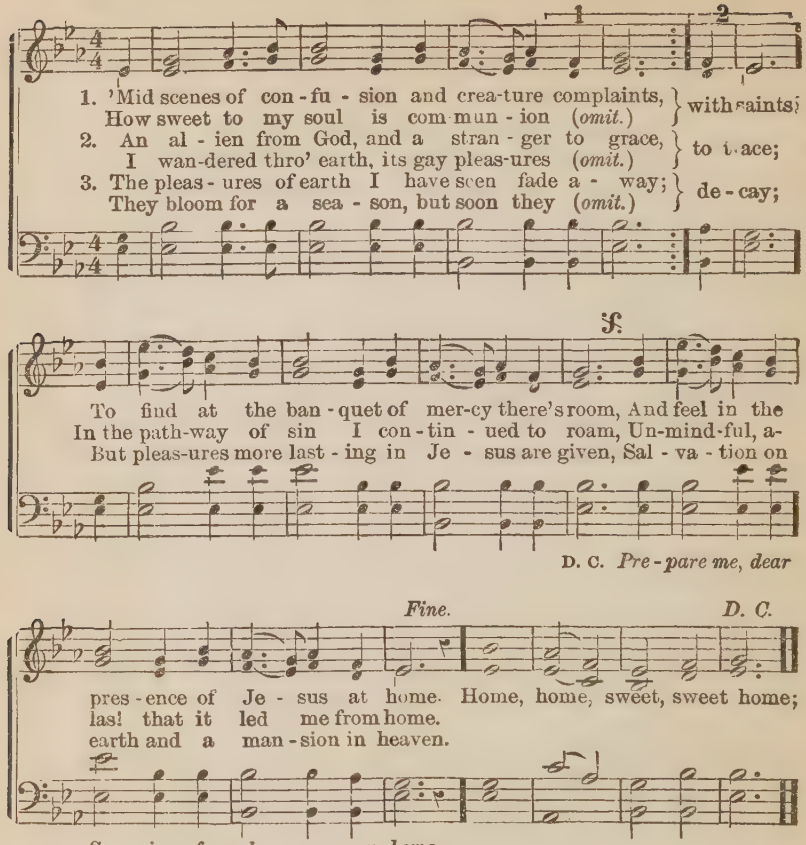
Ref. The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified. *Ref.*

Home, Home, Sweet Home.


1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture complaints, } with saints;
How sweet to my soul is com-mun - ion (omit.)
2. An al - ien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, } to trace;
I wan-dered thro' earth, its gay pleas-ures (omit.)
3. The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; } de - cay;
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (omit.)
To find at the ban - quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path-way of sin I con-tin - ued to roam, Un-mind-ful, a-
But pleas-ures more last - ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on
D. C. Pre-pare me, dear
Fine.
D. C.
pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las! that it led me from home.
earth and a man - sion in heaven.
Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 198 Your Mission.

1 If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

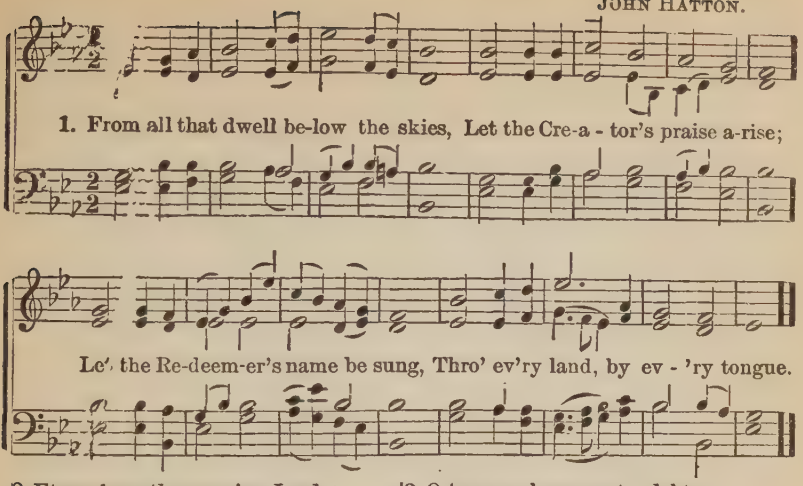
3 If you have not gold or silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted.
O'er the erring you can weep:
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaf,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

E. H. Gates.

199 Duke Street.

JOHN HATTON.

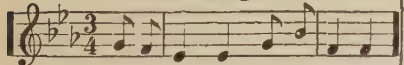

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a - tor's praise a-rise;
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

200 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

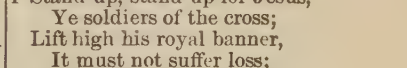


1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

201 Stand up for Jesus.

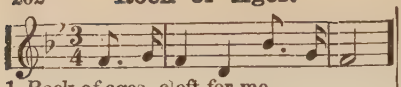


1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

202 Rock of Ages.

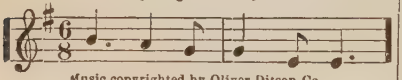


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

203 Nearer, my God, to Thee.



Music copyrighted by Oliver Ditson Co.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

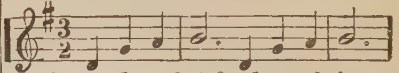
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

204 O Happy Day.



1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

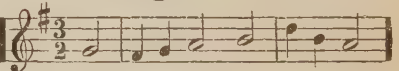
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

205 Thirsting for Perfect Love.



1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

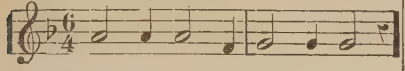
2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

206 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



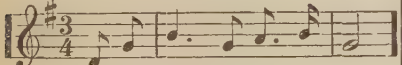
1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

207 I am Coming to the Cross.

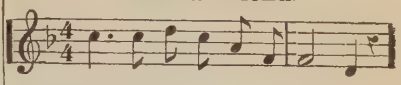


1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind:
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

3 In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

208 What a Friend.



1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

209 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

1 Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand.
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

210 Is My Name Written There.

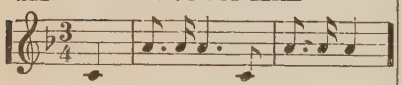
1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Savior,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

211 I'll Live for Him



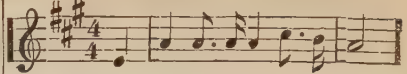
1 My life, my love I give to thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be.
My Savior and my God!

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for him who died for me.
My Savior and my God!

2 I now believe thou dost receive,
For thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
My Savior and my God!

3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to thee,
My Savior and my God.

212 The Home Over There.



1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

213 Glory to His Name.

1 Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

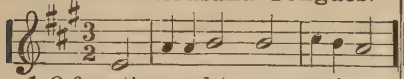
Cho.—Glory to his name; :‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name.

4 Come to the fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

214 O for a Thousand Tongues.



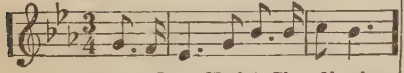
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim, [abroad,
To spread through all the earth
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears;
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life, and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

215 Oh, 'tis Glory.



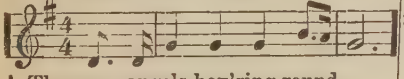
1 To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,
All my refuge and my plea;
Matchless is thy loving kindness,
Else it had not stooped to me.

Cho.—Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory!
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul. [ment,
For I've touched the hem of his gar-
And his power doth make me whole.

2 Long my heart has heard thee calling,
But I thrust aside thy grace;
Yet, O boundless condescension!
Love is shining from thy face.

3 Love eternal, light eternal,
Close me safely, sweetly in;
Savior, let thy balm of healing,
Ever keep me free from sin.

216 Angels Hovering Round.



1 There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.

2 They will carry the tidings home, etc.

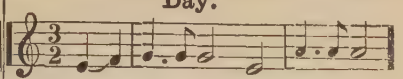
3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

6 There's glory all around, etc.

217 With Joy we Hail the Sacred Day.



1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

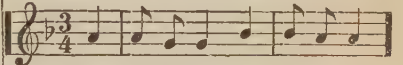
2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite;
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

218 Alas and did my Savior Bleed.



1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

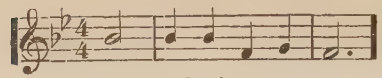
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

219 Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1. Arise ,my soul,arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

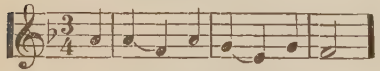
2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me,
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father, cry.

220 Blest be the Tie.



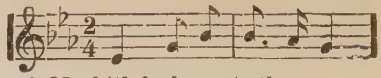
1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellow-ship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares. [one,

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

221 My Faith looks up to Thee.



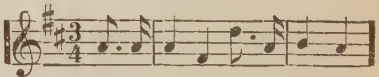
1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

222 Guide me.

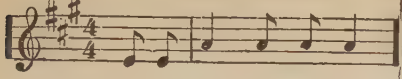


1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand,
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

223 It is Good to be Here.



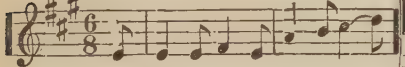
1 While we bow in thy name,
Oh, meet us again, [love;
Fill our hearts with the light of thy
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

Ref.—It is good to be here, it is good to be here, [fear,
Thy perfect love now drives away all our
And light streaming down makes the pathway all clear,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

224 Glorious Fountain.



1 There is a fountain ‖:filled with blood:‖
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd ‖:beneath that flood:‖
Lose all their guilty stains.

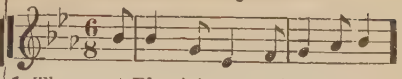
Cho.—Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ‖:rejoiced to see:‖
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ‖:tho' vile as he:‖
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖:thy precious blood:‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖:church of God:‖
Are saved to sin no more.

5 E'er since by faith ‖:I saw the stream:‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖:has been my theme:‖
And shall be till I die.

225 The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

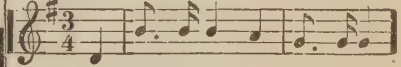
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

226 Beulah Land.



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has pass'd away.

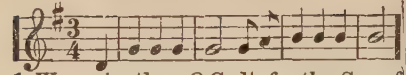
Cho.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home, forever more!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-rob'd throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

227 Revive us Again.



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chor—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory; Revive us again

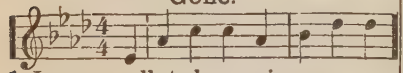
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

228 Jesus, my All, to Heaven is Gone.

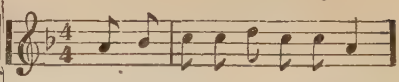


1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view,
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

229 The Lily of the Valley.



1 I have found a friend in Jesus, he's every thing to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,
He tells me every care on him to roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Chorus.—In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,
He tells me every care on him to roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower;
I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn
From my heart, and now he keeps me by his power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

3 He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do his blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;
With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill;
Then sweeping up to glory we see his blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

THE

FINEST OF THE WHEAT

No. 2

HYMNS NEW AND OLD

FOR

MISSIONARY AND REVIVAL MEETINGS

AND

SABBATH-SCHOOLS

EDITED BY

GEO. D. ELDERKIN C. C. McCABE

JNO. R. SWENEY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK AND F. A. HARDIN

CHICAGO:

R. R. McCABE & CO., PUBLISHERS

166 SOUTH CLINTON STREET

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PREFACE

A CHORUS Choir of more than six hundred thousand voices attests the marvelous popularity of FINEST OF THE WHEAT No. 1. The Editors cannot hope to surpass that book, but there is a very loud call for one of equal merit.

In FINEST OF THE WHEAT No. 2 we have it. We send it forth believing it to be a worthy successor of No. 1. That is all the commendation it needs. From its pages we believe the grand Chorus Choir of No. 1 and many thousands more in Camp Meetings, Revival Meetings, Social Meetings, Missionary Meetings, and Sabbath Schools will soon be chanting the praises of the King.

THE EDITORS.

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THE PUBLISHERS

THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.

∝ No. 2. ∞

1 More about Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.
Refrain.
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

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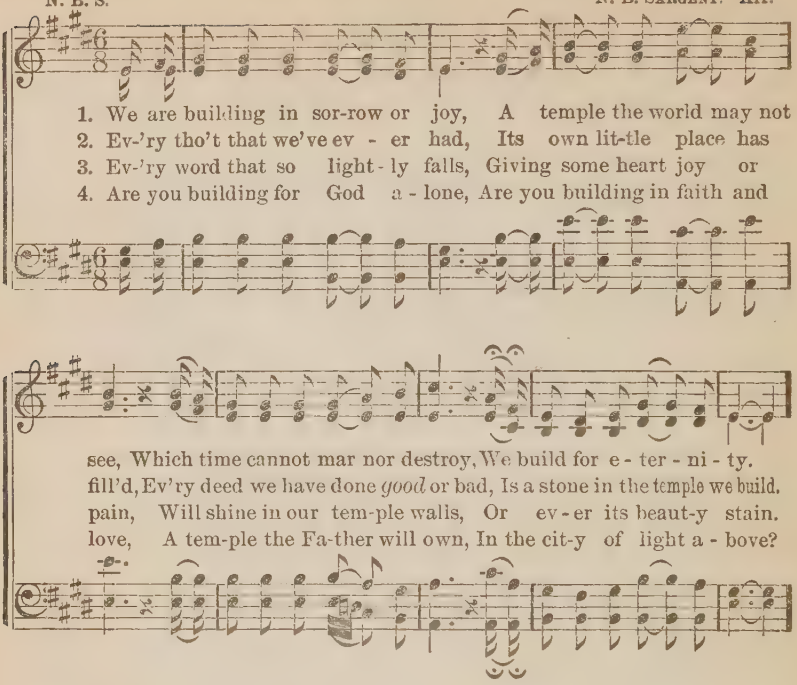
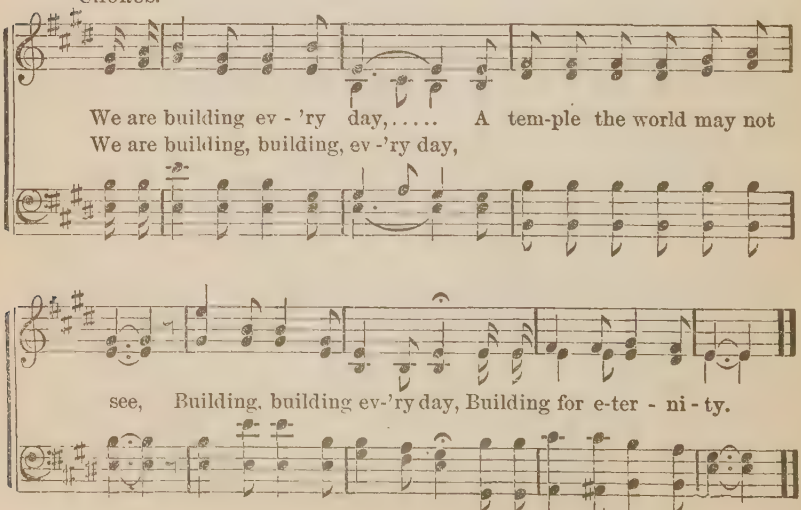
Building for Eternity.

N. B. S. N. B. Sargent. Arr.


1. We are building in sor-row or joy, A temple the world may not see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy, We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Ev-'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit-tle place has fill'd, Ev'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
3. Ev-'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or pain, Will shine in our tem-ple walls, Or ev - er its beaut-y stain.
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and love, A tem-ple the Fa-ther will own, In the cit-y of light a - bove?

Chorus.


We are building ev - 'ry day,..... A tem-ple the world may not see, Building, building ev-'ry day, Building for e-ter - ni - ty.
We are building, building, ev -'ry day,

Harmonized and copyrighted 1884, by D. B. Towner.

Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a *Wit-ness*, bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a *joy* I can't ex-press, Since I have been re - deem'd,
5. I have a *home* pre - par'd for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,

Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re deem'd.
Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
All thro' His blood and right-eous-ness, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.

CHORUS.

Since I.....have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,

I will glo - ry in His name, Since I..... have been re-
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since

deem'd, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.
I have been re-deem'd,

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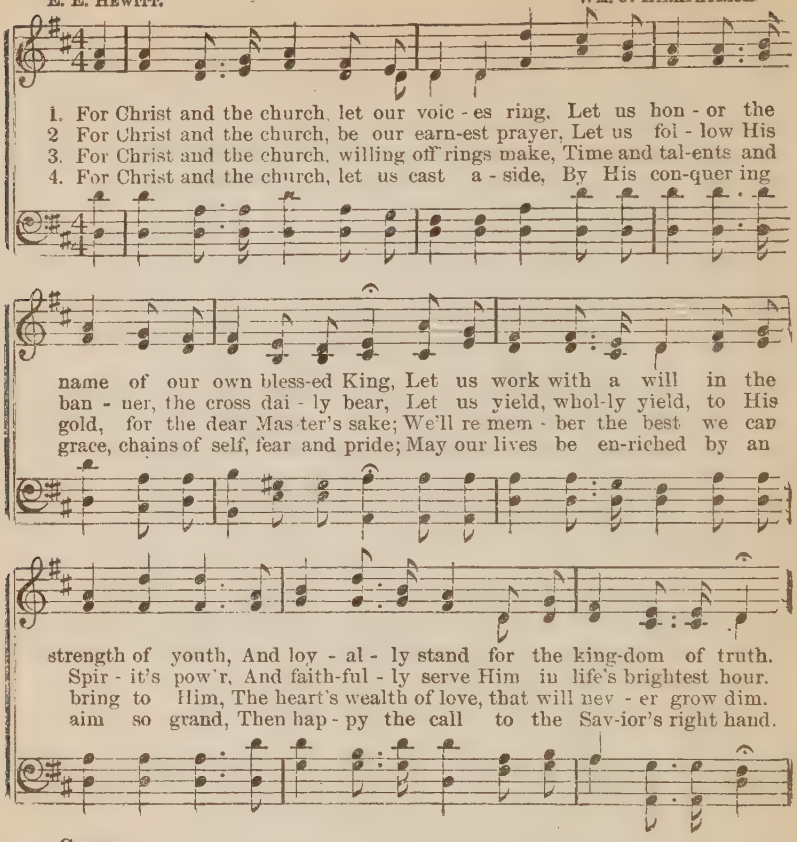
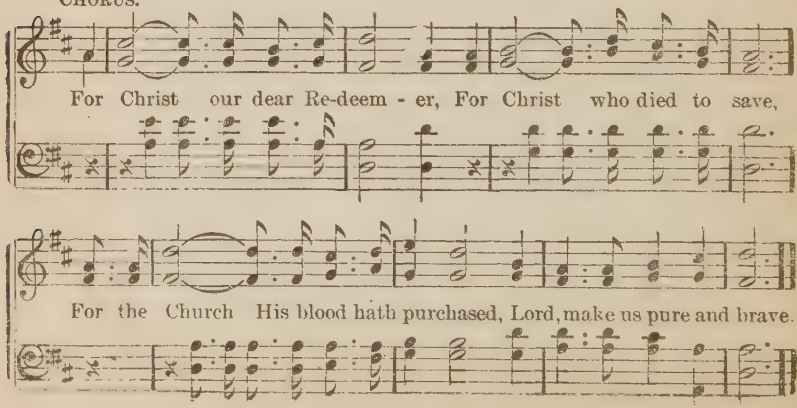
4 For Christ and the Church.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. For Christ and the church, let our voic - es ring, Let us hon - or the name of our own bless-ed King, Let us work with a will in the
2 For Christ and the church, be our earn-est prayer, Let us fol - low His ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, whol-ly yield, to His
3. For Christ and the church, willing off'rings make, Time and tal-ents and gold, for the dear Mas-ter's sake; We'll re mem - ber the best we can
4. For Christ and the church, let us cast a - side, By His con-quer ing grace, chains of self, fear and pride; May our lives be en-riched by an
strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the king-dom of truth.
Spir - it's pow'r, And faith-ful - ly serve Him in life's brightest hour.
bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Sav-ior's right hand.

Chorus.


For Christ our dear Re-deem - er, For Christ who died to save,
For the Church His blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Can a Boy Forget his Mother?

J. H. W. J. H. Weber.

1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Though ma - ny

wan-dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
wan-dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-
years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "Good-

Chorus.

shame, But moth-er's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet: She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
bye, Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"
bye;" She waits to wel - come thee on high!
} Come back, my

boy, come back, I say, And walk now, in thy moth-er's way!

Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now, in thy mother's way.

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Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to
Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com - fort and joy His fa-vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-t'ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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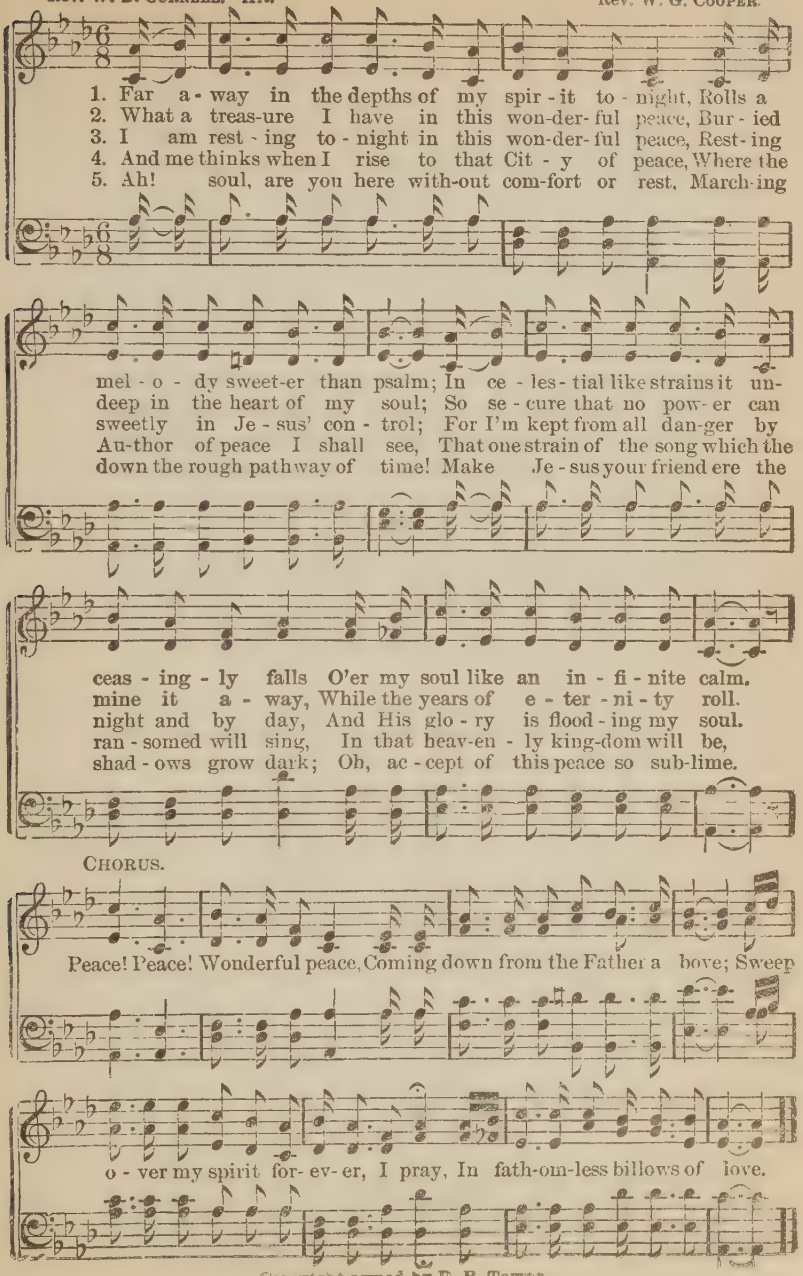
Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. Rev. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der- ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won-der- ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March - ing
mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweetly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing, In that heav-en - ly king-dom will be,
shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub-lime.
CHORUS.
Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a bove; Sweep
o - ver my spirit for- ev- er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

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Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus Thou art, mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with-in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre-cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way;
Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, Make me clean in ev - 'ry part.
I en - joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean - ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in-crease.
Chorus.
white,.....
Bless-ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me white,
walk - - - ing,
walking, keep me walking in the light,..... All I have..... is
Keep me walking in the light, All I have
whol-ly Thine,..... Bless - ed Je - - - - sus, Thou art mine.
is wholly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,

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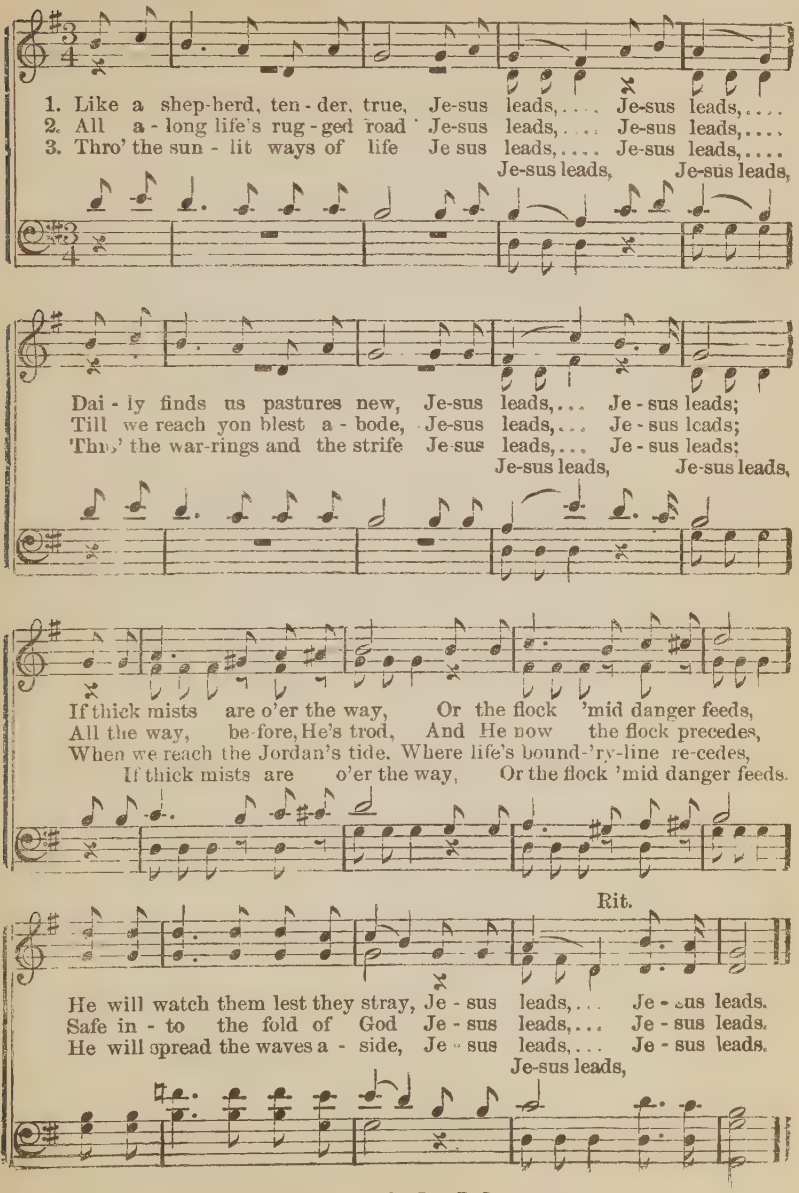
Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him for they know his voice."—John 10: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.


1. Like a shep-herd, ten - der, true, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
2. All a - long life's rug - ged road Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ...
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
Dai - ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, ... Je - sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je-sus leads, ... Je - sus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je-sus leads, ... Je - sus leads;
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, be-fore, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide. Where life's bound-'ry-line re-cedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds.
Rit.
He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, ... Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the fold of God Je - sus leads, ... Je - sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, ... Je - sus leads.
Je-sus leads,

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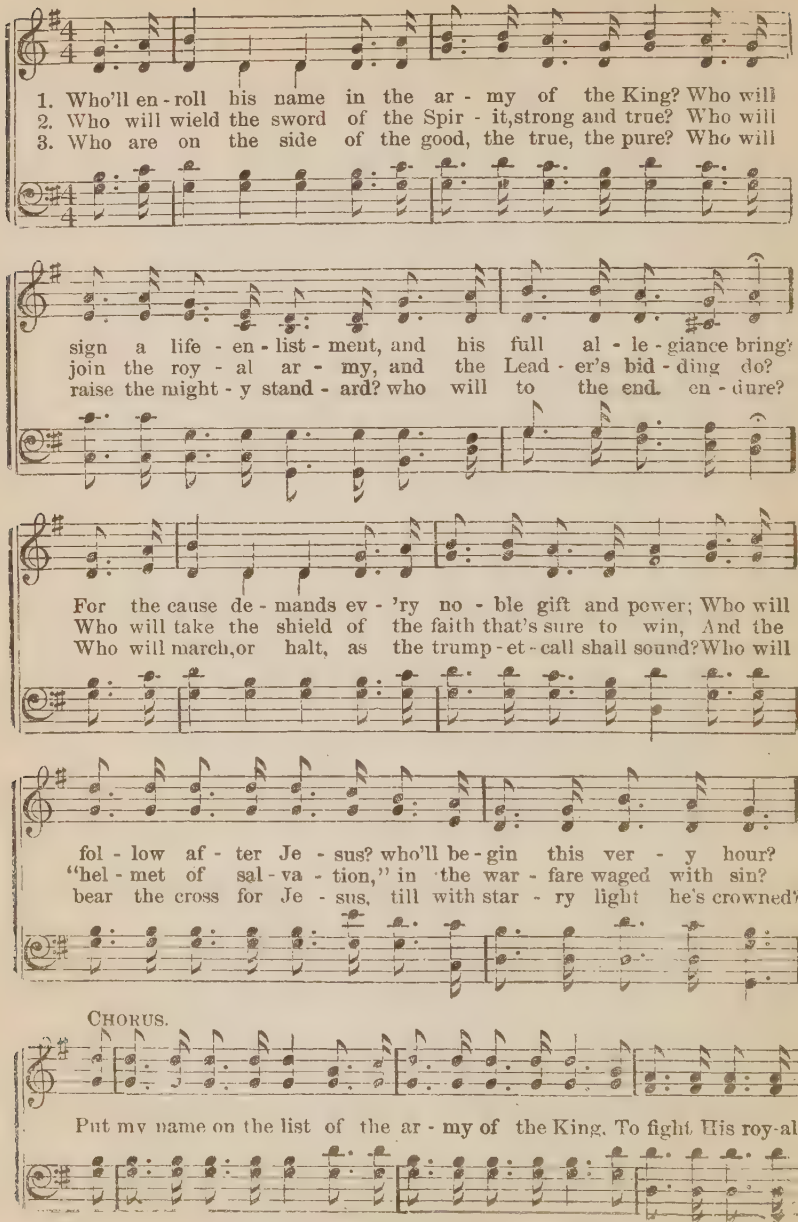
10 Put My Name on the List.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Who'll en - roll his name in the ar - my of the King? Who will
2. Who will wield the sword of the Spir - it, strong and true? Who will
3. Who are on the side of the good, the true, the pure? Who will
sign a life - en - list - ment, and his full al - le - giance bring?
join the roy - al ar - my, and the Lead - er's bid - ding do?
raise the might - y stand - ard? who will to the end en - dure?
For the cause de - mands ev - 'ry no - ble gift and power; Who will
Who will take the shield of the faith that's sure to win, And the
Who will march, or halt, as the trump - et - call shall sound? Who will
fol - low af - ter Je - sus? who'll be - gin this ver - y hour?
"hel - met of sal - va - tion," in the war - fare waged with sin?
bear the cross for Je - sus, till with star - ry light he's crowned?
Chorus.
Put my name on the list of the ar - my of the King, To fight His roy-al

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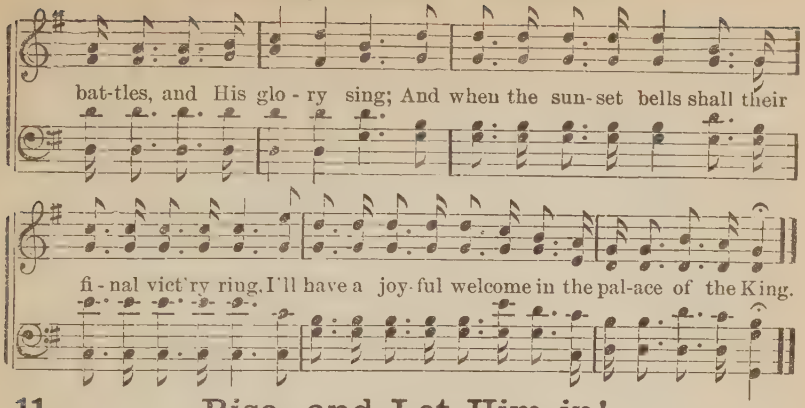
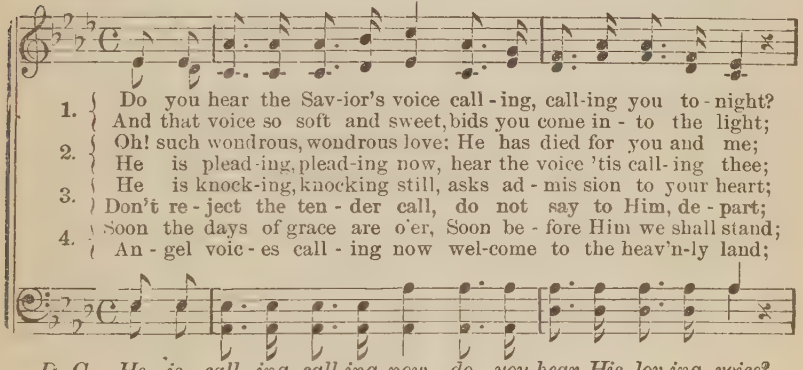
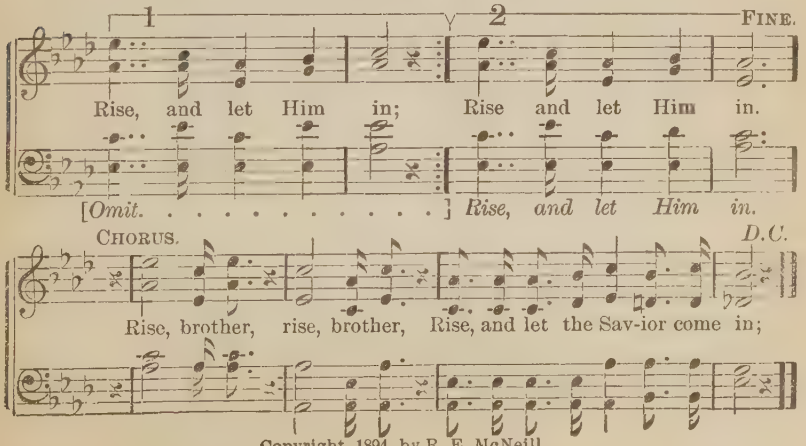
Put My Name. Concluded.


bat-tles, and His glo - ry sing; And when the sun-set bells shall their
fi - nal vict'ry ring, I'll have a joy-ful welcome in the pal-ace of the King.

11 Rise, and Let Him in!

R. E. McN. R. E. McNeill.


1. Do you hear the Sav-ior's voice call - ing, call-ing you to - night?
2. And that voice so soft and sweet, bids you come in - to the light;
3. Oh! such wondrous, wondrous love; He has died for you and me;
4. He is plead-ing, plead-ing now, hear the voice 'tis call-ing thee;
He is knock-ing, knocking still, asks ad - mis sion to your heart;
Don't re - ject the ten - der call, do not say to Him, de - part;
Soon the days of grace are o'er, Soon be - fore Him we shall stand;
An - gel voic - es call - ing now wel-come to the heav'n-ly land;
D. C. He is call-ing, call-ing now, do you hear His lov-ing voice?


1
2
FINE.
Rise, and let Him in; Rise and let Him in.
[Omit. . . . .] Rise, and let Him in.
CHORUS.
D.C.
Rise, brother, rise, brother, Rise, and let the Sav-ior come in;

Copyright, 1894, by R. E. McNeill.

12 He's the Prince of Peace-makers.

Rev. F. W. WARE. J. E. GLINES.

Moderato.

1. He hath spo - ken, "Be still," the Re - buk - er of seas:
2. He hath quick-ened my soul by a life from a - bove;
3. He's a won - der - ful Je - sus, this Sav - ior of mine:
4. I will love Him, and serve Him, from now till I die;
The com - mand was for me, and my heart is at ease;
It was done by the Spir - it, Its ess - ence is love.
He's the great Son of God— a Re - deem - er Di - vine.
For His love fills my heart, and His beau - ty my eye.
Rall. Cres.
He hath hushed in - to si - lence the waves and the winds,
He hath par - doned and washed me as white as the snow,
He's my Strength, and my Wis - dom, my Life, and my Lord,
He's the fair - est, and dear - est, of all to my soul,
By ap - ply - ing His blood and re - mov - ing my sins.
And my heart with His love, does this mo - ment o'er - flow.
And en - throned in my heart, to be loved and a - dored.
And our lives shall be one, while e - ter - ni - ties roll.
CHORUS. Faster. mf
He's the Prince of peace-mak - ers, all glo - ry to God, To re-

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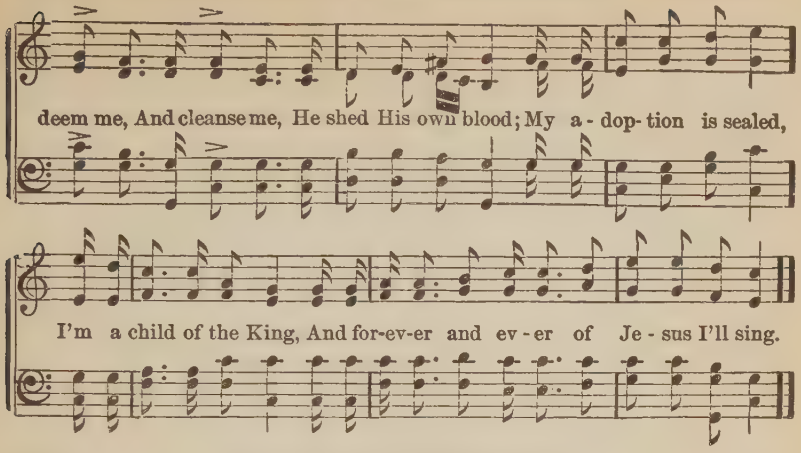
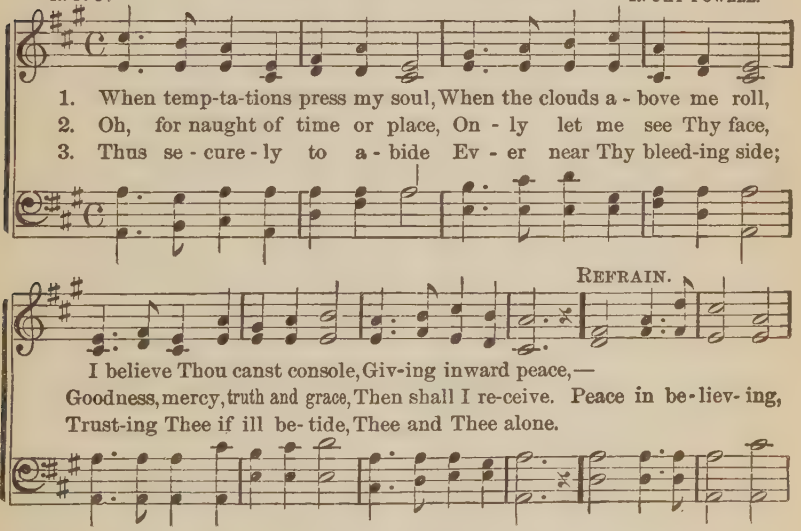
He's the Prince of Peace-makers. Concluded.


deem me, And cleanse me, He shed His own blood; My a - dop- tion is sealed,
I'm a child of the King, And for-ev-er and ev - er of Je - sus I'll sing.

13 Peace in Believing.

R. J. P. R. Jay Powell.


1. When temp-ta-tions press my soul, When the clouds a - bove me roll,
2. Oh, for naught of time or place, On - ly let me see Thy face,
3. Thus se - cure - ly to a - bide Ev - er near Thy bleed-ing side;
Refrain.
I believe Thou canst console, Giv-ing inward peace,—
Goodness, mercy, truth and grace, Then shall I re-ceive. Peace in be-liev- ing,
Trust-ing Thee if ill be- tide, Thee and Thee alone.
Lost hopes re-trieving, O the help I am re-ceiv-ing All a-long the way.

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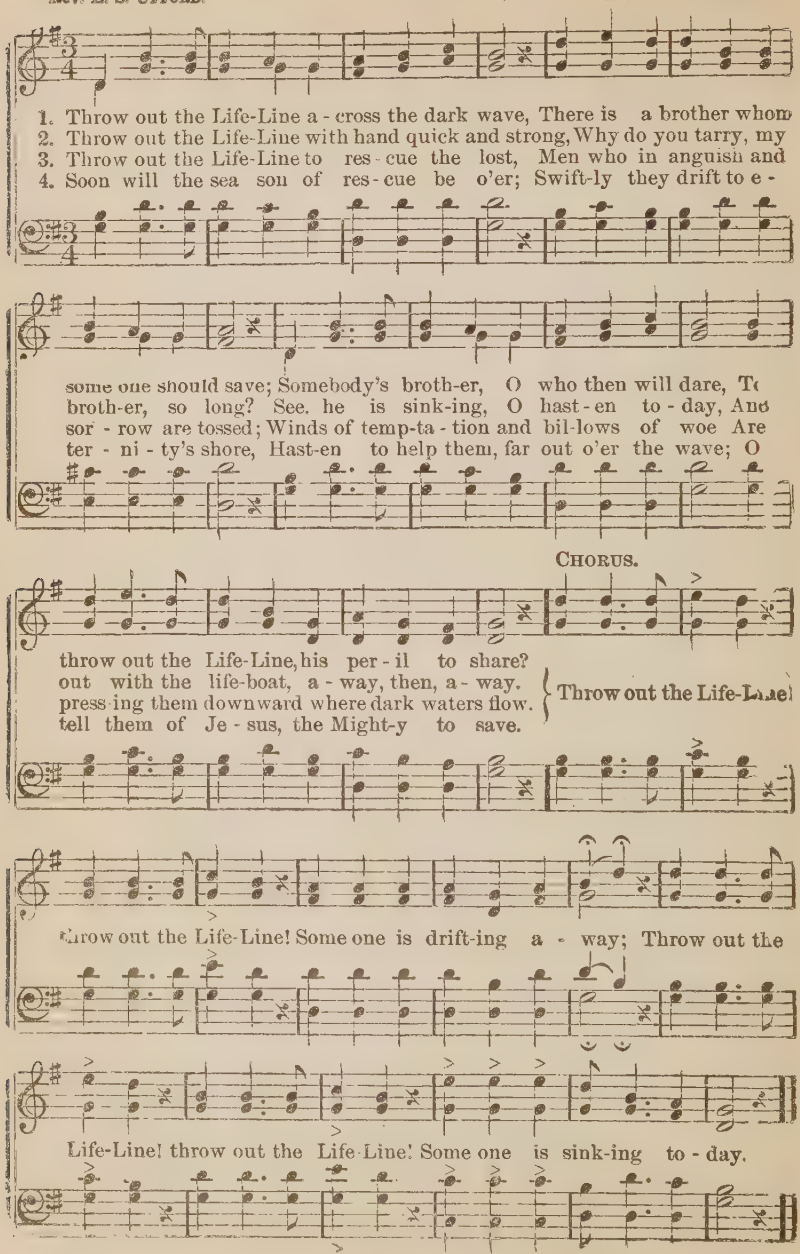
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Rev. E. S. Ufford.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tarry, my
3. Throw out the Life-Line to res - cue the lost, Men who in anguish and
4. Soon will the sea son of res - cue be o'er; Swift-ly they drift to e -
some one should save; Somebody's broth-er, O who then will dare, To
broth-er, so long? See. he is sink-ing, O hast - en to - day, And
sor - row are tossed; Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil-lows of woe Are
ter - ni - ty's shore, Hast-en to help them, far out o'er the wave; O
CHORUS.
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.
press - ing them downward where dark waters flow.
tell them of Je - sus, the Might-y to save.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the
Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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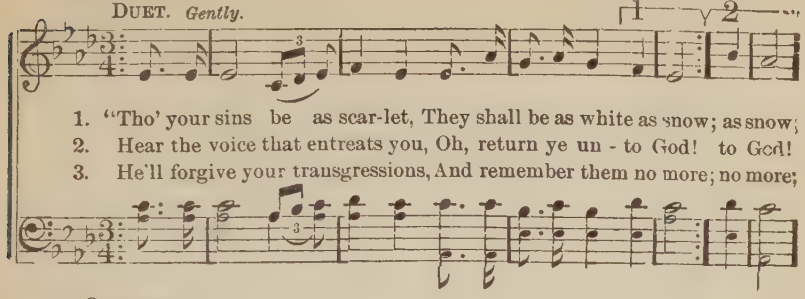
15 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*



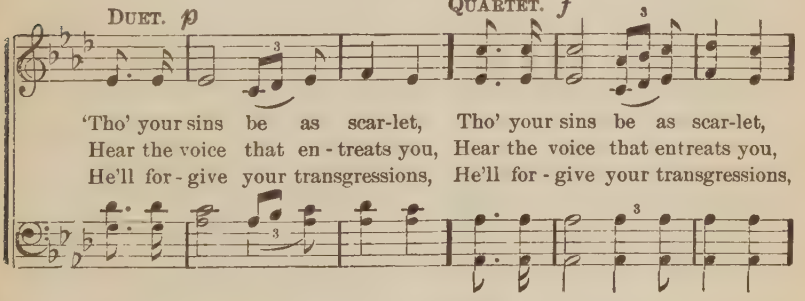
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to me, ... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

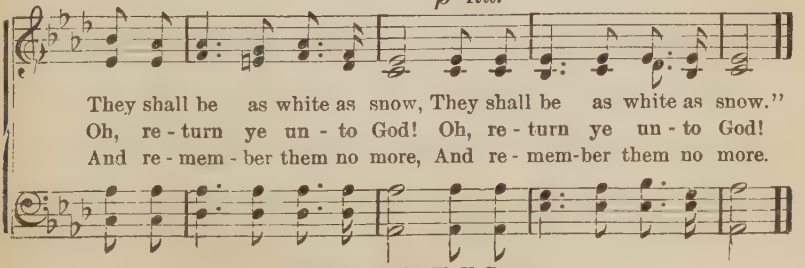
Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*



'Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

p Rit.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem-ber them no more.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane.

Victory through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Rul-er of all,
Leading the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight,
Whence are the armies which He lead-eth While of His glo - ry they sing:
Thrones and their sceptres all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad - vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re deem - er, Sav - ior and Mon-arch di - vine.
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex - ult-ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e - ter nal Rest, when their warfare is past.
CHORUS.
Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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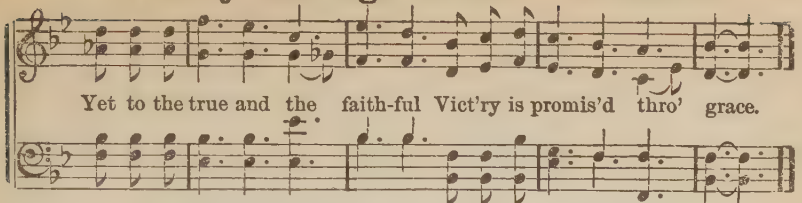
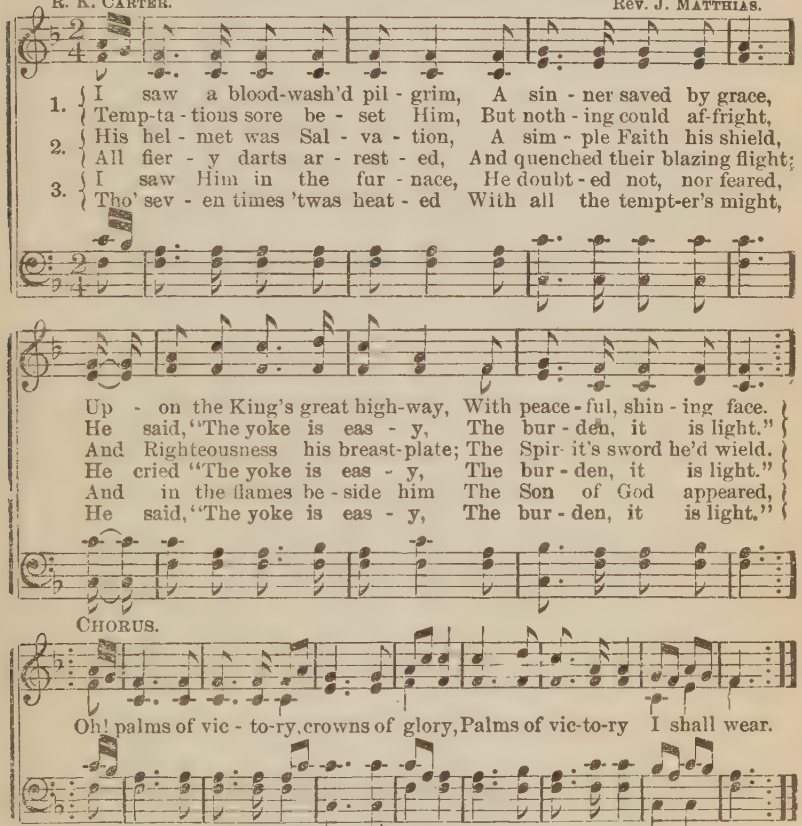
Victory through Grace. Concluded.



17 The Blood-Washed Pilgrim.

R. K. CARTER. Rev. J. MATTHIAS.


1. I saw a blood-wash'd pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,
Temp-ta - tions sore be - set Him, But noth - ing could af-fright,
2. His hel - met was Sal - va - tion, A sim - ple Faith his shield,
All fier - y darts ar - rest - ed, And quenched their blazing flight;
3. I saw Him in the fur - nace, He doubt - ed not, nor feared,
Tho' sev - en times 'twas heat - ed With all the tempt-er's might,
Up - on the King's great high-way, With peace - ful, shin - ing face.
He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
And Righteousness his breast-plate; The Spir - it's sword he'd wield.
He cried "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
And in the flames be - side him The Son of God appeared,
He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."

CHORUS.

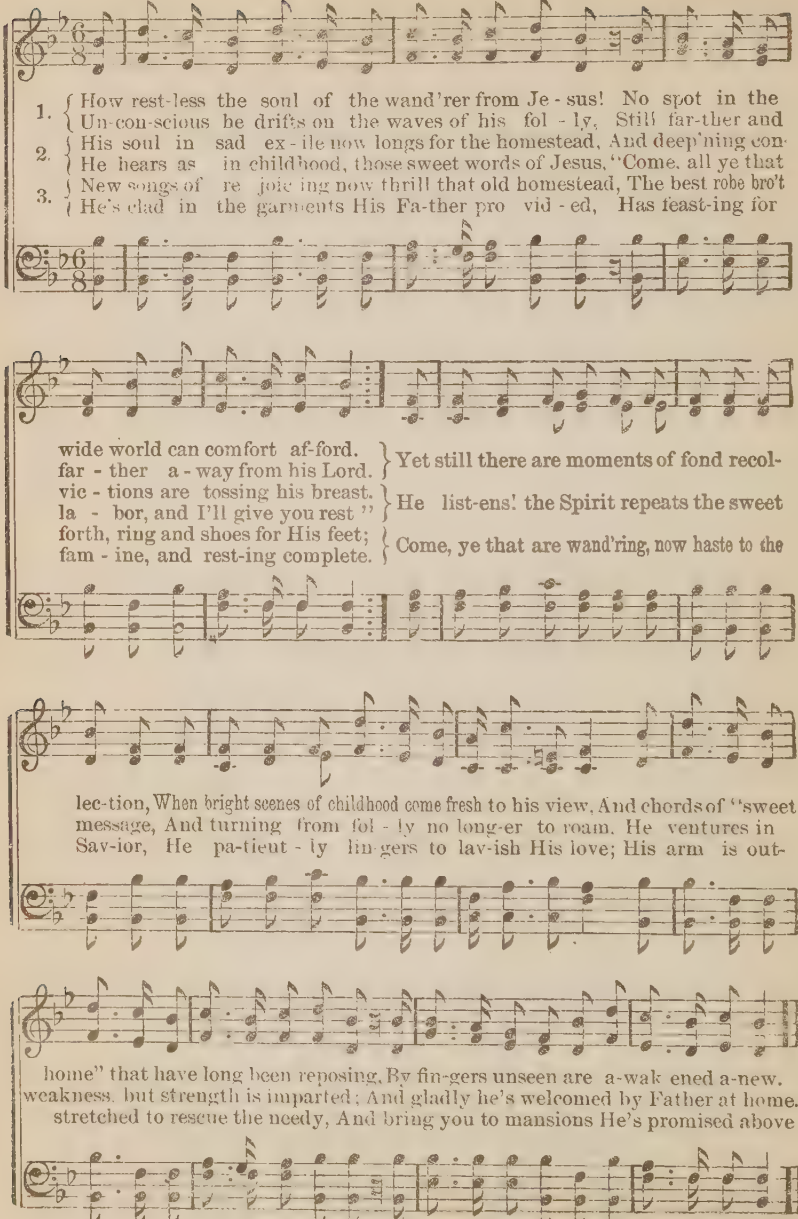
4 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, is so light."

5 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.

By permission.

Brought Back.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by J. J. H


1. How rest-less the soul of the wand'rer from Je - sus! No spot in the
Un-con-scious be drifts on the waves of his fol - ly, Still far-ther and
2. His soul in sad ex - ile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning con-
He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that
3. New songs of re joic ing now thrill that old homestead, The best robe bro't
He's clad in the garments His Fa-ther pro vid - ed, Has feast-ing for
wide world can comfort af-ford.
far - ther a - way from his Lord.
vic - tions are tossing his breast.
la - bor, and I'll give you rest"
forth, ring and shoes for His feet;
fam - ine, and rest-ing complete.
Yet still there are moments of fond recol-
He list-ens! the Spirit repeats the sweet
Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to the
lec-tion, When bright scenes of childhood come fresh to his view, And chords of "sweet
message, And turning from fol - ly no long-er to roam, He ventures in
Sav-ior, He pa-tient - ly lin-gers to lav-ish His love; His arm is out-
home" that have long been reposing, By fin-gers unseen are a-wak ened a-new.
weakness, but strength is imparted; And gladly he's welcomed by Father at home.
stretched to rescue the needy, And bring you to mansions He's promised above

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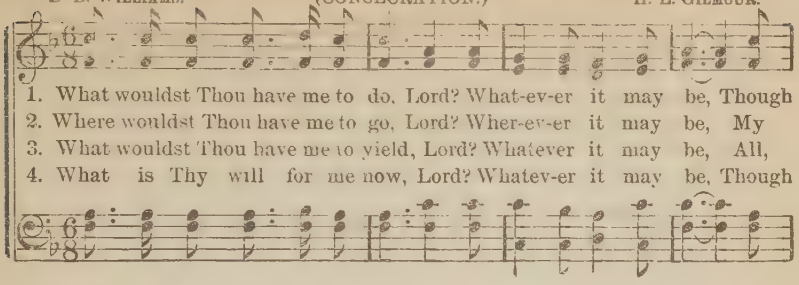
Anything, Lord, for Thee

E. E. Williams. (CONSECRATION.) H. L. Gilmour.


1. What wouldst Thou have me to do, Lord? What-ev-er it may be, Though
2. Where wouldst Thou have me to go, Lord? Wher-ev-er it may be, My
3. What wouldst Thou have me to yield, Lord? Whatever it may be, All,
4. What is Thy will for me now, Lord? Whatev-er it may be, Though
mine is a weak and trembling hand, I'm will ing to do at Thy command
feet Thou hast placed on the King's highway, Thy grace doth enable me to say,
all that I have and am is Thine, And willingly, gladly I re-sign
worldlings may seek what the world can give, I covenant here henceforth to live

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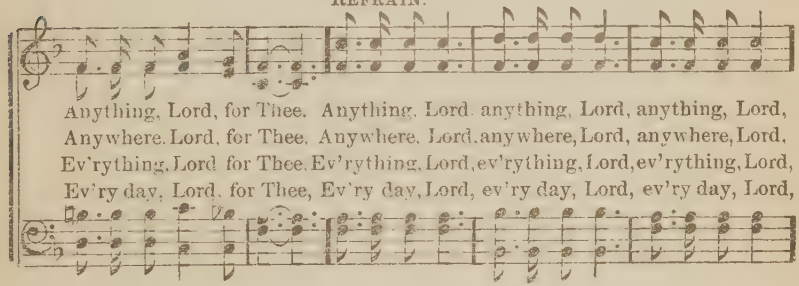
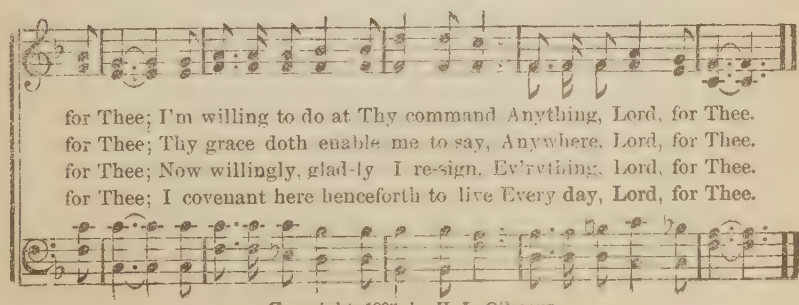

Anything, Lord, for Thee. Anything, Lord, anything, Lord, anything, Lord,
Anywhere, Lord, for Thee. Anywhere, Lord, anywhere, Lord, anywhere, Lord,
Ev'rything, Lord for Thee. Ev'rything, Lord, ev'rything, Lord, ev'rything, Lord,
Ev'ry day, Lord, for Thee, Ev'ry day, Lord, ev'ry day, Lord, ev'ry day, Lord,


for Thee; I'm willing to do at Thy command Anything, Lord, for Thee.
for Thee; Thy grace doth enable me to say, Anywhere, Lord, for Thee.
for Thee; Now willingly, glad-ly I re-sign, Ev'rything, Lord, for Thee.
for Thee; I covenant here henceforth to live Every day, Lord, for Thee.

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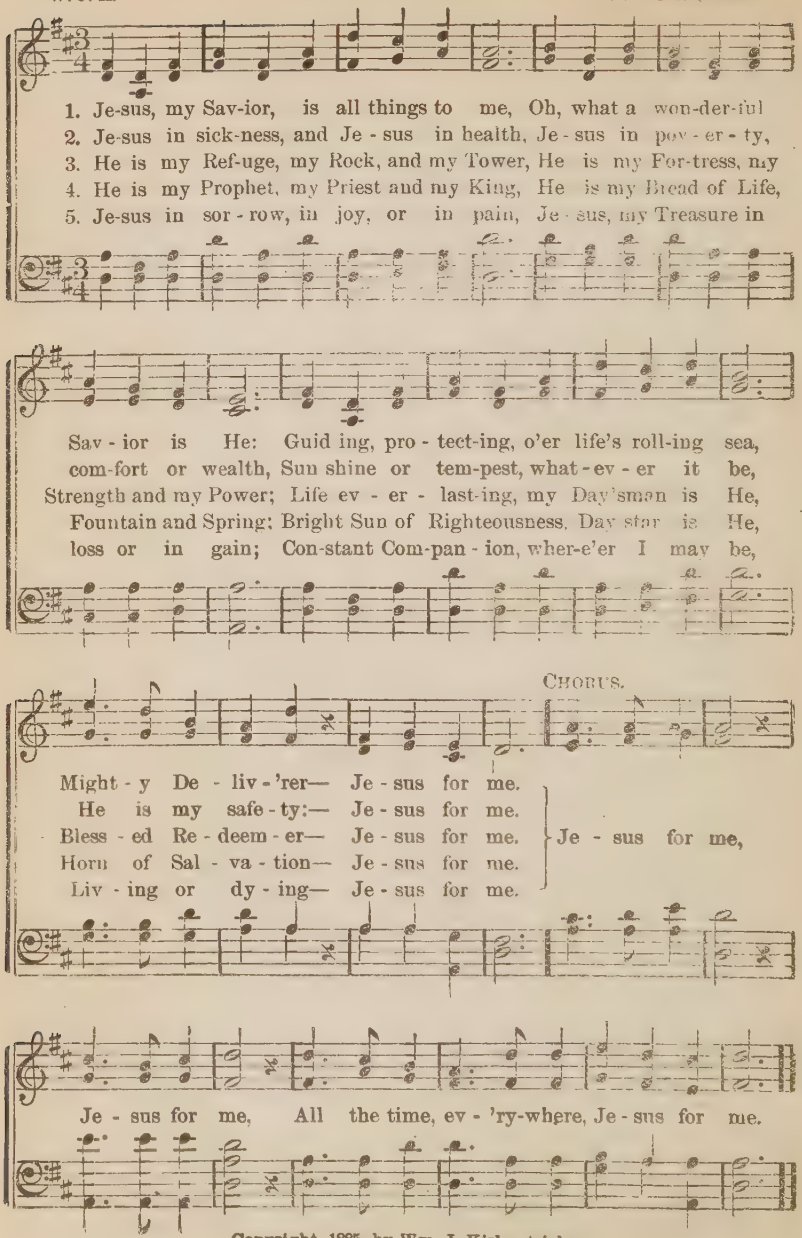
Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, is all things to me, Oh, what a won-der-ful
2. Je-sus in sick-ness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my For-tress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je-sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus, my Treasure in
Sav - ior is He: Guid ing, pro - tect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
com-fort or wealth, Sun shine or tem-pest, what - ev - er it be,
Strength and my Power; Life ev - er - last-ing, my Day'sman is He,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day star is He,
loss or in gain; Con-stant Com-pan - ion, wher-e'er I may be,
Chorus.
Might - y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me.
He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me.
Je - sus for me,
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me.

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Blind Bartimeus.

Mrs. J. F. K.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

1. Whence Je-sus came, I can-not tell, Nor why He came to me;
2. When all was dark, One touch'd my eyes, And that is all I know;
3. How it was done, I can-not say, Nor e-ven think nor dream;
4. It is the Son of God! His grace makes trembling weakness strong;
One thing I know, and know it well: Tho' I was blind, I see!
For light came down from par-a-dise, And set my soul a-glow.
Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
Wipes tears a-way from sor-row's face, And teach-es grief a song.
Chorus.
Ad lib.
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
Tempo.
news e-nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
light e-nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
truth e-nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
joy e-nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.

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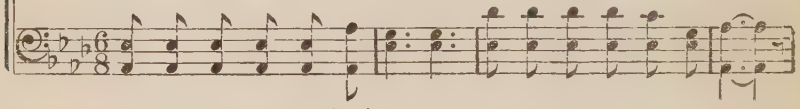
Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."—Ezekiel 34:26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

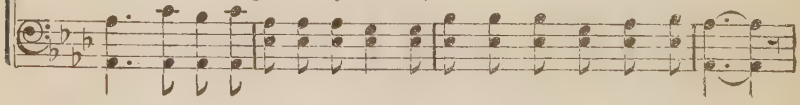
1. Here in Thy name we are gathered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. Oh, that the show-ers of bless-ing Now on our souls may de - scend,
3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing, Promise that nev-er can fail;
4. Show-ers of bless - ing, we need them, Showers of blessing from Thee;



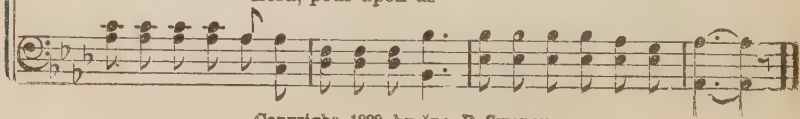
"There shall be showers of bless-ing," Thou hast declared in Thy word.
While at the foot-stool of mer-cy Pleading Thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt re - gard our pe - ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Show - ers of bless-ing, oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

CHORUS.

Oh, graciously hear us, Gra-cious-ly hear us, we pray:
graciously hear us,



Pour from Thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to - day.
Lord, pour upon us



Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweney

Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. Ogden. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat ter - ing
2. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter - ing
3. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter - ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed,
pre-cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter - ing precious seed by the way.
trusting, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

Chorus.

Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - - ing at the
Sow - - ing in the ev - - 'ning,
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

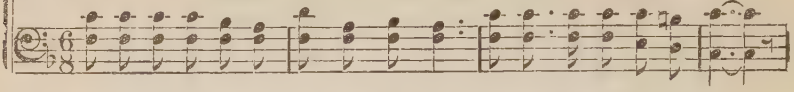
noon - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

By per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

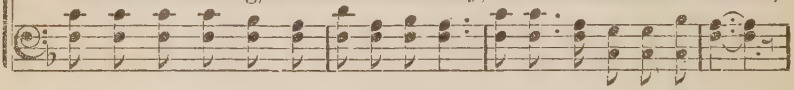
24 Go Tell the World of His Love.

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His love;
2. Think how He labored that we might have rest, Go tell the world of His love;
3. Plead to the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of His love;

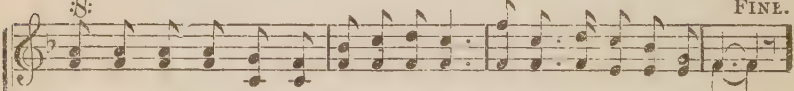


Publish the blessings that flow from His word, Go tell the world of His love,
Think how He suffered that we might be bless'd, Go tell the world of His love;
Je - sus is wait-ing, He'll save them today, Go tell the world of His love;

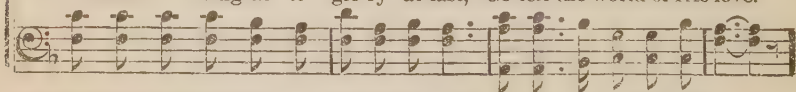


Love that has purchased redemption from sin, Love that makes happy the spirit within,
Sav'd by His mercy, upheld by His care, Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Love that is nearest when earthjoys are past, Lighting our pathway by clouds overcast;

:S: FINE.

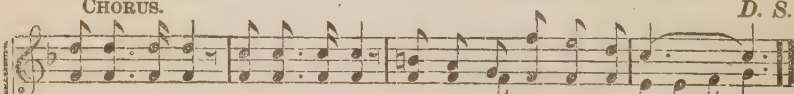


Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of His love.
Fill'd with His fullness, no long-er for-bear, Go tell the world of His love
Love that will bring us to glo-ry at last, Go tell the world of His love.

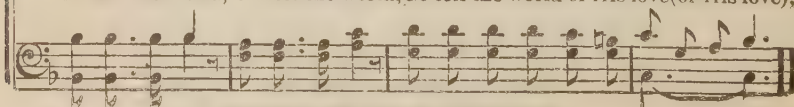


D.S.–Heirs to the kingdom of Je-sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His love.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of His love (of His love);



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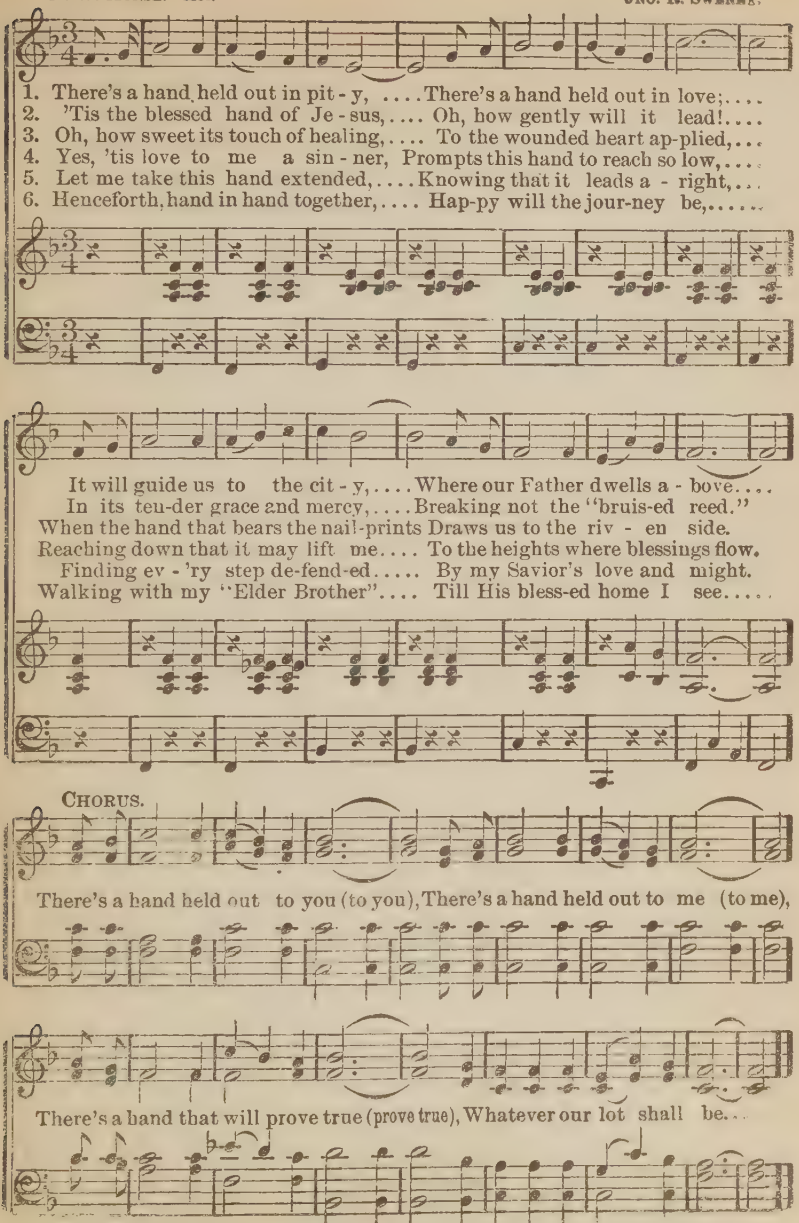
25 There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. Morse. Alt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's a hand held out in pit - y, ...There's a hand held out in love;....
2. 'Tis the blessed hand of Je - sus,.... Oh, how gently will it lead!....
3. Oh, how sweet its touch of healing,.... To the wounded heart ap-plied,....
4. Yes, 'tis love to me a sin - ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low,....
5. Let me take this hand extended,....Knowing that it leads a - right,....
6. Henceforth, hand in hand together,.... Hap-py will the jour-ney be,.....
It will guide us to the cit - y,....Where our Father dwells a - bove....
In its ten-der grace and mercy,....Breaking not the "bruis-ed reed."
When the hand that bears the nail-prints Draws us to the riv - en side.
Reaching down that it may lift me.... To the heights where blessings flow.
Finding ev - 'ry step de-fend-ed..... By my Savior's love and might.
Walking with my "Elder Brother".... Till His bless-ed home I see.....
Chorus.
There's a hand held out to you (to you), There's a hand held out to me (to me),
There's a hand that will prove true (prove true), Whatever our lot shall be...

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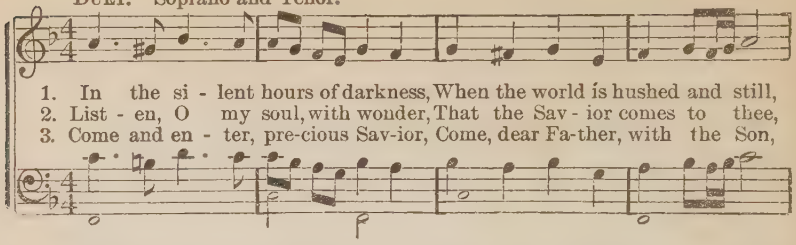
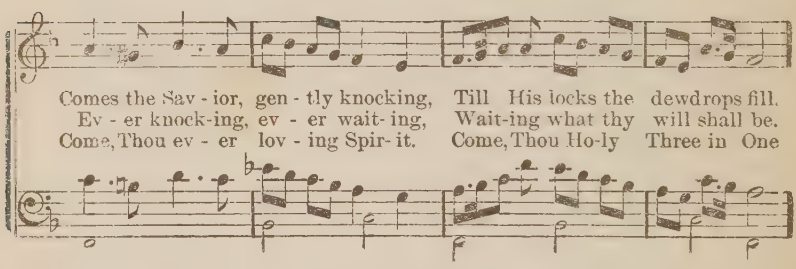
The Waiting Savior.

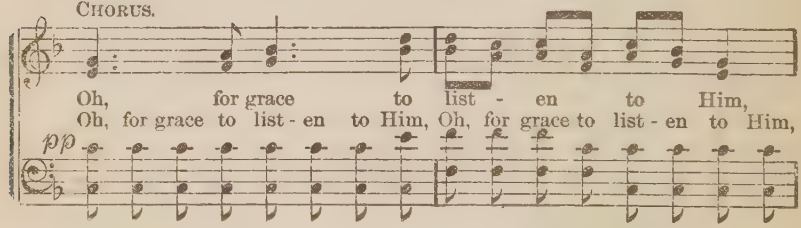
Prof. P. A. CHADBOURNE. J. H. TENNEY.

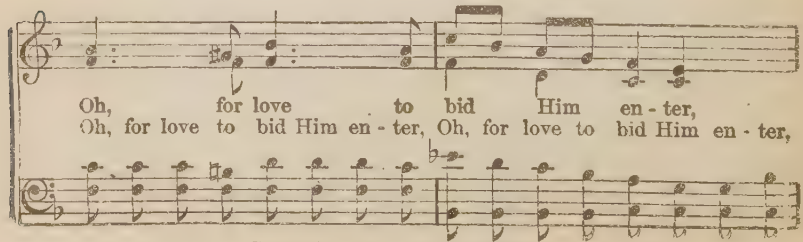
DUET. Soprano and Tenor.


1. In the si - lent hours of darkness, When the world is hushed and still,
2. List - en, O my soul, with wonder, That the Sav - ior comes to thee,
3. Come and en - ter, pre-cious Sav-ior, Come, dear Fa-ther, with the Son,


Comes the Sav - ior, gen - tly knocking, Till His locks the dewdrops fill.
Ev - er knock-ing, ev - er wait- ing, Wait-ing what thy will shall be.
Come, Thou ev - er lov - ing Spir- it. Come, Thou Ho-ly Three in One

CHORUS.





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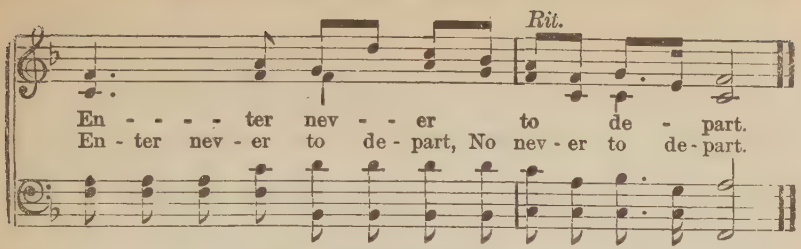
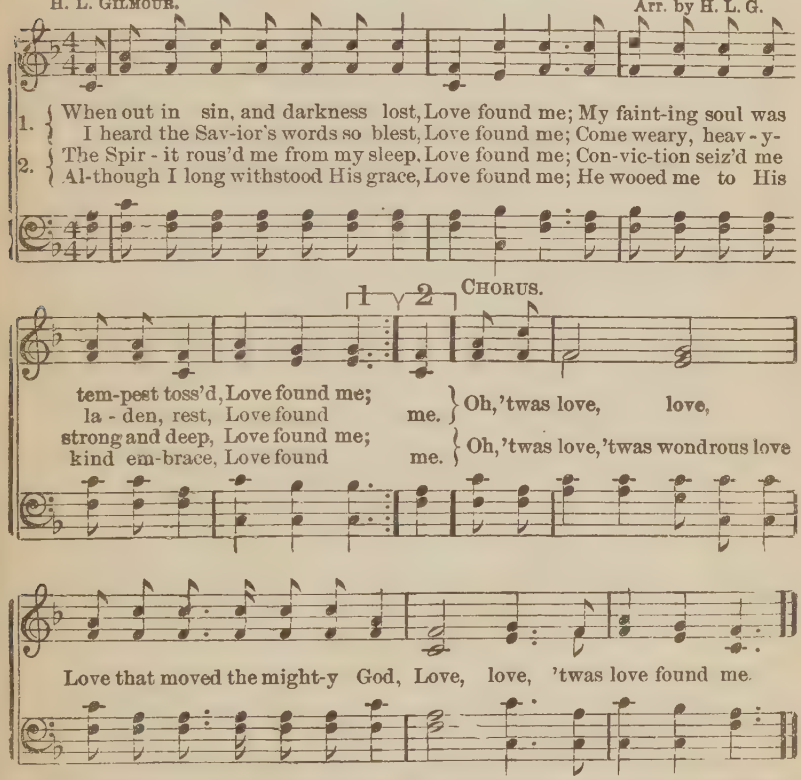


27 Love Found Me.

H. L. Gilmour. Arr. by H. L. G.


1. When out in sin, and darkness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was
I heard the Sav-ior's words so blest, Love found me; Come weary, heav-y-
2. The Spir-it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con-vic-tion seiz'd me
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His
1 2 Chorus.
tem-pest toss'd, Love found me;
la-den, rest, Love found me.
Oh, 'twas love, love,
strong and deep, Love found me;
kind em-brace, Love found me.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love
Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.—Cho.

4 And when I reach the gold paved street,
Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne
Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known
Love found me.—Cho.

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The Best Friend is Jesus.

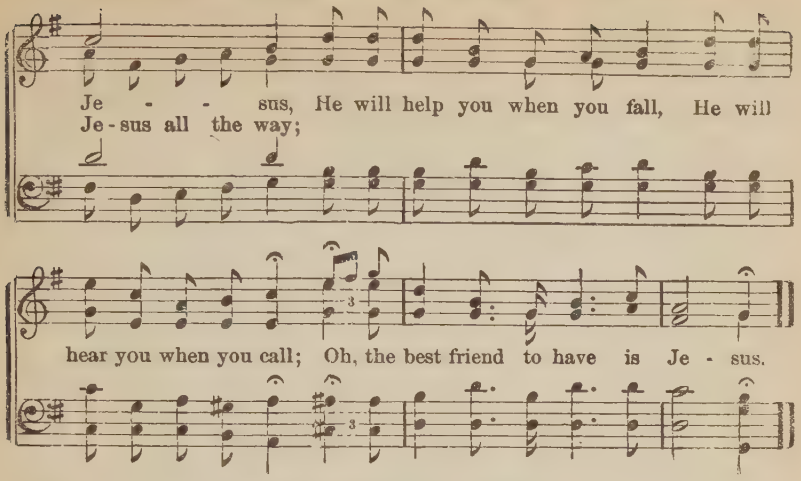
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET. Sop. (or Ten.) & Alto.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up -
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have
p
on you roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will
soul He brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will
Jor-dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my
gone be - fore. We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing
strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Sav - ior is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus
Him for-ev - er-more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
CHORUS. Spirited.
f
The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is
Je-sus ev-'ry day,

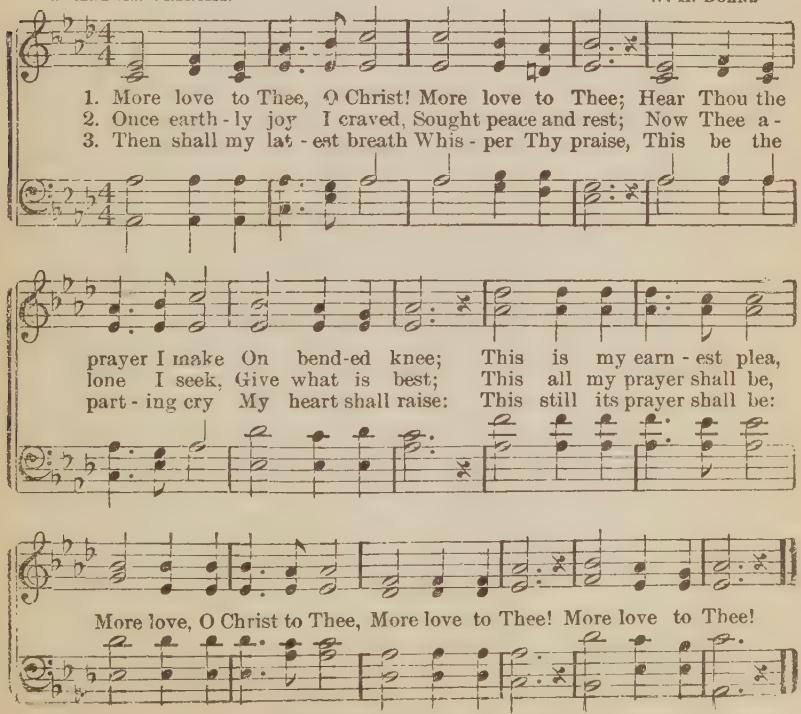
Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn

The Best Friend is Jesus. Concluded.



29 More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise: This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

Hark, Hark, my Soul!

F. W. FABER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Je-sus bids you come!" And, thro' the dark, its echoes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
of the songs a-bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,
CHORUS.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
An-gels of Je-sus,
an-gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night; Angels of
Je - sus, an - gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

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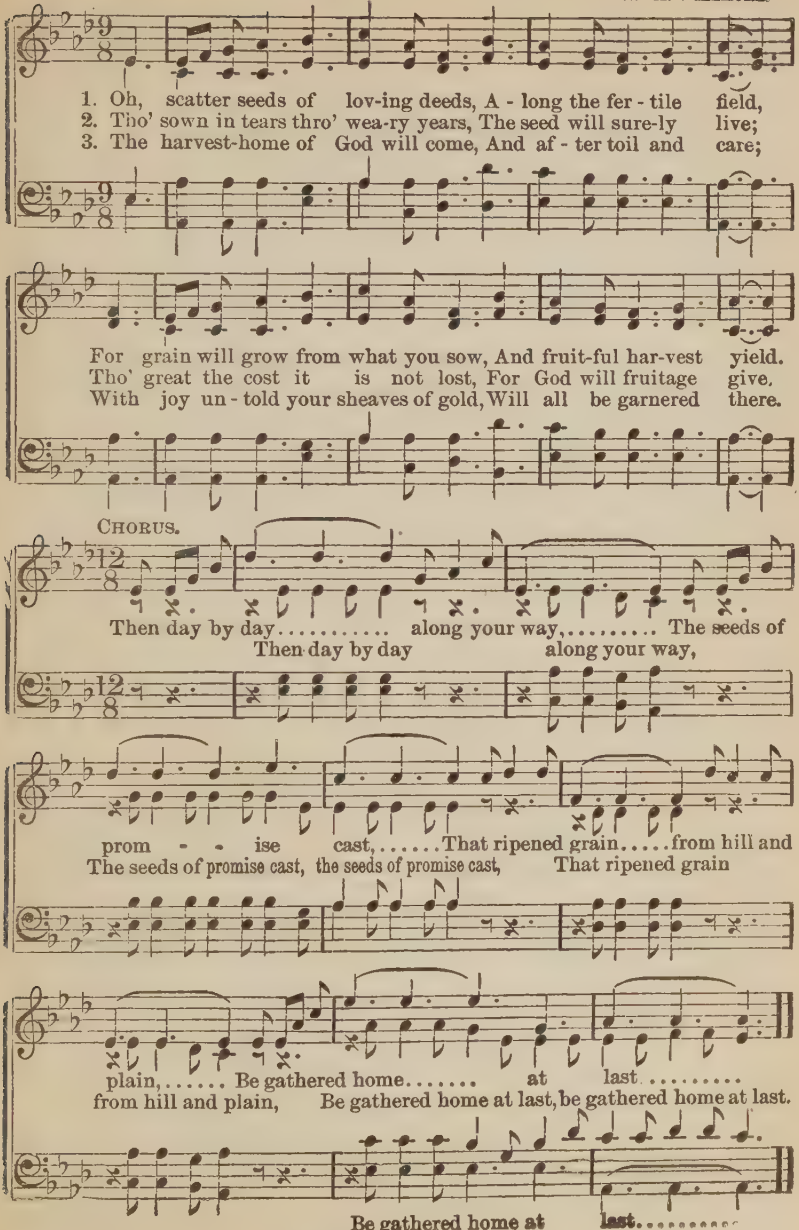
Seeds of Promise.

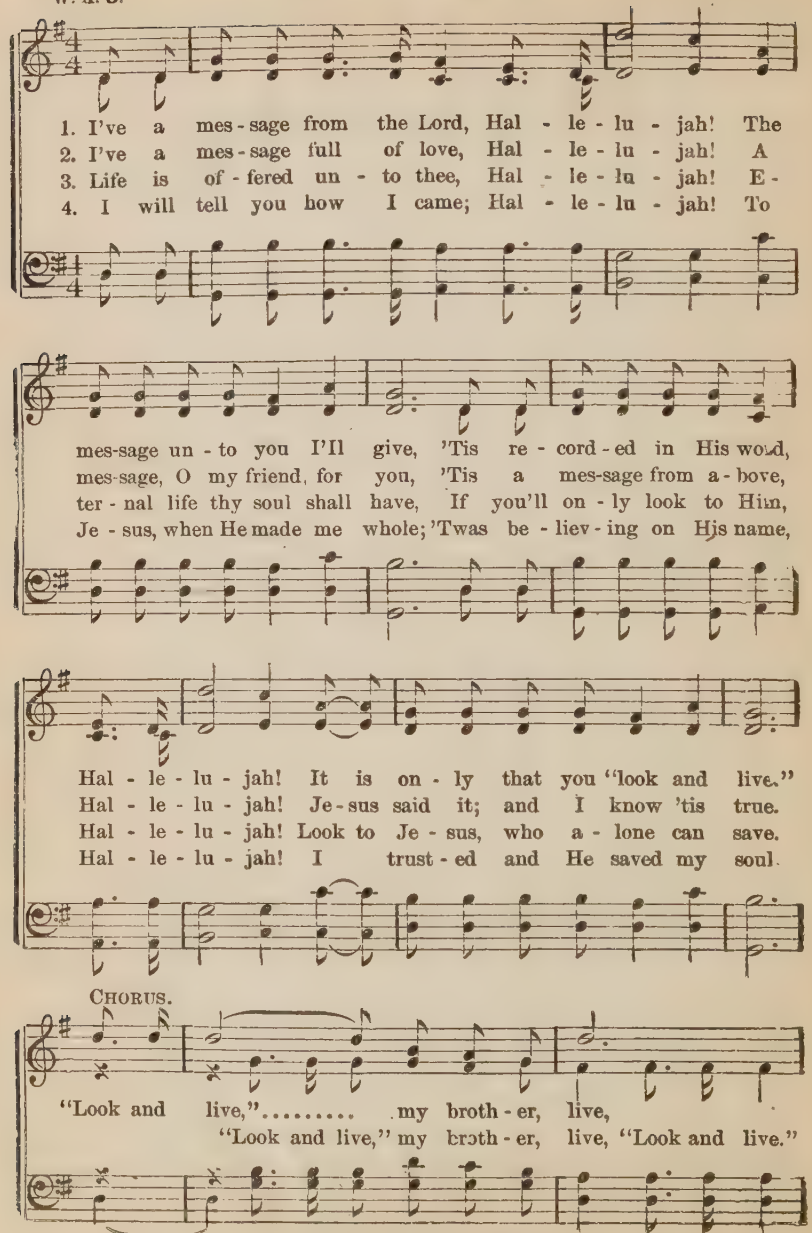
JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.


1. Oh, scatter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care;
For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.
Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
With joy un - told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.
CHORUS.
Then day by day..... along your way,..... The seeds of
Then day by day along your way,
prom - - ise cast,.....That ripened grain.....from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain
plain,..... Be gathered home..... at last .....
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last.....

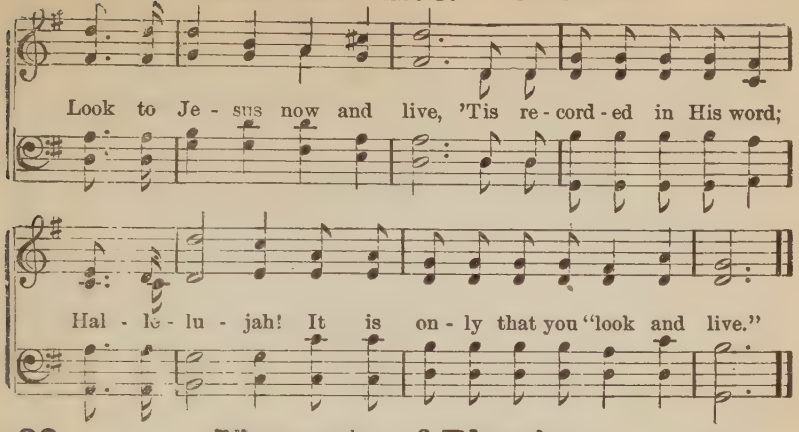
By per. of Fillmore Bros.

"Look and Live."

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A
3. Life is of-fered un-to thee, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-
4. I will tell you how I came; Hal-le-lu-jah! To
mes-sage un-to you I'll give, 'Tis re-cord-ed in His word,
mes-sage, O my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove,
ter-nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on-ly look to Him,
Je-sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be-liev-ing on His name,
Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul.
Chorus.
"Look and live,"..... my broth-er, live,
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, "Look and live."

Copyright, 1887, by R. C. Ross.



33 Moments of Blessing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rich are the moments of bless-ing Je - sus my Sav - ior be - stows;
2. Rich are the moments of bless ing, Love ly, and hal-low'd, and sweet,
3. Why should I ev - er grow wea-ry? Why should I faint by the way?
4. Tho' by the mist and the shad-ow Sometimes my sky may be dim,
:S:
FINE
Pure is the well of sal - va-tion Fresh from His mer-cy that flows.
When from my la - bor at noon-tide Calm - ly I rest at His feet.
Has He not promised to give me Strength for the toils of the day?
Rich are the moments of bless-ing Spent in com-mun ion with Him.
D. S. - Spreading a beau - ti - ful rain-bow O - ver the val-ley of tears.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Ev - er He walketh be-side me, Bright - ly His sunshine appears,
Ever, yes, ever He walketh beside me, Brightly His sunshine, His sun-shine ap-pears

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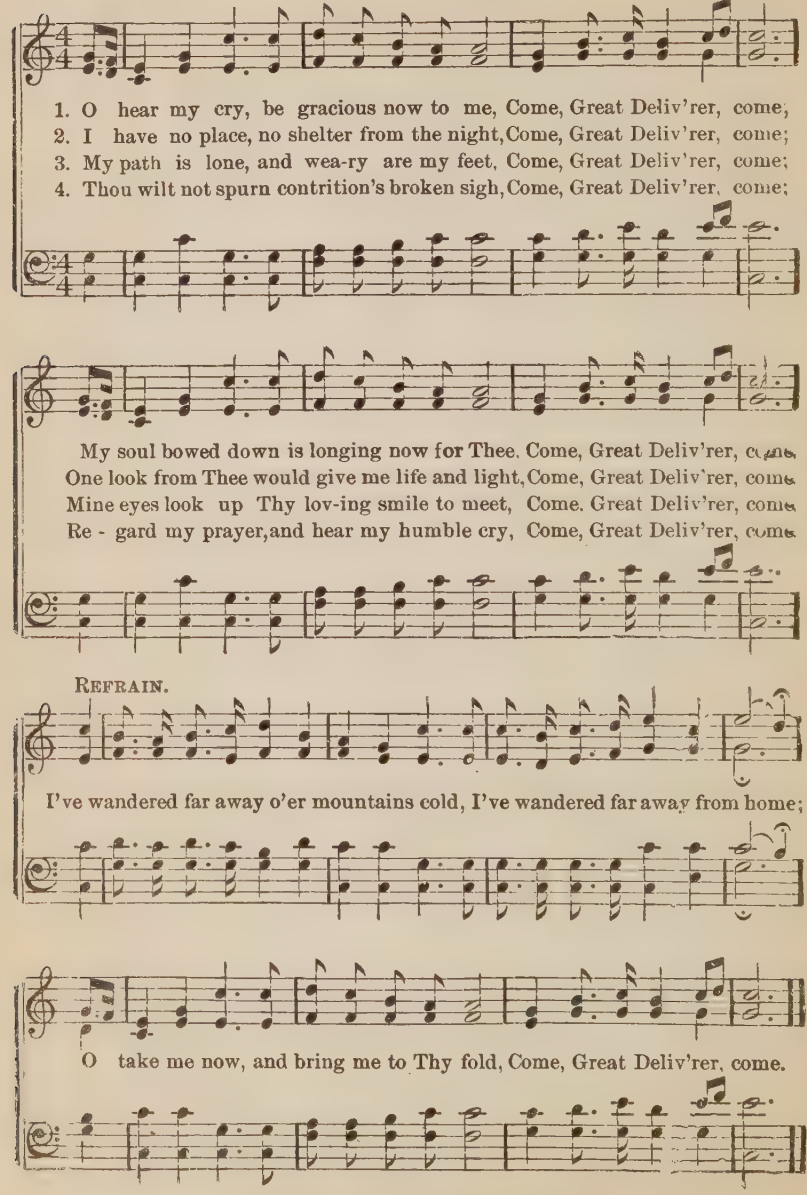
34 Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come,
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come
Re - gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come
REFRAIN.
I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

Copyright, 1877, by Biglow & Main.

Beautiful Beckoning Hands.

C. C. L. C. C. Luther.

1. Beck-on-ing hands at the gateway to-night, Fac - es all shin-ing with
2. Beck-on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life, its de-
3. Beck-on-ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice call-ing O
4. Beck-on-ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watching and wait-ing the
5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen-ter of all, and the
ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon heav-en - ly home,
vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
moth-er for thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd dar - ling, the light of the home,
lov'd one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, a friend,
theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav - ior, the pierc-ed one stands,
Refrain.
Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck-on-ing "come." Beau - ti ful hands,
Beck - on up high - er the wait-ing ones here. Beau - ti-ful hands,
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck-on-ing "come." Beau - ti-ful hands,
Out from the gate - way to - night they ex-tend. Beau - ti-ful hands,
Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck-on - ing hands. Beau - ti-ful hands,
beck - on - ing hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

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Where He Leads I'll Follow.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than
3. List to His loving words, "Come un - to Me;" Wea-ry, heav - y-
an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is - es,
Sin - less I see: He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.
Chorus.
Where..... He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,
1
Fol - - - - low all the way.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.
2
Follow Jesus ev'ry day.

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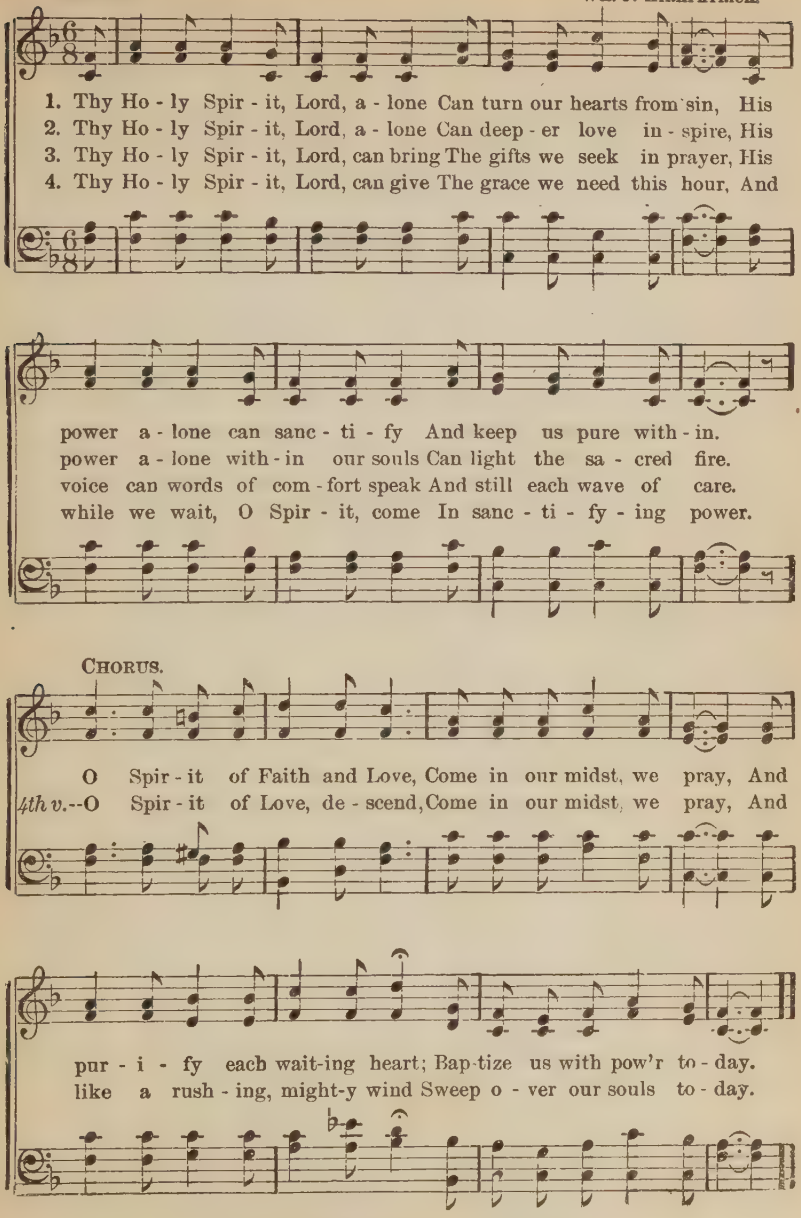
37 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin, His
2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire, His
3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer, His
4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour, And
power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.
CHORUS.
O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
4th v.--O Spir - it of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And
pur - i - fy each wait-ing heart; Bap-tize us with pow'r to - day.
like a rush - ing, might-y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

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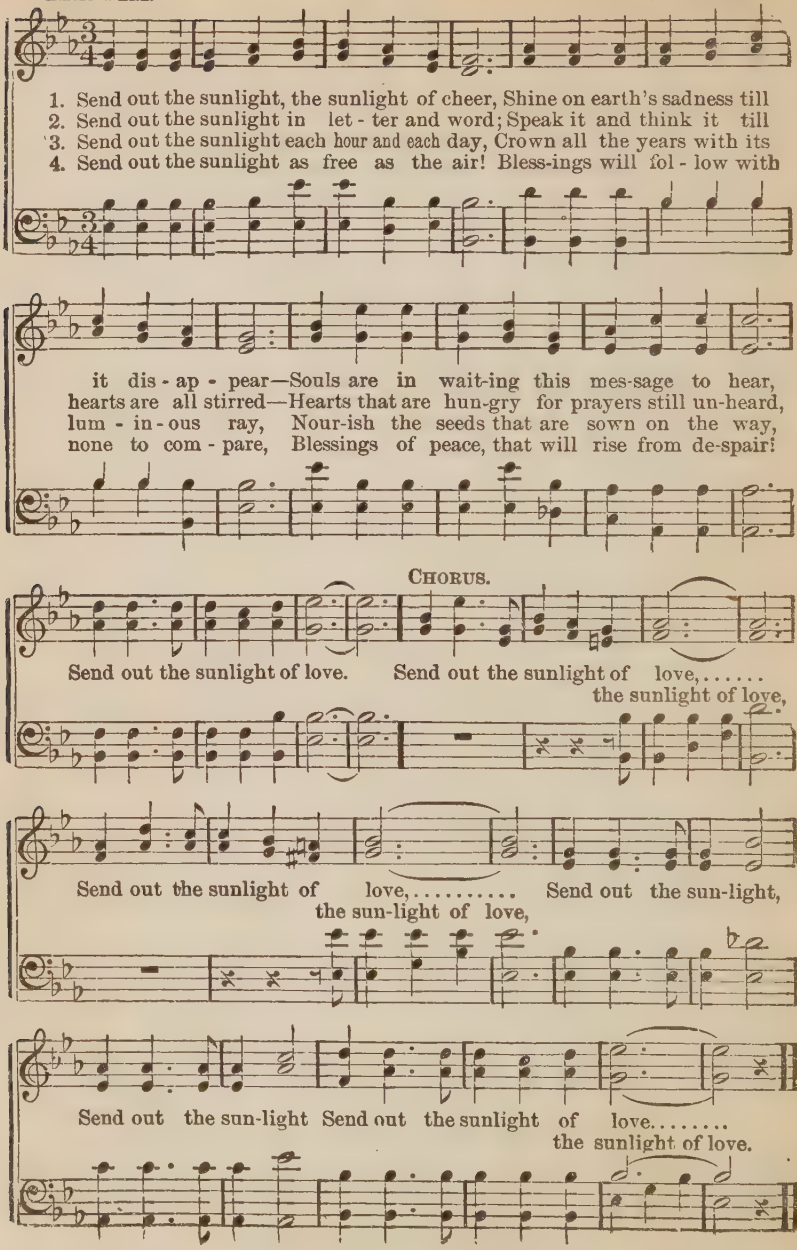
Send Out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till
2. Send out the sunlight in let - ter and word; Speak it and think it till
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and each day, Crown all the years with its
4. Send out the sunlight as free as the air! Bless-ings will fol - low with
it dis - ap - pear—Souls are in wait-ing this mes-sage to hear,
hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun-gry for prayers still un-heard,
lum - in - ous ray, Nour-ish the seeds that are sown on the way,
none to com - pare, Blessings of peace, that will rise from de-spair!
CHORUS.
Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love,.....
the sunlight of love,
Send out the sunlight of love,..... Send out the sun-light,
the sun-light of love,
Send out the sun-light Send out the sunlight of love.....
the sunlight of love.

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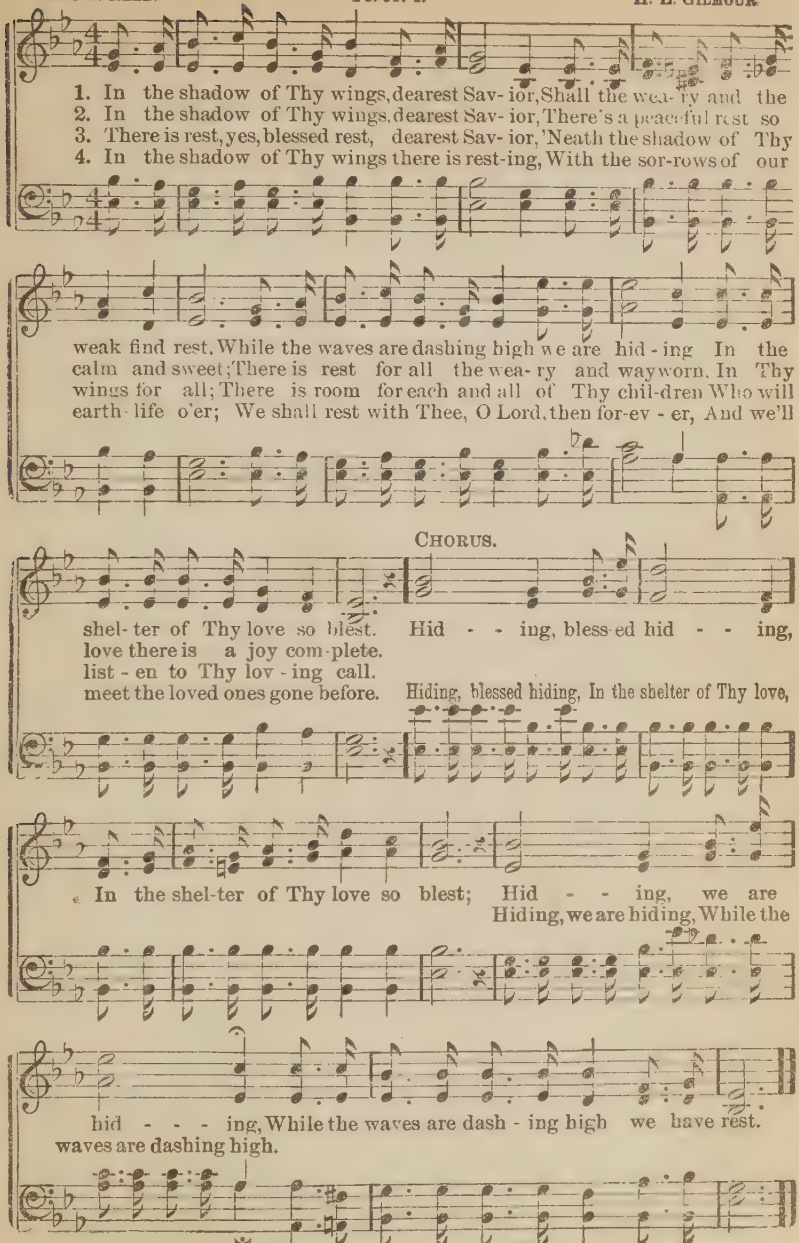
Blessed Hiding.

IDA L. REED. Ps. 91: 1. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. In the shadow of Thy wings, dearest Sav-ior, Shall the wea-ry and the
2. In the shadow of Thy wings, dearest Sav-ior, There's a peaceful rest so
3. There is rest, yes, blessed rest, dearest Sav-ior, 'Neath the shadow of Thy
4. In the shadow of Thy wings there is rest-ing, With the sor-rows of our
weak find rest. While the waves are dashing high we are hid-ing In the
calm and sweet; There is rest for all the wea-ry and wayworn. In Thy
wings for all; There is room for each and all of Thy chil-dren Who will
earth-life o'er; We shall rest with Thee, O Lord, then for-ev-er, And we'll
CHORUS.
shel-ter of Thy love so blest. Hid - - ing, bless-ed hid - - ing,
love there is a joy com-plete.
list-en to Thy lov-ing call.
meet the loved ones gone before.
Hiding, blessed hiding, In the shelter of Thy love,
In the shel-ter of Thy love so blest; Hid - - ing, we are
Hiding, we are hiding, While the
hid - - - ing, While the waves are dash-ing high we have rest.
waves are dashing high.

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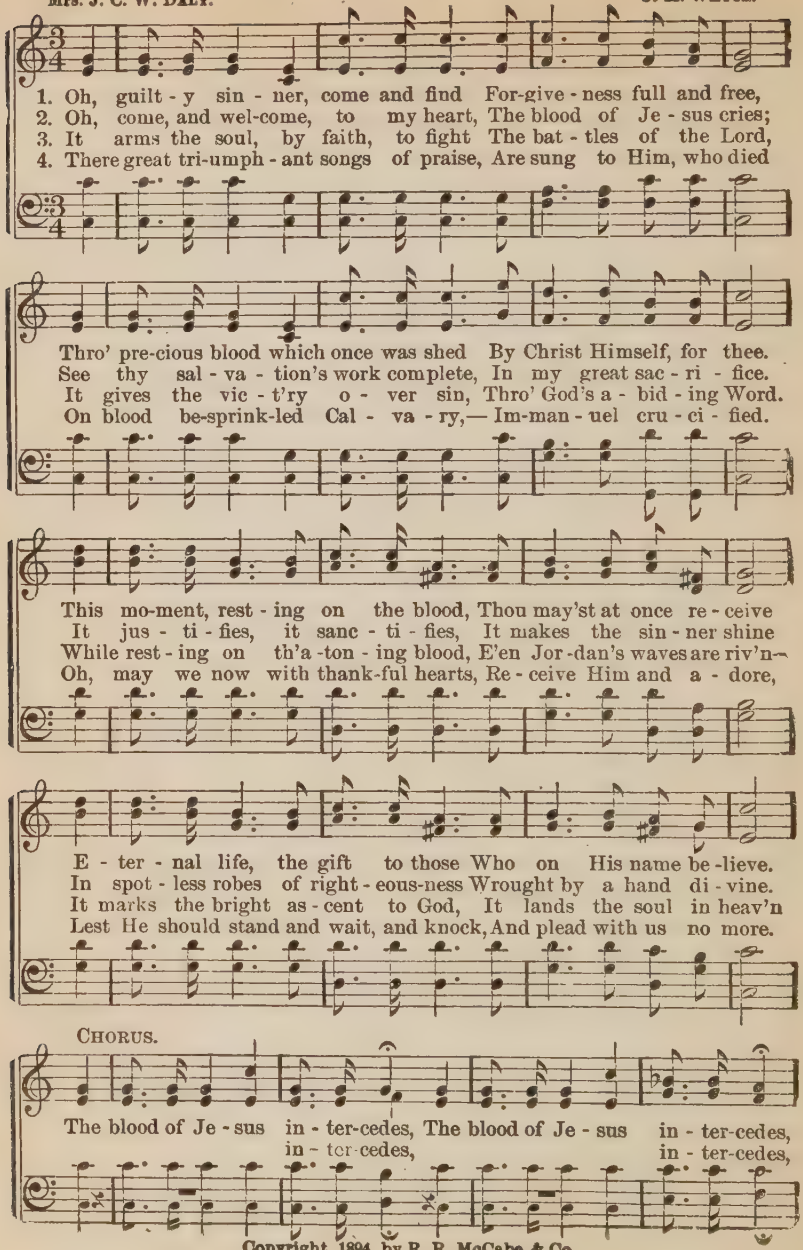
Mrs. J. C. W. Daly. J. M. Whyte.


1. Oh, guilt - y sin - ner, come and find For-give - ness full and free,
2. Oh, come, and wel-come, to my heart, The blood of Je - sus cries;
3. It arms the soul, by faith, to fight The bat - tles of the Lord,
4. There great tri-umph - ant songs of praise, Are sung to Him, who died
Thro' pre-cious blood which once was shed By Christ Himself, for thee.
See thy sal - va - tion's work complete, In my great sac - ri - fice.
It gives the vic - t'ry o - ver sin, Thro' God's a - bid - ing Word.
On blood be-sprink-led Cal - va - ry,— Im-man - uel cru - ci - fied.
This mo-ment, rest - ing on the blood, Thou may'st at once re - ceive
It jus - ti - fies, it sanc - ti - fies, It makes the sin - ner shine
While rest - ing on th'a-ton - ing blood, E'en Jor-dan's waves are riv'n—
Oh, may we now with thank-ful hearts, Re - ceive Him and a - dore,
E - ter - nal life, the gift to those Who on His name be-lieve.
In spot - less robes of right - eous-ness Wrought by a hand di - vine.
It marks the bright as - cent to God, It lands the soul in heav'n
Lest He should stand and wait, and knock, And plead with us no more.
Chorus.
The blood of Je - sus in - ter-cedes, The blood of Je - sus in - ter-cedes,
in - ter-cedes, in - ter-cedes,

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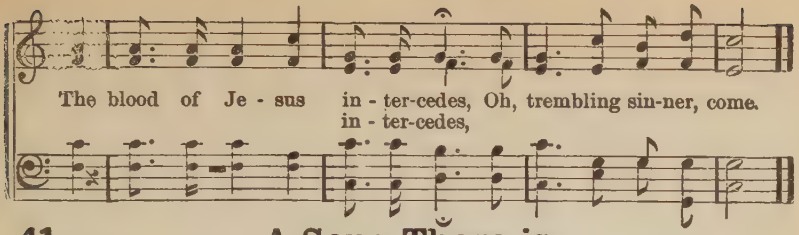
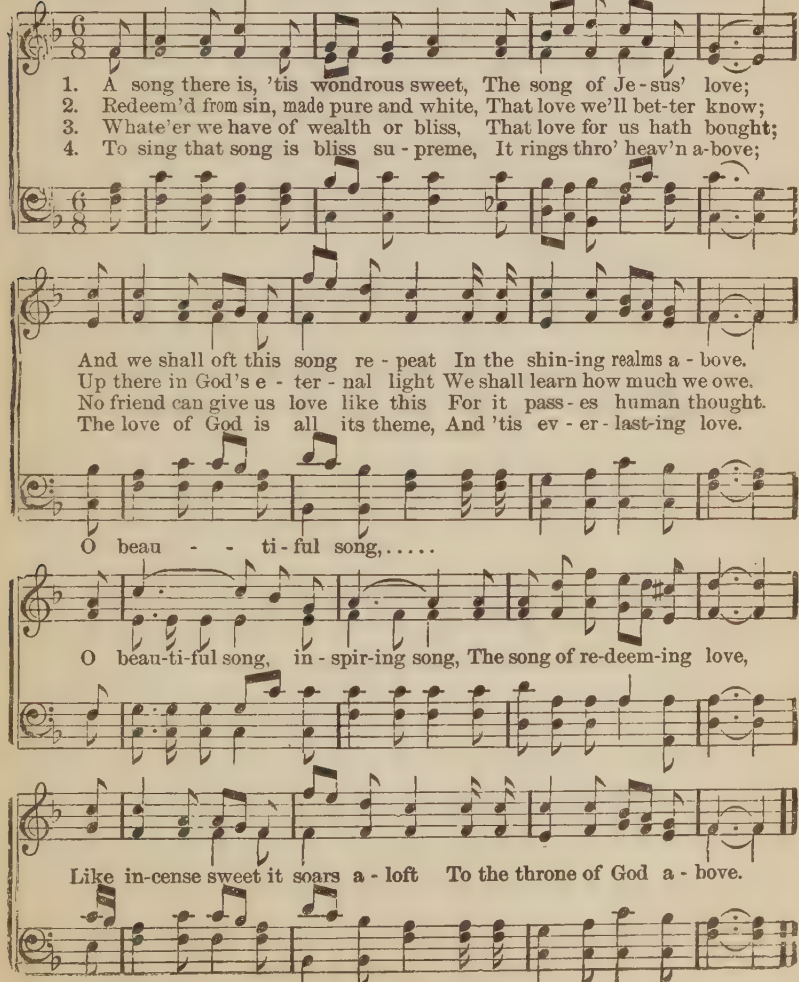


41 A Song There is.

"And they sung a new song, saying, ...Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." Rev. 5: 9.

C. H. MANN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. A song there is, 'tis wondrous sweet, The song of Je - sus' love;
2. Redeem'd from sin, made pure and white, That love we'll bet-ter know;
3. Whate'er we have of wealth or bliss, That love for us hath bought;
4. To sing that song is bliss su - preme, It rings thro' heav'n a-bove;
And we shall oft this song re - peat In the shin-ing realms a - bove.
Up there in God's e - ter - nal light We shall learn how much we owe.
No friend can give us love like this For it pass - es human thought.
The love of God is all its theme, And 'tis ev - er - last-ing love.
O beau - - ti - ful song,.....
O beau-ti-ful song, in - spir-ing song, The song of re-deem-ing love,
Like in-cense sweet it soars a - loft To the throne of God a - bove.

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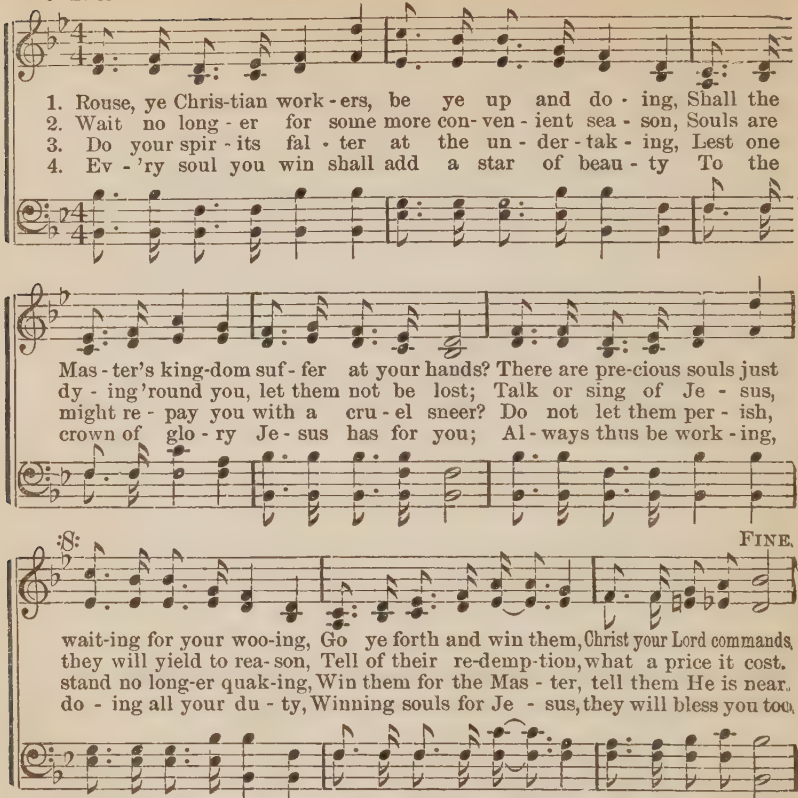
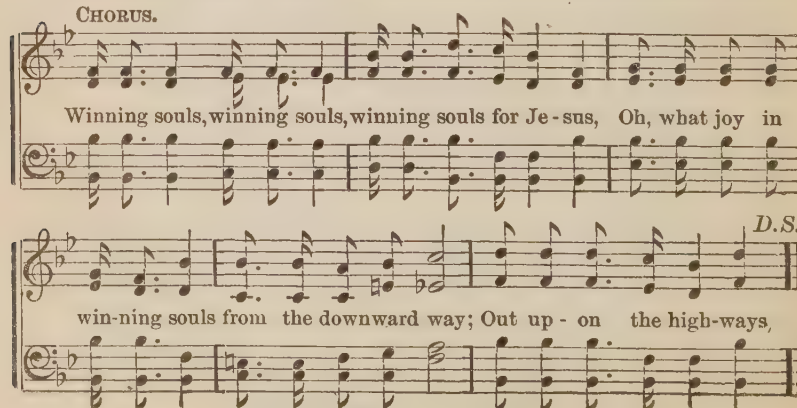
42 Winning Souls for Jesus.

J. B. M "He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. 14: 30. J. B. MACKAY.


1. Rouse, ye Chris-tian work-ers, be ye up and do-ing, Shall the
2. Wait no long-er for some more con-ven-ient sea-son, Souls are
3. Do your spir-its fal-ter at the un-der-tak-ing, Lest one
4. Ev-'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau-ty To the
Mas-ter's king-dom suf-fer at your hands? There are pre-cious souls just
dy-ing 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je-sus,
might re-pay you with a cru-el sneer? Do not let them per-ish,
crown of glo-ry Je-sus has for you; Al-ways thus be work-ing,
:S:
FINE.
wait-ing for your woo-ing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands,
they will yield to rea-son, Tell of their re-demp-tion, what a price it cost.
stand no long-er quak-ing, Win them for the Mas-ter, tell them He is near.
do-ing all your du-ty, Winning souls for Je-sus, they will bless you too.
D.S. seek-ing to reclaim them, Oh, be up and winning souls, while 'tis called today.

CHORUS.


Winning souls, winning souls, winning souls for Je-sus, Oh, what joy in
D.S.
win-ning souls from the downward way; Out up-on the high-ways,

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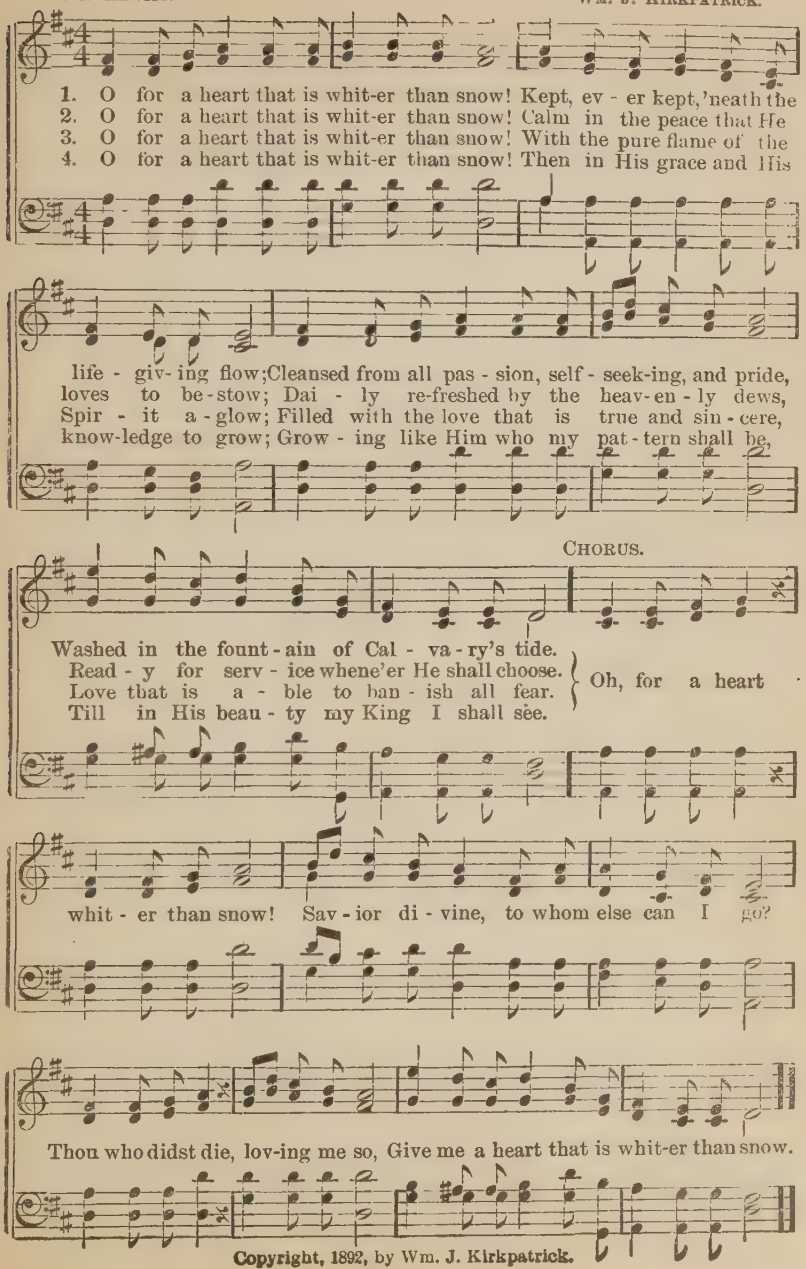
43 O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept, 'neath the
2. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Calm in the peace that He
3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the
4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in His grace and His
life - giv- ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
loves to be-stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
Spir - it a-glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
know-ledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat - tern shall be,
Chorus.
Washed in the fount - ain of Cal - va - ry's tide.
Read - y for serv - ice whene'er He shall choose.
Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.
Oh, for a heart
whit - er than snow! Sav - ior di - vine, to whom else can I go?
Thou who didst die, lov-ing me so, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow.

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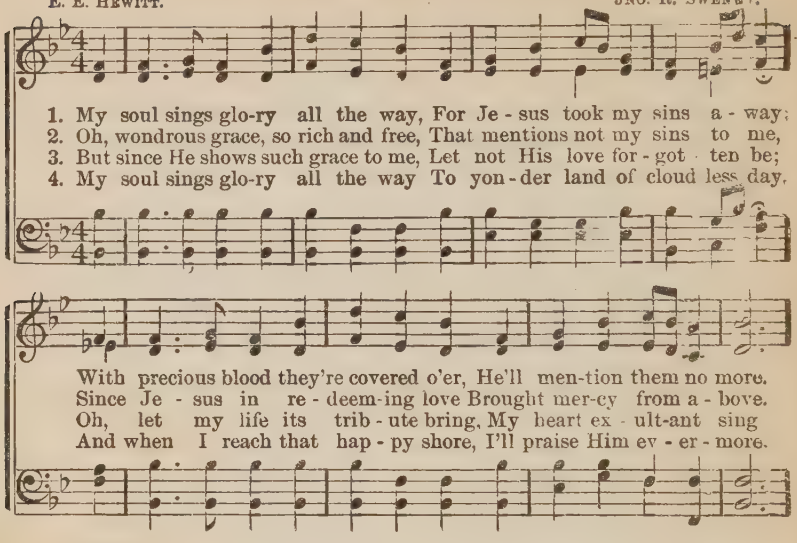
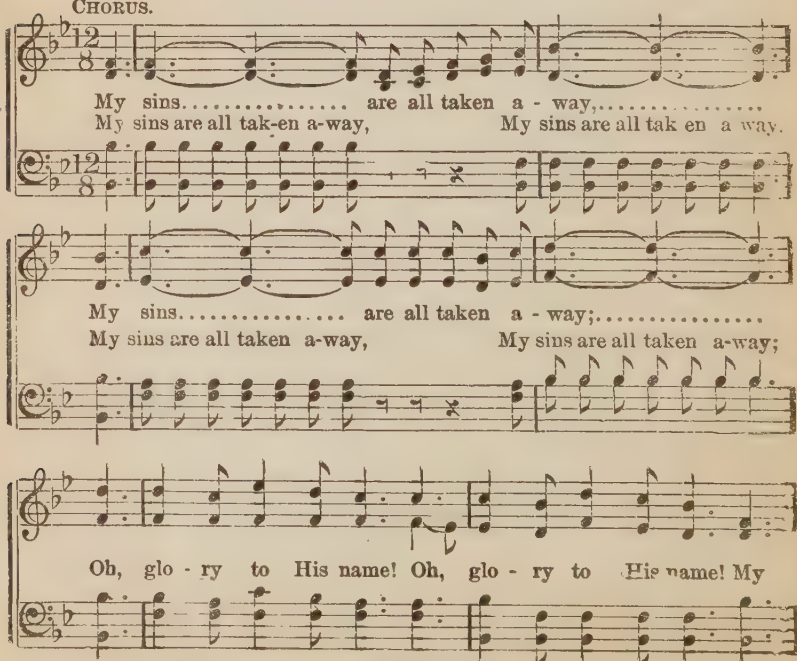
He'll Mention Them No More.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—Ezek. 17: 22.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. My soul sings glo-ry all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
3. But since He shows such grace to me, Let not His love for - got - ten be;
4. My soul sings glo-ry all the way To yon - der land of cloud less day.
With precious blood they're covered o'er, He'll men-tion them no more.
Since Je - sus in re - deem-ing love Brought mer-cy from a - bove.
Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ult-ant sing
And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise Him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.


My sins..... are all taken a - way,.....
My sins are all tak-en a-way, My sins are all tak en a way.
My sins..... are all taken a - way;.....
My sins are all taken a-way, My sins are all taken a-way;
Oh, glo - ry to His name! Oh, glo - ry to His name! My

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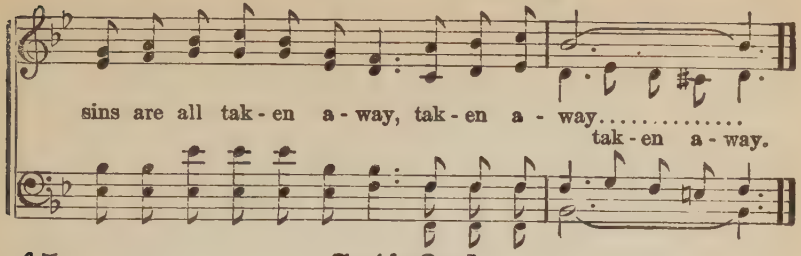
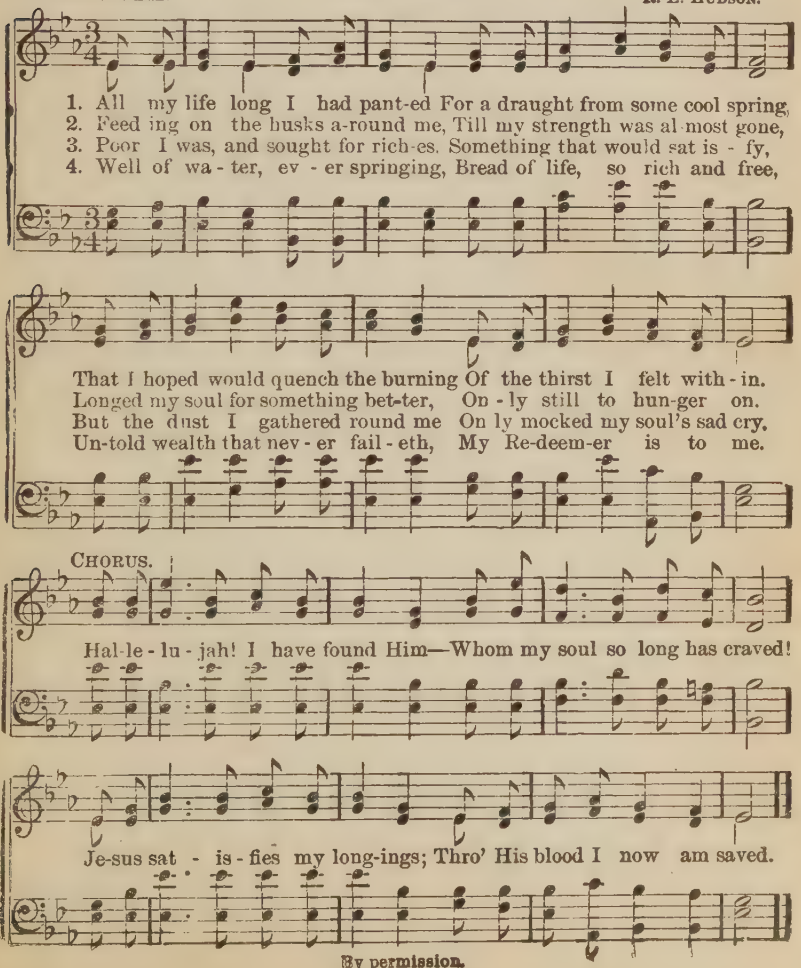
He'll Mention Them No More. Concluded.



45 Satisfied.

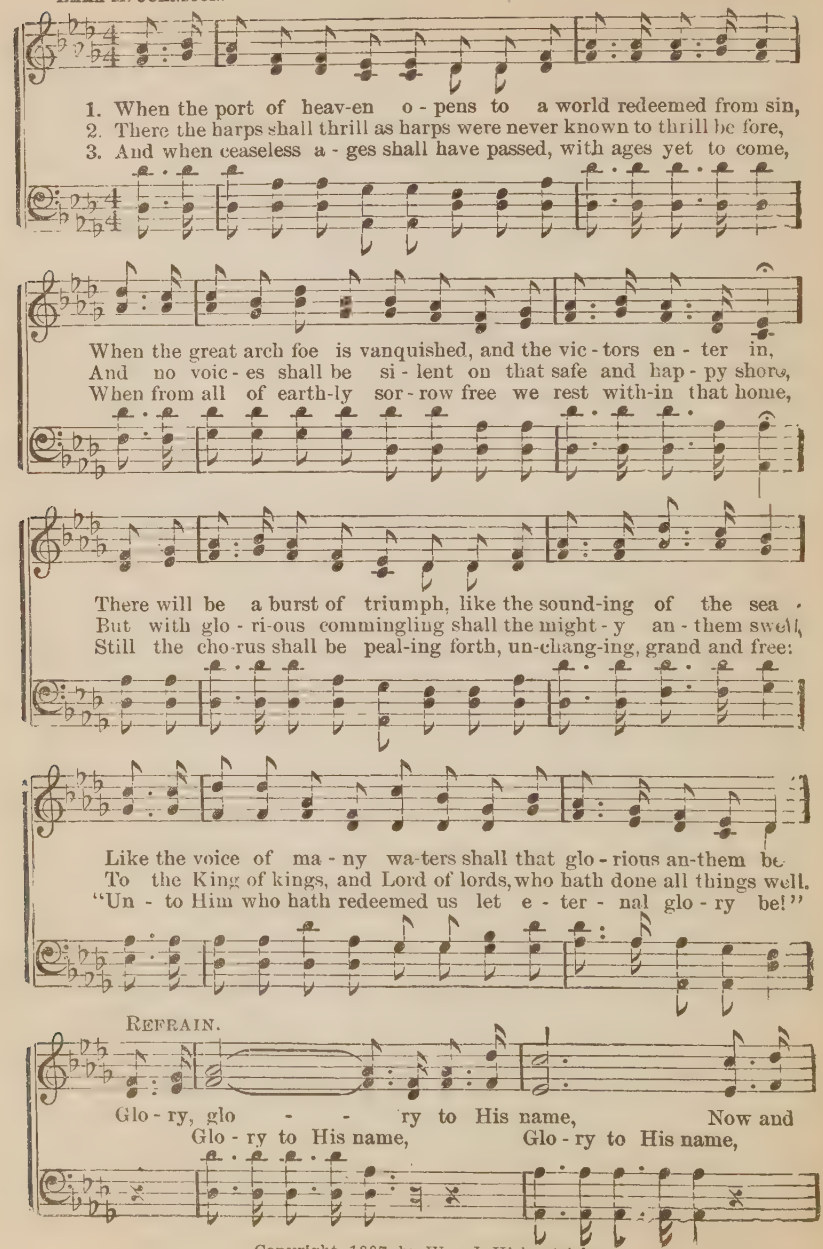
CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.


1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feed ing on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al most gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es. Something that would sat is - fy,
4. Well of wa - ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,
That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with - in.
Longed my soul for something bet-ter, On - ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
Un-told wealth that nev - er fail - eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.
CHORUS.
Hal-le - lu - jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has craved!
Je-sus sat - is - fies my long-ings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

By permission.

The Everlasting Song.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When the port of heav-en o - pens to a world redeemed from sin,
2. There the harps shall thrill as harps were never known to thrill be fore,
3. And when ceaseless a - ges shall have passed, with ages yet to come,
When the great arch foe is vanquished, and the vic - tors en - ter in,
And no voic - es shall be si - lent on that safe and hap - py shore,
When from all of earth-ly sor - row free we rest with-in that home,
There will be a burst of triumph, like the sound-ing of the sea
But with glo - ri-ous commingling shall the might - y an - them swell,
Still the cho-rus shall be peal-ing forth, un-chang-ing, grand and free:
Like the voice of ma - ny wa-ters shall that glo - rious an-them be
To the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who hath done all things well.
"Un - to Him who hath redeemed us let e - ter - nal glo - ry be!"
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry, glo - - - ry to His name, Now and
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name,

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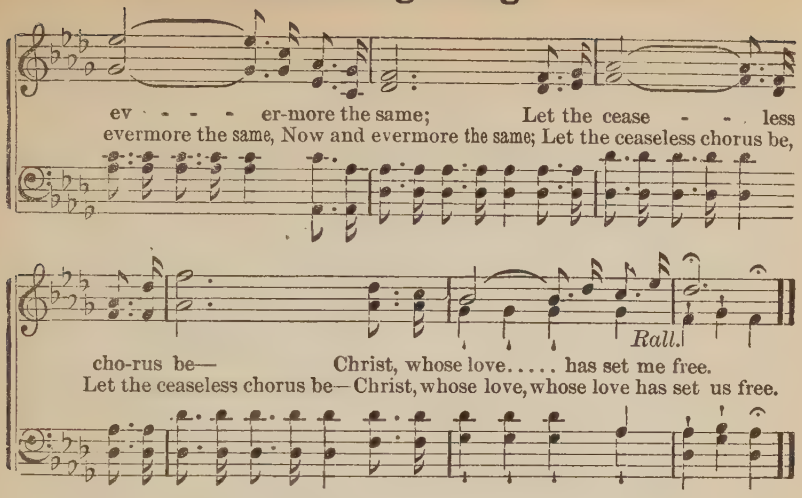
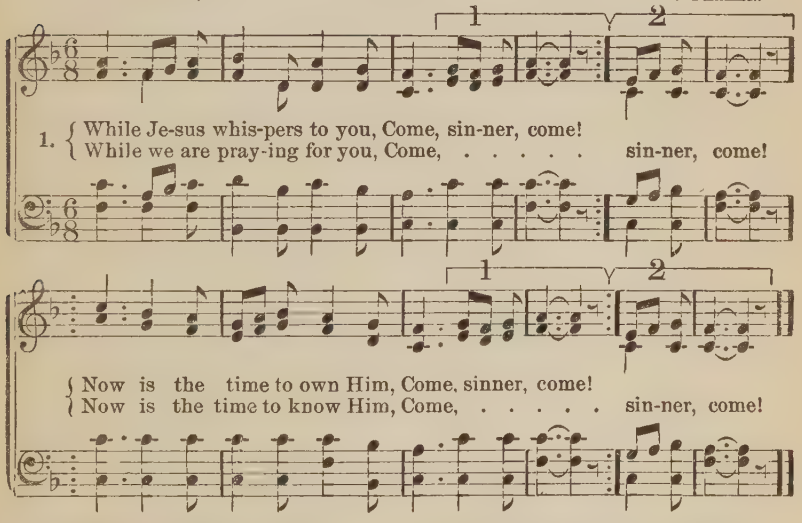
The Everlasting Song. Concluded.


ev - - - - er-more the same; Let the cease - - - less
evermore the same, Now and evermore the same; Let the ceaseless chorus be,
Rall.
cho-rus be— Christ, whose love..... has set me free.
Let the ceaseless chorus be—Christ, whose love, whose love has set us free.

47 While Jesus Whispers.

WILL. E. WITTER, H. R. PALMER.


1
2
1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, Come, ... sin-ner, come!
1
2
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, Come, ... sin-ner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come, and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

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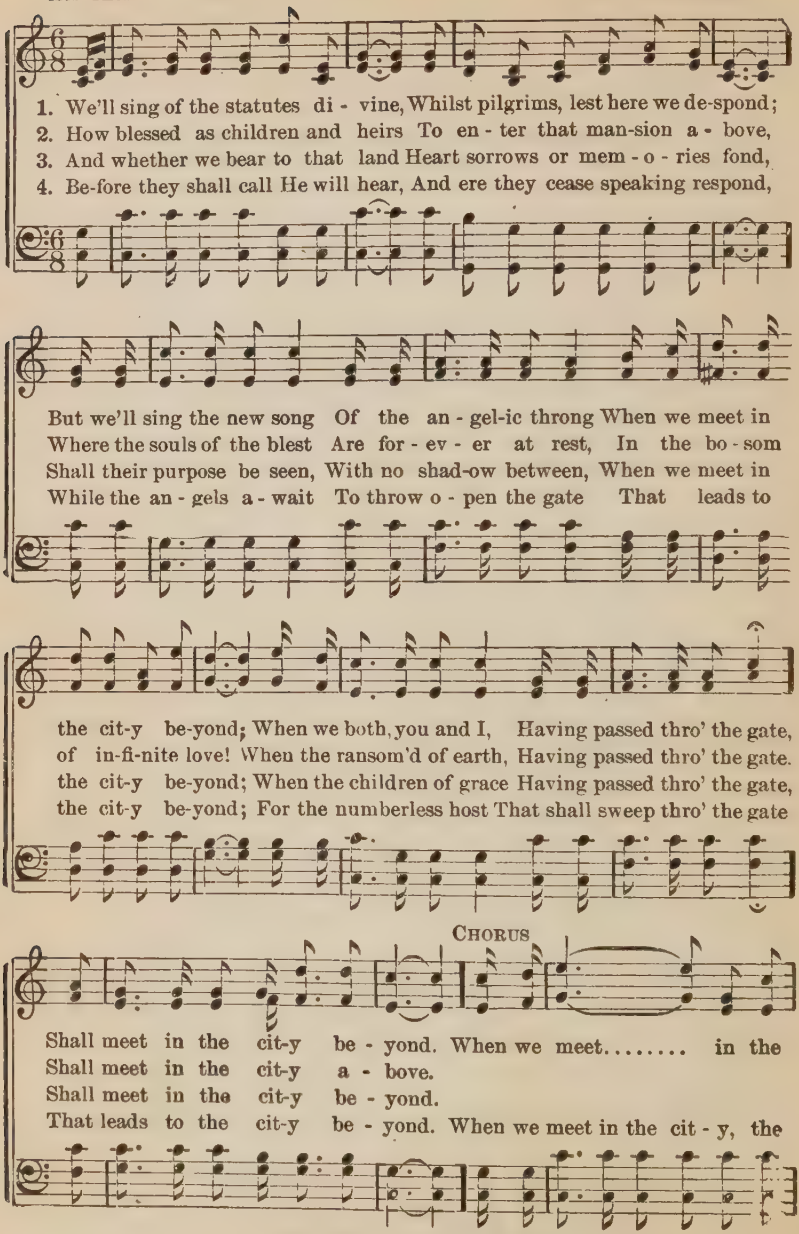
The City Beyond.

Mrs. Thos. May Peirce. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We'll sing of the statutes di - vine, Whilst pilgrims, lest here we de-spond;
2. How blessed as children and heirs To en - ter that man-sion a - bove,
3. And whether we bear to that land Heart sorrows or mem - o - ries fond,
4. Be-fore they shall call He will hear, And ere they cease speaking respond,
But we'll sing the new song Of the an - gel-ic throng When we meet in
Where the souls of the blest Are for - ev - er at rest, In the bo - som
Shall their purpose be seen, With no shad-ow between, When we meet in
While the an - gels a - wait To throw o - pen the gate That leads to
the cit-y be-yond; When we both, you and I, Having passed thro' the gate,
of in-fi-nite love! When the ransom'd of earth, Having passed thro' the gate.
the cit-y be-yond; When the children of grace Having passed thro' the gate,
the cit-y be-yond; For the numberless host That shall sweep thro' the gate
Chorus
Shall meet in the cit-y be - yond. When we meet..... in the
Shall meet in the cit-y a - bove.
Shall meet in the cit-y be - yond.
That leads to the cit-y be - yond. When we meet in the cit - y, the

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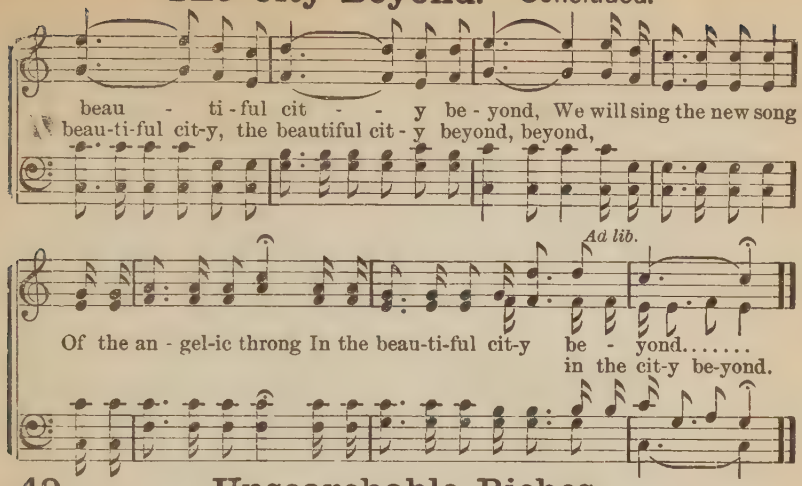
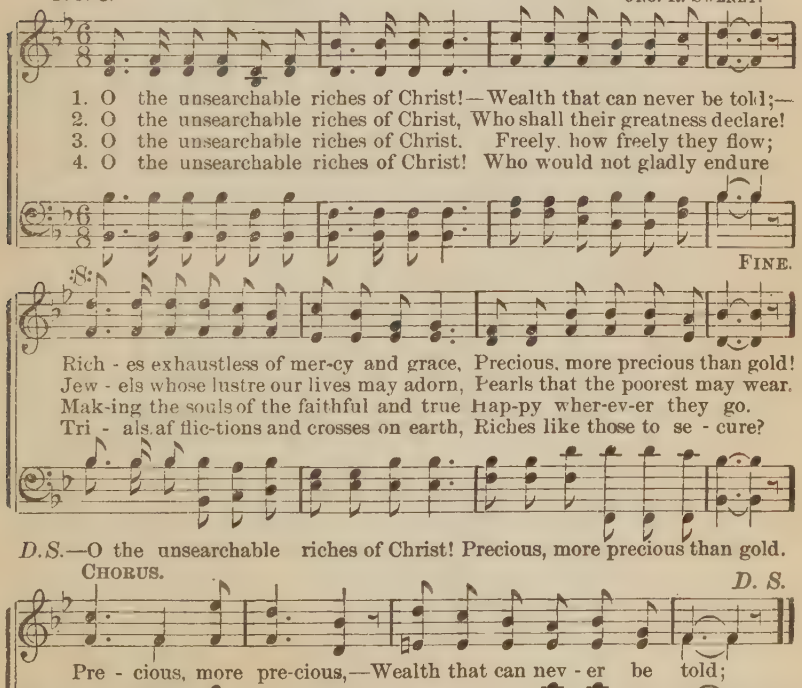
The City Beyond. Concluded.


beau - ti-ful cit - - y be - yond, We will sing the new song
beau-ti-ful cit-y, the beautiful cit - y beyond, beyond,
Ad lib.
Of the an - gel-ic throng In the beau-ti-ful cit-y be - yond.....
in the cit-y be-yond.

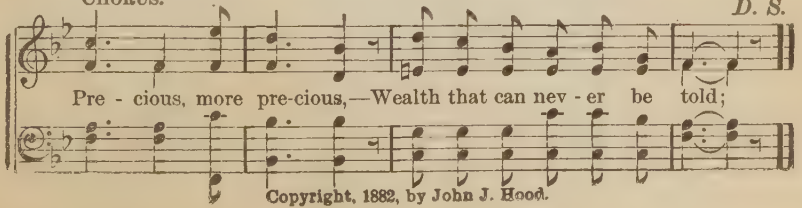
49 Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare!
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ. Freely how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would not gladly endure
FINE.
Rich - es exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jew - els whose lustre our lives may adorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faithful and true Hap-py wher-ev-er they go.
Tri - als af flic-tions and crosses on earth, Riches like those to se - cure?

D.S.—O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



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50 I Know, and I am Trusting.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. I know of a stream that floweth From the pierced and wounded side;
2. I know of a Friend all-pow'rful, That can touch and make me whole;
3. I know of a day that cometh, When I'll rest from toil and care;
It mat - ters not how full of sin, There is cleansing in the tide.
It mat - ters not how weak I am, He will cleanse and save my soul.
Tho' dark and drear the clouds may hang, 'Twill be sunshine o - ver there.
Chorus.
I know, and I am trust-ing In the prom - ise, full and free,
I know, and I am trust-ing In the prom - ise, full and free,
I know, and I am trust-ing In the prom - ise, full and free,
There is life in the stream that's flowing From precious Cal-va - ry.
Of a Friend that is true and lov-ing, Who died on Cal-va - ry.
Of a day that is sure-ly com-ing, When I Thy face shall see.

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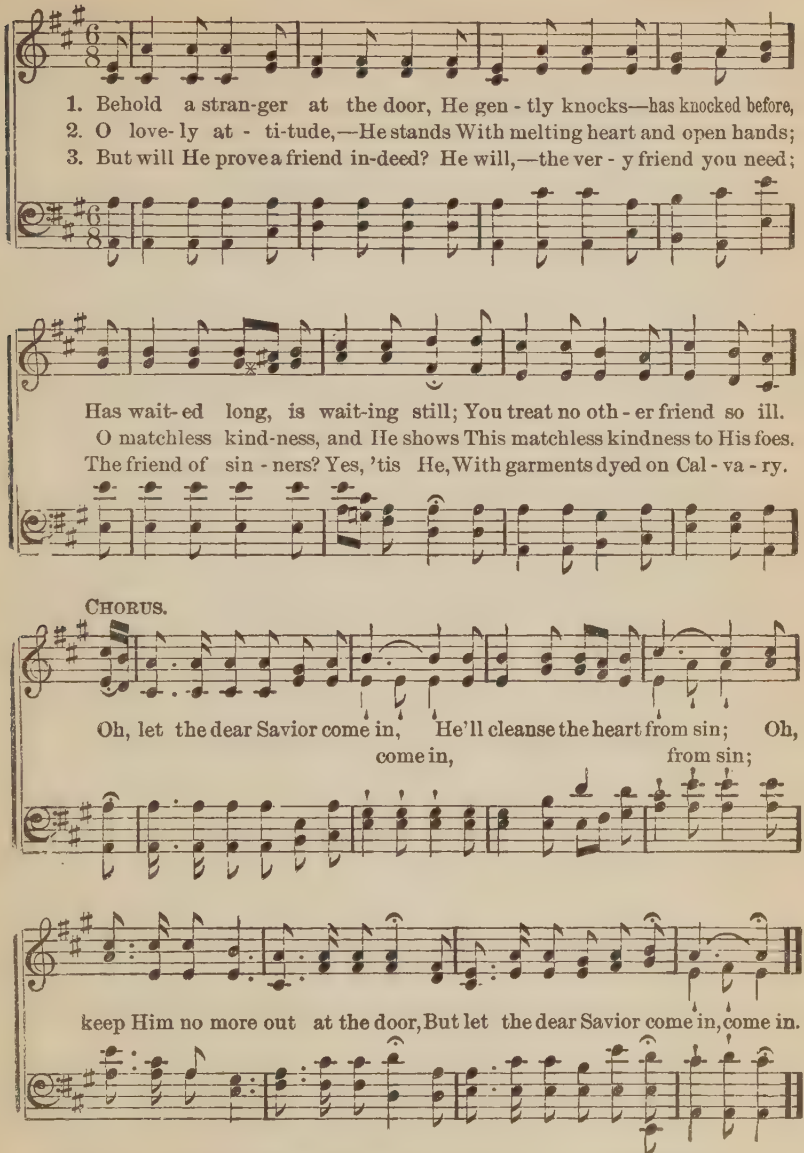
51 The Stranger at the Door.

Rev. 3: 20. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Behold a stran-ger at the door, He gen - tly knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love- ly at - ti-tude,—He stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will,—the ver - y friend you need;
Has wait- ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind-ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, come in, from sin;
keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in, come in.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

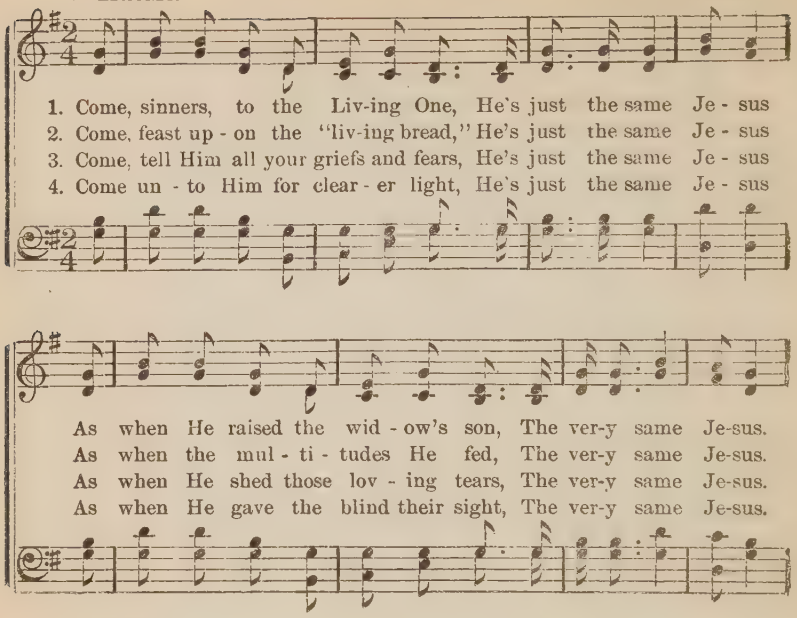
5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

By permission.

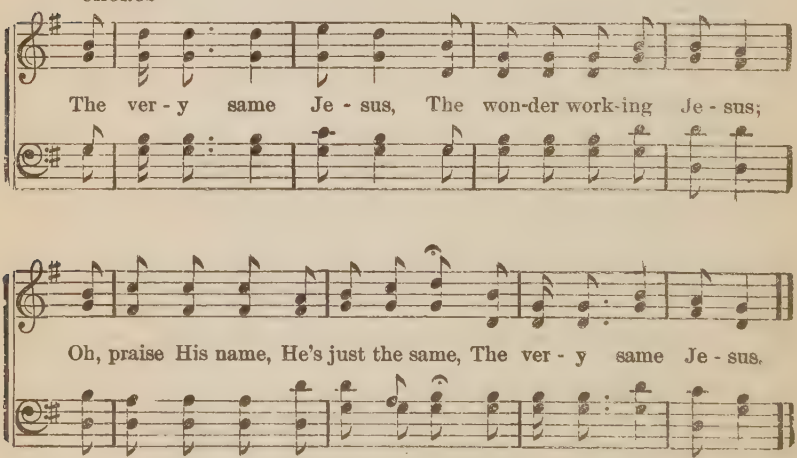
The Very Same Jesus.

"This same Jesus."—Acts 1: 2.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus
As when He raised the wid - ow's son, The ver-y same Je-sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver-y same Je-sus.
As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver-y same Je-sus.
As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver-y same Je-sus.

CHORUS



5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus

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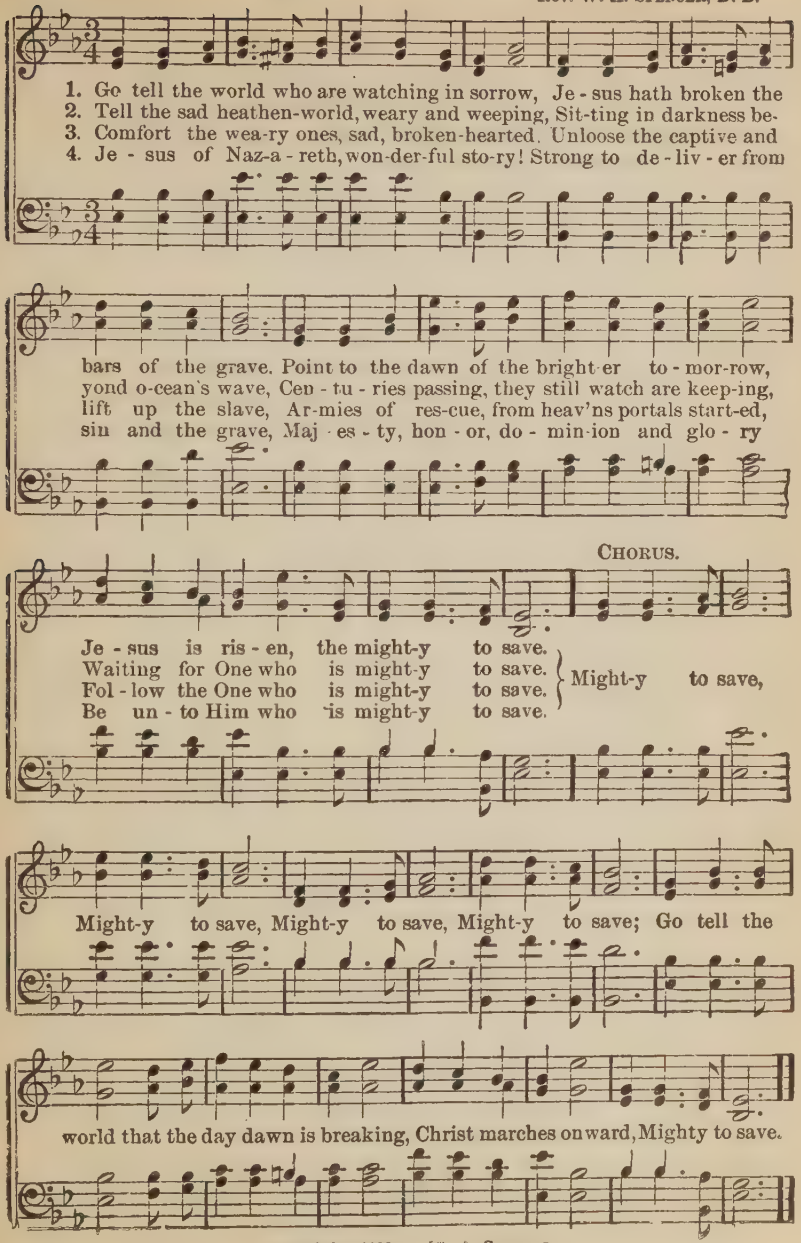
Mighty to Save.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.


1. Go tell the world who are watching in sorrow, Je - sus hath broken the
2. Tell the sad heathen-world, weary and weeping, Sit-ting in darkness be-
3. Comfort the wea-ry ones, sad, broken-hearted. Unloose the captive and
4. Je - sus of Naz-a - reth, won-der-ful sto-ry! Strong to de - liv - er from
bars of the grave. Point to the dawn of the bright-er to - mor-row,
yond o-cean's wave, Cen - tu - ries passing, they still watch are keep-ing,
lift up the slave, Ar-mies of res-cue, from heav'ns portals start-ed,
sin and the grave, Maj - es - ty, hon - or, do - min-ion and glo - ry
CHORUS.
Je - sus is ris - en, the might-y to save.
Waiting for One who is might-y to save.
Fol - low the One who is might-y to save.
Be un - to Him who is might-y to save.
Might-y to save,
Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save; Go tell the
world that the day dawn is breaking, Christ marches on ward, Mighty to save.

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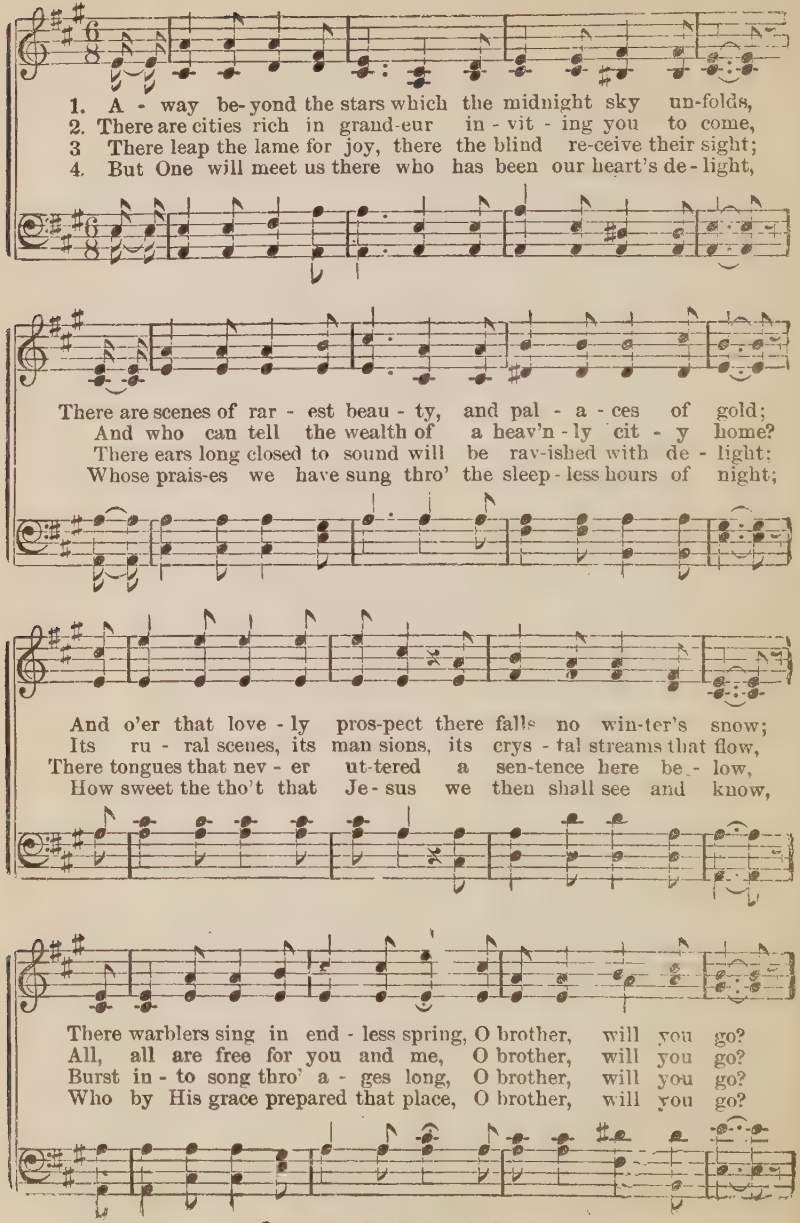
Brother, will You Go?

Wm. Woodward. Mrs. W. V. Baker.


1. A - way be-yond the stars which the midnight sky un-folds,
2. There are cities rich in grand-eur in - vit - ing you to come,
3 There leap the lame for joy, there the blind re-ceive their sight;
4. But One will meet us there who has been our heart's de - light,
There are scenes of rar - est beau - ty, and pal - a - ces of gold;
And who can tell the wealth of a heav'n - ly cit - y home?
There ears long closed to sound will be rav-ished with de - light:
Whose prais-es we have sung thro' the sleep - less hours of night;
And o'er that love - ly pros-pect there falls no win-ter's snow;
Its ru - ral scenes, its man sions, its crys - tal streams that flow,
There tongues that nev - er ut-tered a sen-tence here be - low,
How sweet the tho't that Je - sus we then shall see and know,
There warblers sing in end - less spring, O brother, will you go?
All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
Burst in - to song thro' a - ges long, O brother, will you go?
Who by His grace prepared that place, O brother, will you go?

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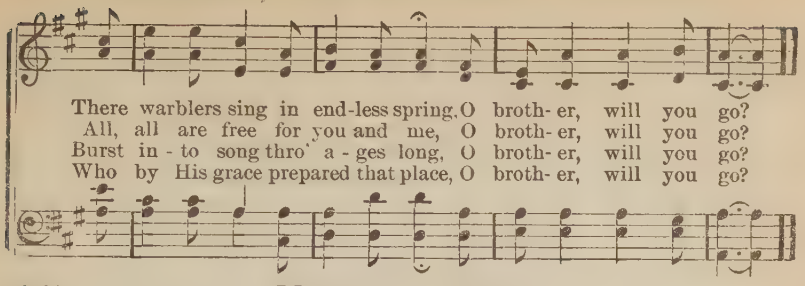
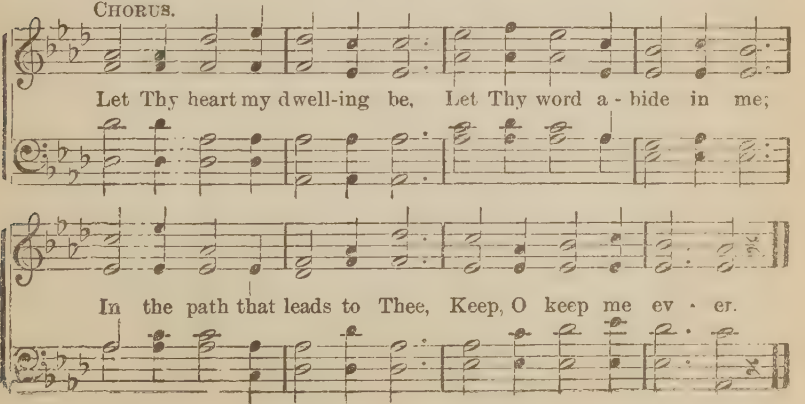

There warblers sing in end-less spring, O broth-er, will you go?
All, all are free for you and me, O broth-er, will you go?
Burst in-to song thro' a-ges long, O broth-er, will you go?
Who by His grace prepared that place, O broth-er, will you go?

55 Keep me Ever.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In Thy per-fect peace di-vine, Keep O keep me ev-er;
2. At my post of du-ty still Keep, O keep me ev-er;
3. 'Neath Thy all pro-tect-ing wings, Keep, O keep me ev-er;
4. Till my last ex-pir-ing breath, Keep, O keep me ev-er;
Where my faith will bright-est shine, Keep, O keep me ev-er.
Learn-ing there Thy right-eous will, Keep, O keep me ev-er.
By the soul re-fresh-ing springs, Keep, O keep me ev-er.
Thine in life, and Thine in death, Keep, O keep me ev-er.

CHORUS.



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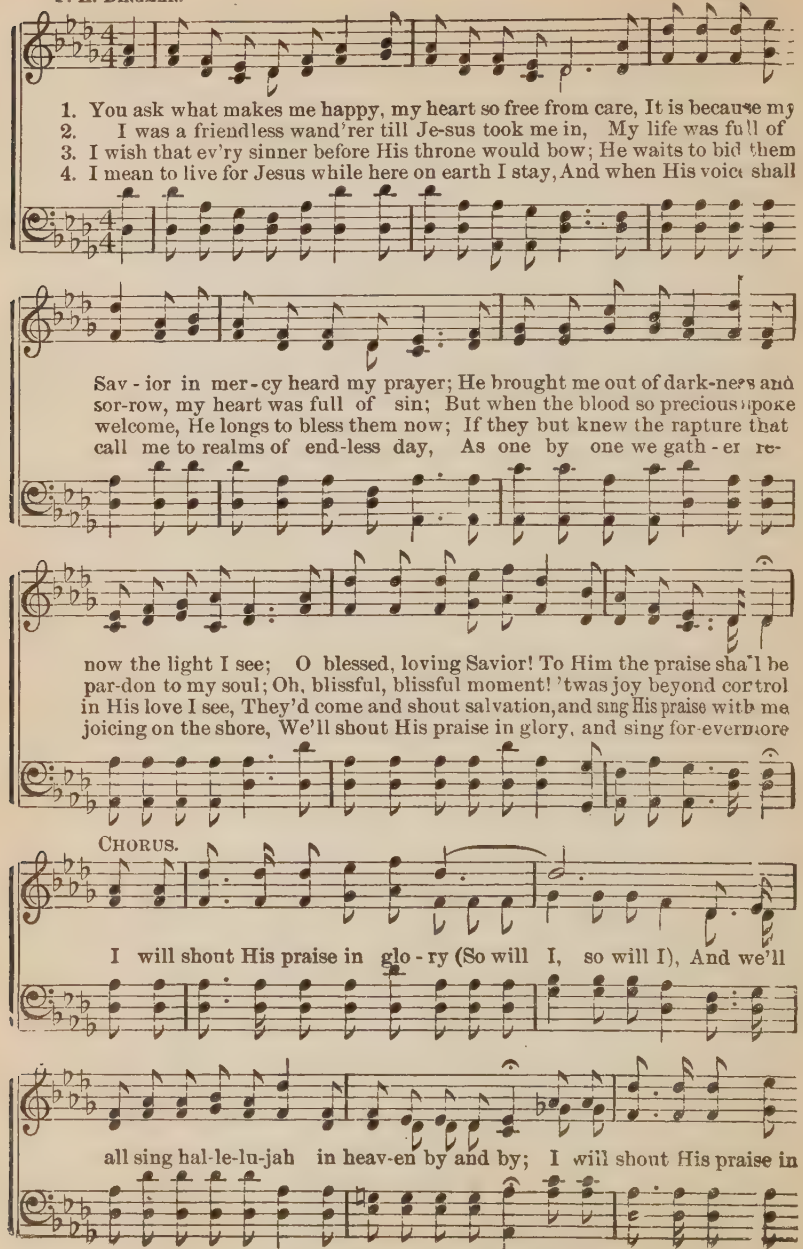
56 I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je-sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall
Sav - ior in mer - cy heard my prayer; He brought me out of dark-ness and
sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath - er re-
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Savior! To Him the praise shall be
par-don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me
joicing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for-evermore
CHORUS.
I will shout His praise in glo - ry (So will I, so will I), And we'll
all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

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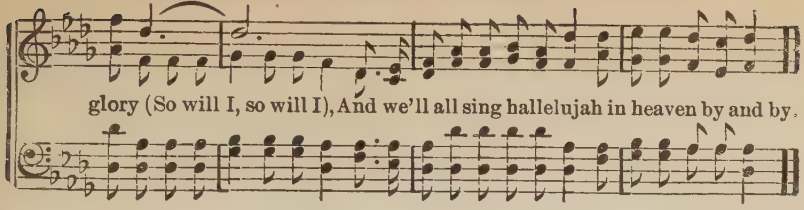
I will Shout His Praise. Concluded.



57 Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly.

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge."—Ps. 57: 1.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. "Let me to Thy bo-som fly," Weak and wounded, like the bird;
2. "Let me to Thy bo-som fly," Storm-y waves a-round me roll;
3. "Let me to Thy bo-som fly," Hal-le-lu-jah! then I'll sing;
Hear, oh, hear my earn-est cry; Let Thy pit-y be con-ferred.
Surg-es beat-ing mountain high, Threaten to en-gulf my soul.
Thro' the blue arch of the sky, Anthems loud and clear shall ring.
CHORUS. p
"Let me to Thy bo-som fly;" Let my lips re-peat the cry;
Cres.
Rit.
"While the tem-pest still is high, Let me to Thy bo-som fly."

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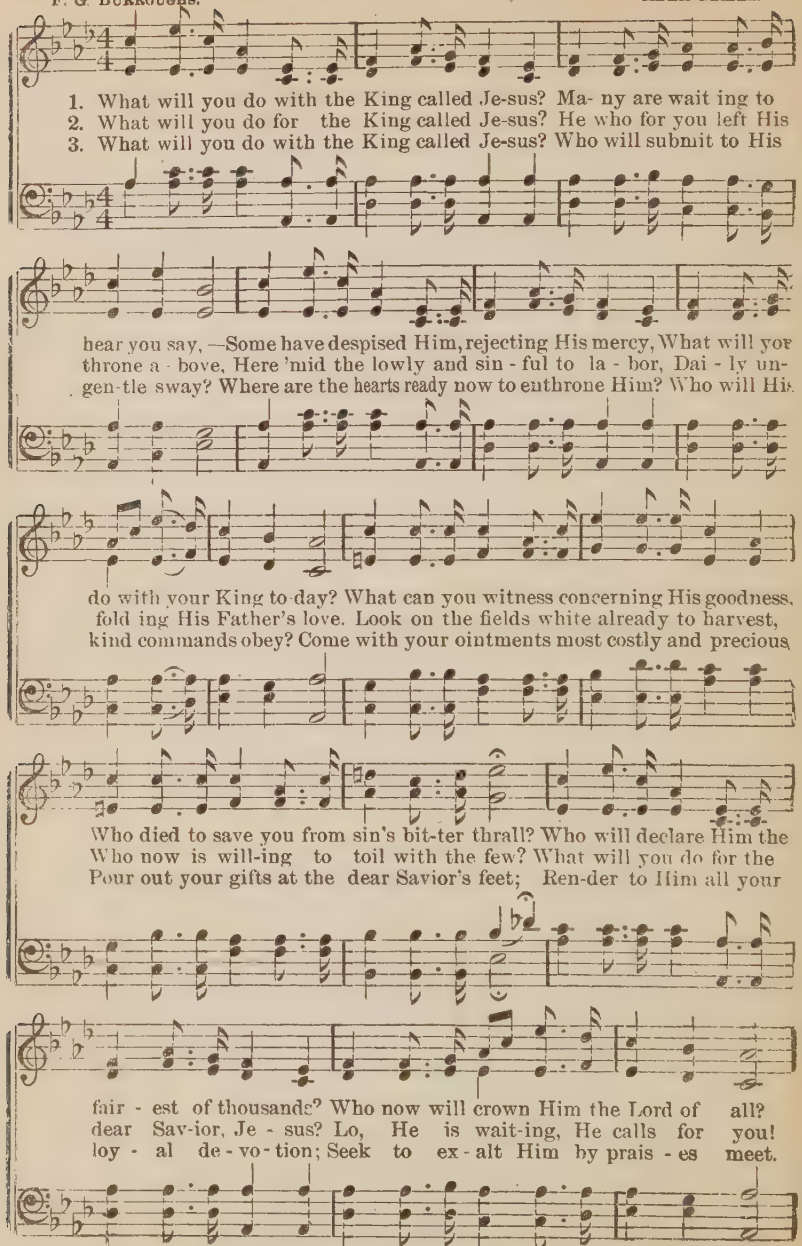
What will You Do?

F. G. BURROUGHS. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. What will you do with the King called Je-sus? Ma- ny are wait ing to
2. What will you do for the King called Je-sus? He who for you left His
3. What will you do with the King called Je-sus? Who will submit to His
hear you say, —Some have despised Him, rejecting His mercy, What will you
throne a - bove, Here 'mid the lowly and sin - ful to la - bor, Dai - ly un-
gen-tle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone Him? Who will His
do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning His goodness,
fold ing His Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,
Who died to save you from sin's bit-ter thrall? Who will declare Him the
Who now is will-ing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out your gifts at the dear Savior's feet; Ren-der to Him all your
fair - est of thousands? Who now will crown Him the Lord of all?
dear Sav-ior, Je - sus? Lo, He is wait-ing, He calls for you!
loy - al de - vo - tion; Seek to ex - alt Him by prais - es meet.

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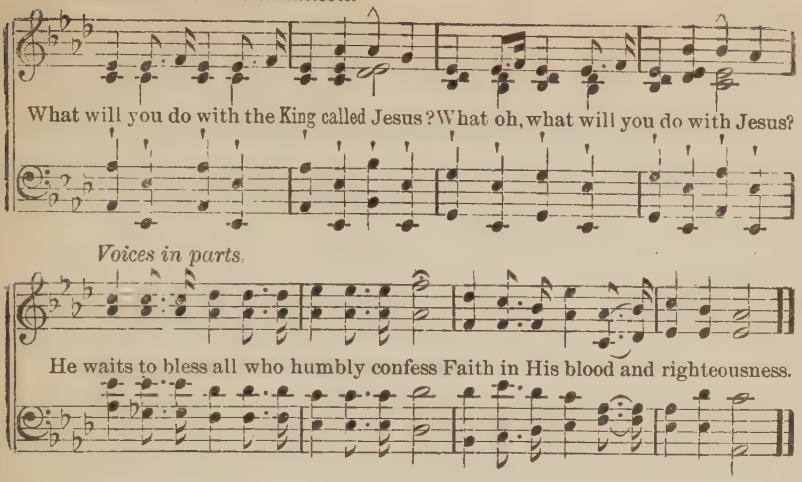
What will You Do? Concluded

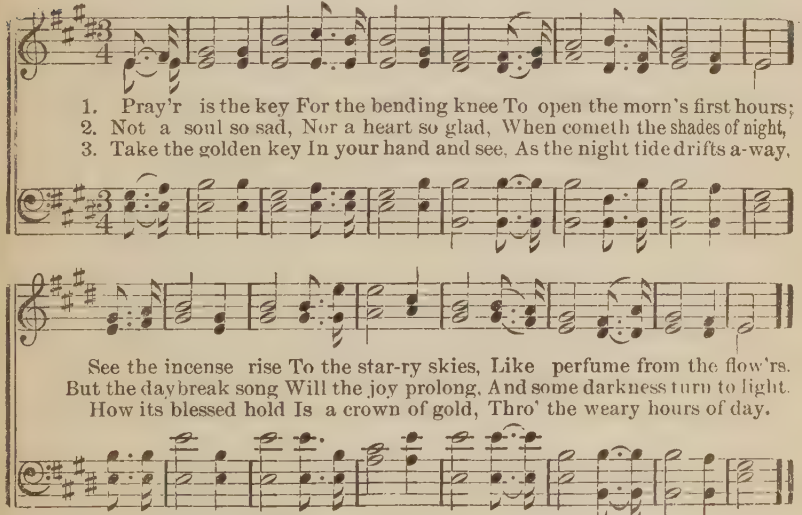
CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*


What will you do with the King called Jesus? What oh, what will you do with Jesus?
Voices in parts.
He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in His blood and righteousness.

59 The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Pray'r is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts a-way,
See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye

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Trusting, O What Peace!

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A sail-or o'er the trackless deep, I'm trusting in the Lord; My
2. A pil-grim o-ver paths unknown, I'm trusting in the Lord; Led
3. A sin-ner saved by grace Di-vine, I'm trusting in the Lord; E-
Cap-tain will His ves-sel keep, I'm trust-ing in the Lord, What-
by His guid-ing hand a-lone, I'm trust-ing in the Lord, His
ter-nal prom-is-es are mine, I'm trusting in the Lord. Here
ev-er seas I sail, How-ev-er fierce the gale, I know His might-y
pres-ence is the light That makes the day more bright, He gives the hap-py
let my soul a-bide, Be-neath the crim-son tide, Till wak-ing in His
Chorus.
love for me Will nev-er fail.
melodies, That cheer the night. Trusting, I am trusting, Oh, what peace, sweet peace;
likeness there, I'm sat-is-fied.
Trust-ing, I am trusting till life's moments cease, And when His face I see,

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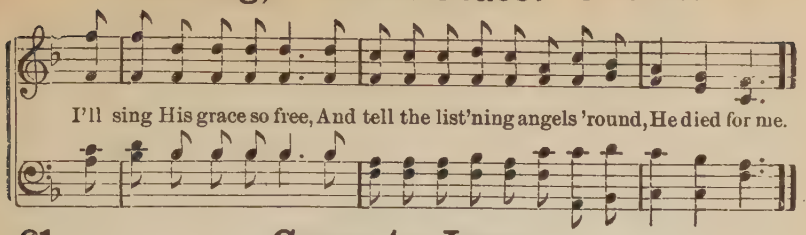
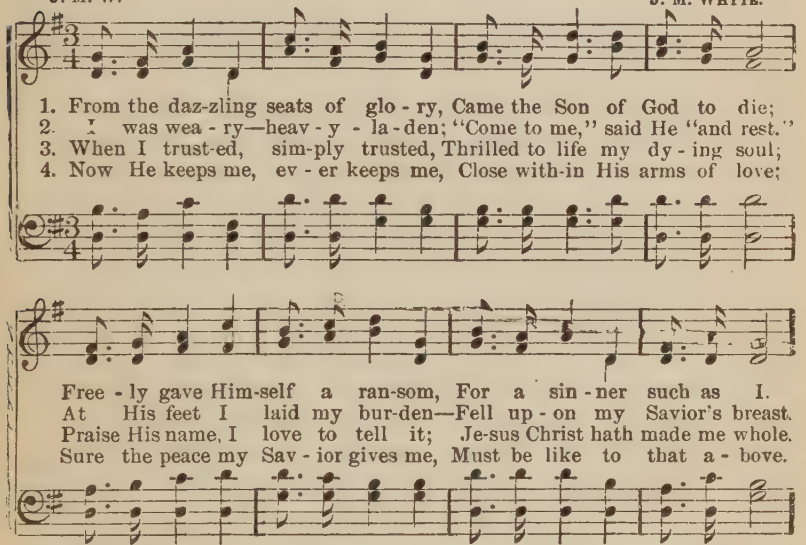
Trusting, O What Peace! Concluded.

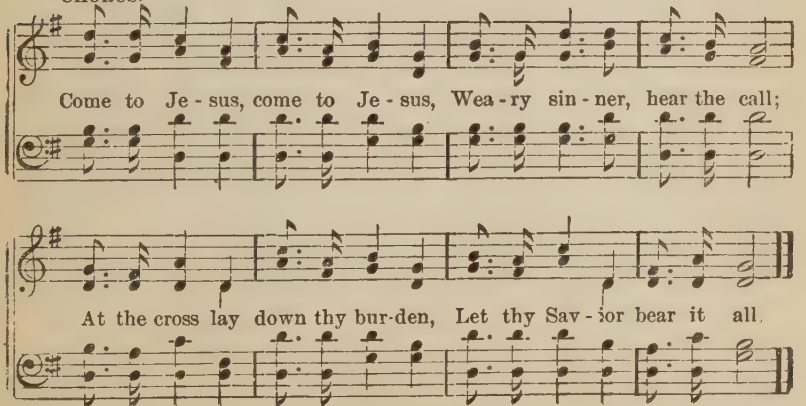


61 Come to Jesus.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. From the daz-zling seats of glo - ry, Came the Son of God to die;
2. I was wea - ry—heav - y - la - den; "Come to me," said He "and rest."
3. When I trust-ed, sim-ply trusted, Thrilled to life my dy - ing soul;
4. Now He keeps me, ev - er keeps me, Close with-in His arms of love;
Free - ly gave Him-self a ran-som, For a sin - ner such as I.
At His feet I laid my bur-den—Fell up - on my Savior's breast.
Praise His name, I love to tell it; Je-sus Christ hath made me whole.
Sure the peace my Sav - ior gives me, Must be like to that a - bove.

CHORUS.



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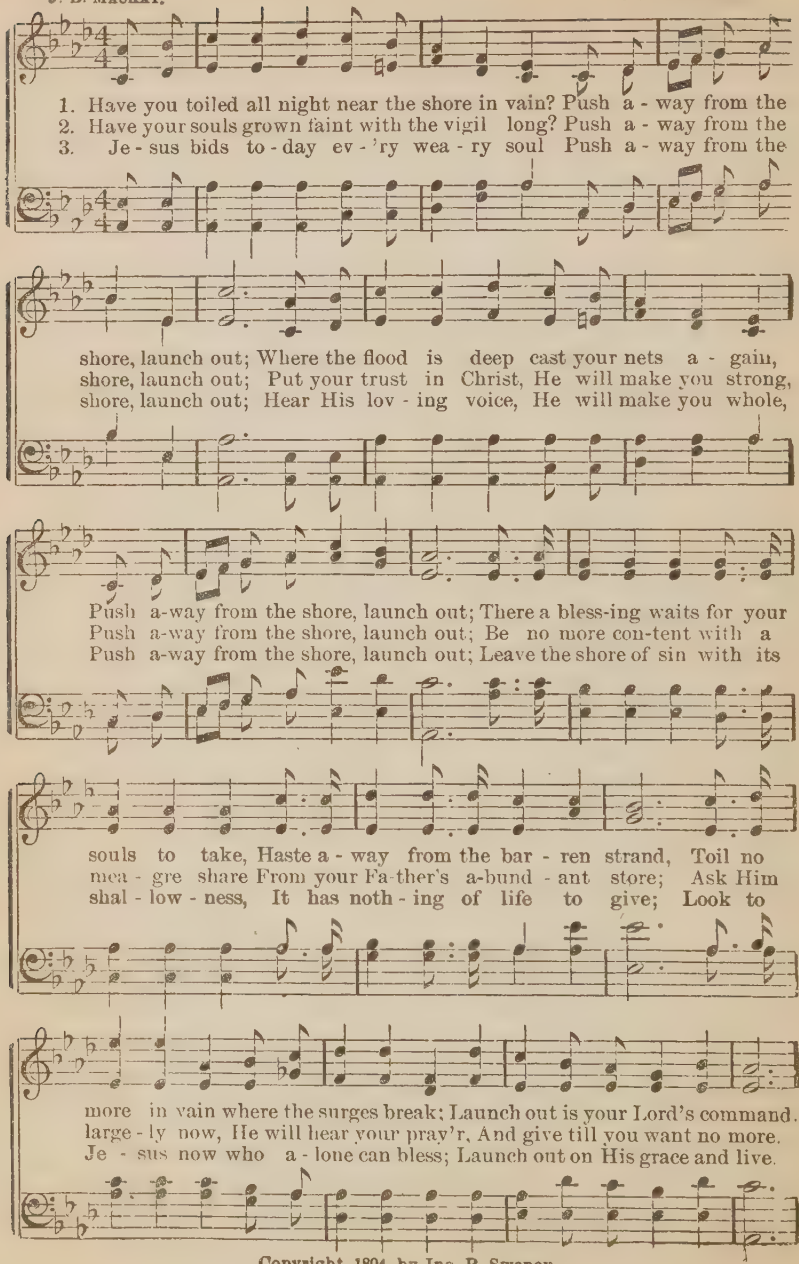
Launch Out.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Have you toiled all night near the shore in vain? Push a - way from the
2. Have your souls grown faint with the vigil long? Push a - way from the
3. Je - sus bids to - day ev - 'ry wea - ry soul Push a - way from the
shore, launch out; Where the flood is deep cast your nets a - gain,
shore, launch out; Put your trust in Christ, He will make you strong,
shore, launch out; Hear His lov - ing voice, He will make you whole,
Push a-way from the shore, launch out; There a bless-ing waits for your
Push a-way from the shore, launch out; Be no more con-tent with a
Push a-way from the shore, launch out; Leave the shore of sin with its
souls to take, Haste a - way from the bar - ren strand, Toil no
mea - gre share From your Fa-ther's a-bund - ant store; Ask Him
shal - low - ness, It has noth - ing of life to give; Look to
more in vain where the surges break; Launch out is your Lord's command.
large - ly now, He will hear your pray'r, And give till you want no more.
Je - sus now who a - lone can bless; Launch out on His grace and live.

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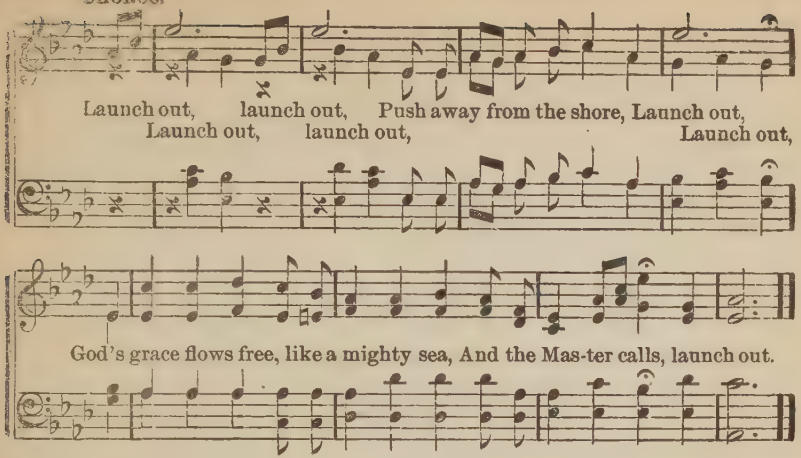
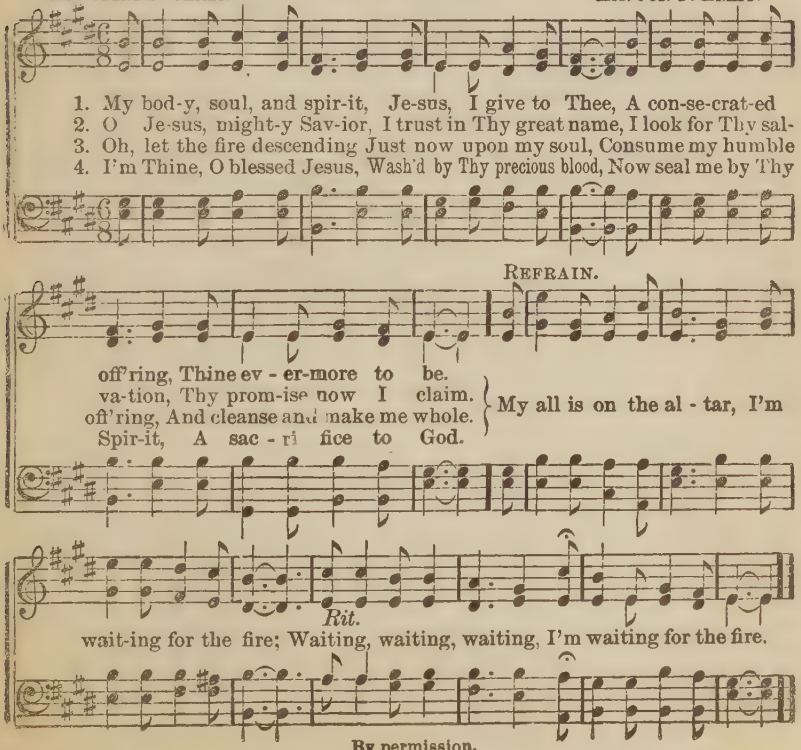
Launch Out. Concluded.

CHORUS.


Launch out, launch out, Push away from the shore, Launch out,
Launch out, launch out, Launch out,
God's grace flows free, like a mighty sea, And the Mas-ter calls, launch out.

63 Consecration.

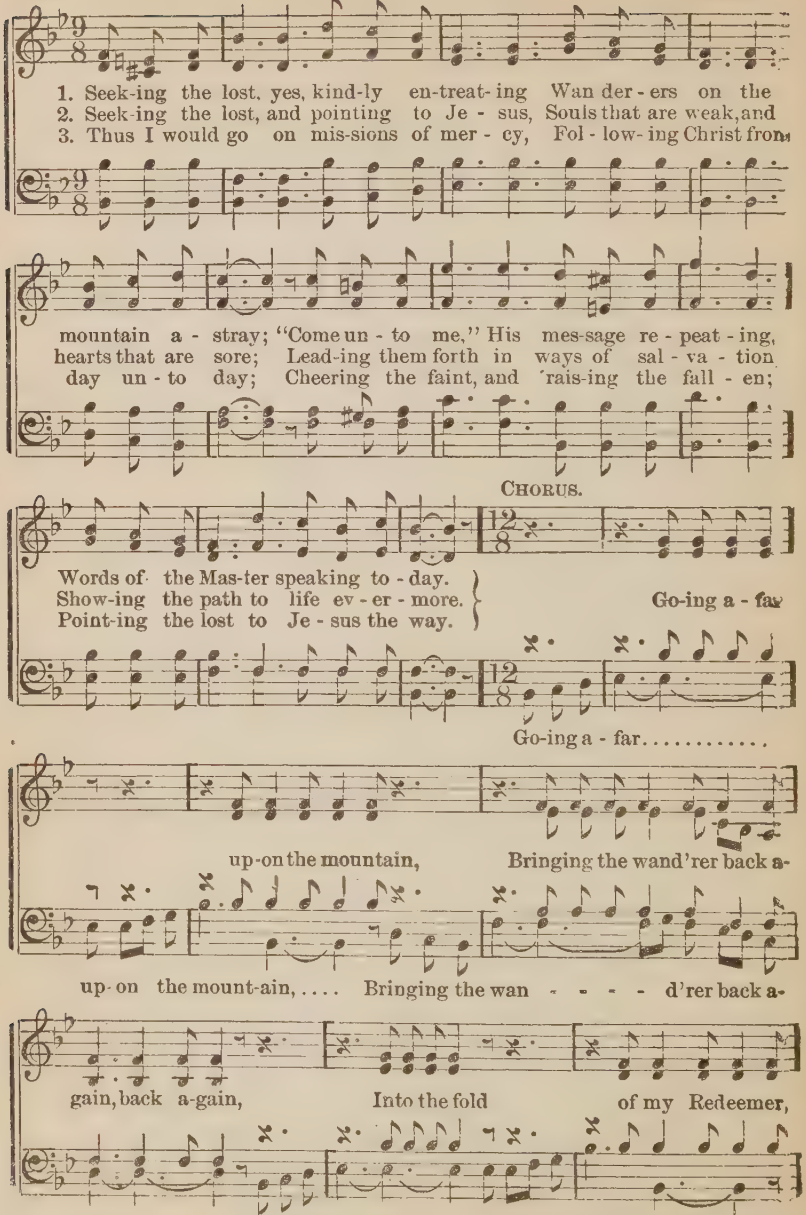
Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. My bod-y, soul, and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-crat-ed
2. O Je-sus, might-y Sav-ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy
REFRAIN.
off'ring, Thine ev - er-more to be.
va-tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir-it, A sac - ri fice to God.
My all is on the al - tar, I'm
Rit.
wait-ing for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

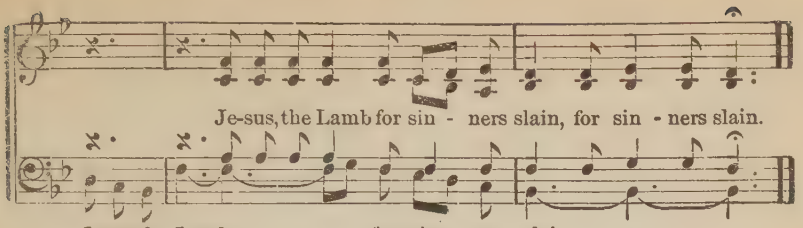
By permission.

Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

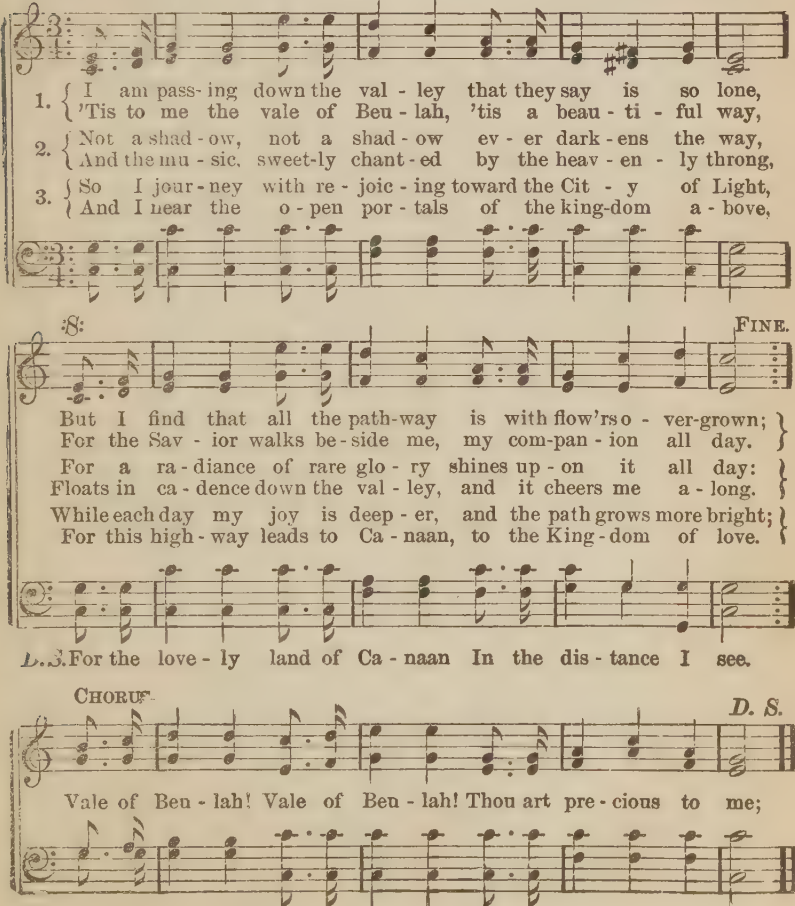

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan der-ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low-ing Christ from
mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re - peat - ing,
hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion
day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en;
Chorus.
Words of the Mas-ter speaking to - day.
Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
Point-ing the lost to Je - sus the way.
Go-ing a - far
Go-ing a - far.....
up-on the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back a-
up-on the mount-ain,.... Bringing the wan - - - - d'rer back a-
gain, back a-gain, Into the fold of my Redeemer,
gain..... Into the fold..... of my Re-deem - er....

By permission.



65 Vale of Beulah.

E. A. HOFFMAN. JOSEPH GARRISON.


1. I am pass-ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beu - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
2. Not a shad - ow, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
And the mu - sic, sweet-ly chant - ed by the heav - en - ly throng,
3. So I jour - ney with re - joic - ing toward the Cit - y of Light,
And I near the o - pen por - tals of the king-dom a - bove,
:S:
FINE.
But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o - ver-grown;
For the Sav - ior walks be - side me, my com-pan - ion all day.
For a ra - diance of rare glo - ry shines up - on it all day:
Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long.
While each day my joy is deep - er, and the path grows more bright;
For this high - way leads to Ca - naan, to the King - dom of love.
D. S. For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Vale of Ben - lah! Vale of Ben - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;

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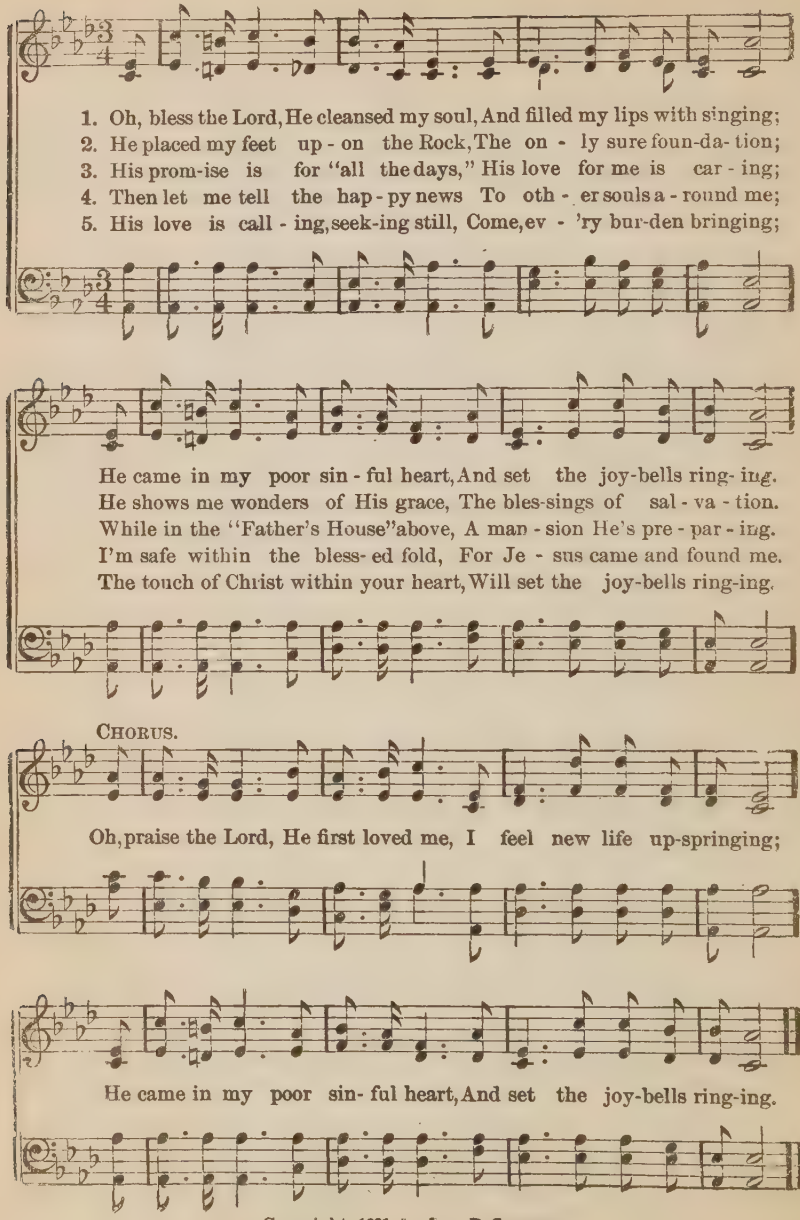
He Set the Joy-Bells Ringing.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, He cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foun-da- tion;
3. His prom-ise is for "all the days," His love for me is car - ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap - py news To oth - er souls a - round me;
5. His love is call - ing, seek-ing still, Come, ev - 'ry bur-den bringing;
He came in my poor sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ring- ing.
He shows me wonders of His grace, The bles-sings of sal - va - tion.
While in the "Father's House" above, A man - sion He's pre - par - ing.
I'm safe within the bless- ed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
The touch of Christ within your heart, Will set the joy-bells ring-ing.
Chorus.
Oh, praise the Lord, He first loved me, I feel new life up-springing;
He came in my poor sin- ful heart, And set the joy-bells ring-ing.

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67 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

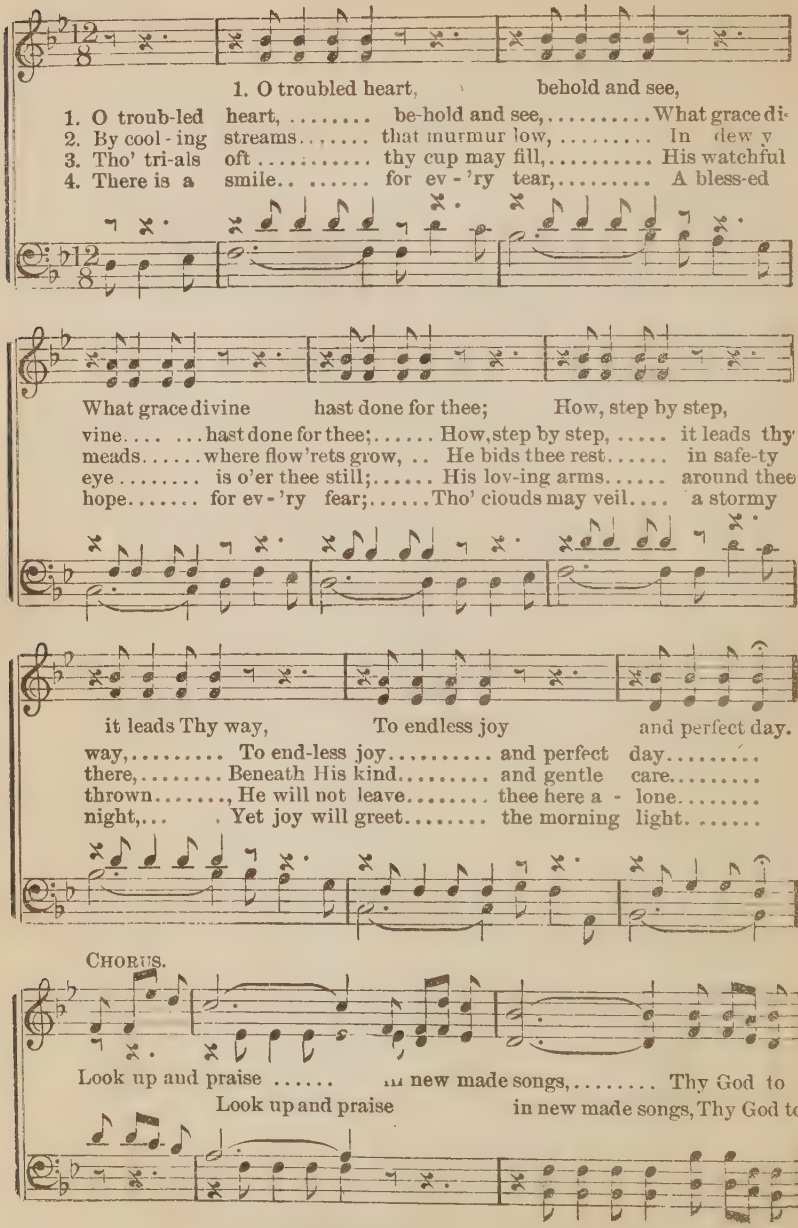
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's
sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun-da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won-der-ful gift from a - bove, (a-bove,)
Oh, won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Copyright, 1887, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Thy Dearest Friend.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. O troubled heart, behold and see,
1. O troub-led heart, ... be-hold and see, ... What grace di-
2. By cool-ing streams ..... that murmur low, ... In dew y
3. Tho' tri-als oft ..... thy cup may fill, ... His watchful
4. There is a smile .. .. for ev-'ry tear, ... A bless-ed
What grace divine hast done for thee; How, step by step,
vine ....hast done for thee; ..... How, step by step, ... it leads thy
meads ..... where flow'rets grow, .. He bids thee rest ..... in safe-ty
eye ..... is o'er thee still; ..... His lov-ing arms ..... around thee
hope ..... for ev-'ry fear; ..... Tho' clouds may veil .... a stormy
it leads Thy way, To endless joy and perfect day.
way, ... To end-less joy ..... and perfect day .....
there, ... Beneath His kind ..... and gentle care .....
thrown ....., He will not leave ..... thee here a - lone .....
night, ... Yet joy will greet ..... the morning light .....
CHORUS.
Look up and praise ..... in new made songs, ... Thy God to
Look up and praise in new made songs, Thy God to

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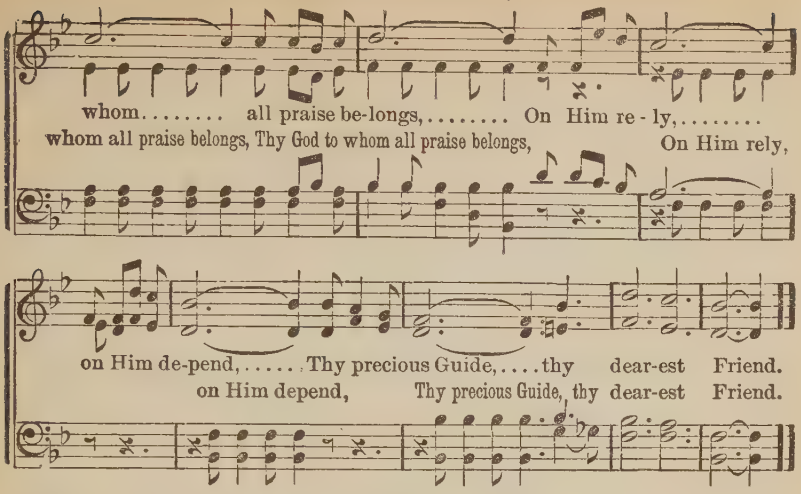
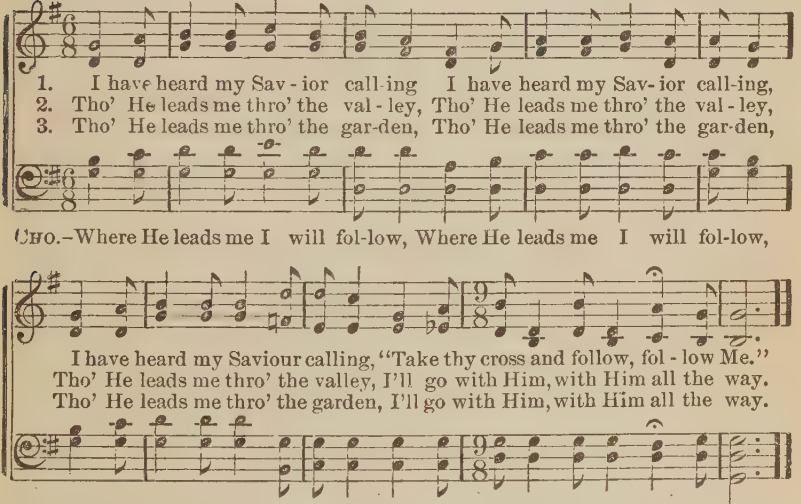

whom..... all praise be-longs,..... On Him re-ly,.....
whom all praise belongs, Thy God to whom all praise belongs, On Him rely,
on Him de-pend,..... Thy precious Guide,.... thy dear-est Friend.
on Him depend, Thy precious Guide, thy dear-est Friend.

69 Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS. ARR. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' He leads me thro' the gar-den, Tho' He leads me thro' the gar-den,
CHO.–Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low Me."
Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He leads through fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

7 ‖: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

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I'm Going Now to Jesus.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. I'm go-ing now to Je-sus, I've heard His gracious call; I'll go, tho' faint and
2. I'm go-ing now to Je-sus, No more will slight His grace; I'll go, and with true
3. I'm go-ing now to Je-sus, I can-not long-er wait; I'll go and seek His
CHORUS.
wea-ry, And at His feet I'll fall. I'm glad..... that He has
sor-row, Will seek His lov-ing face.
mer-cy, For soon 'twill be too late. I'm glad that He has bid me, yes, I'm
bid..... me Come un-----to Him and
glad that He has bid me Come un-to Him and rest, Come
rest;..... I know ..... He will re-ceive....
un-to Him and rest; I know He will receive me, Yes, I know He will re-
me tru-ly blest.....
me, And make..... me tru-ly blest, and make me blest.
ceive me, And He will make me tru-ly blest, and He will make me blest.

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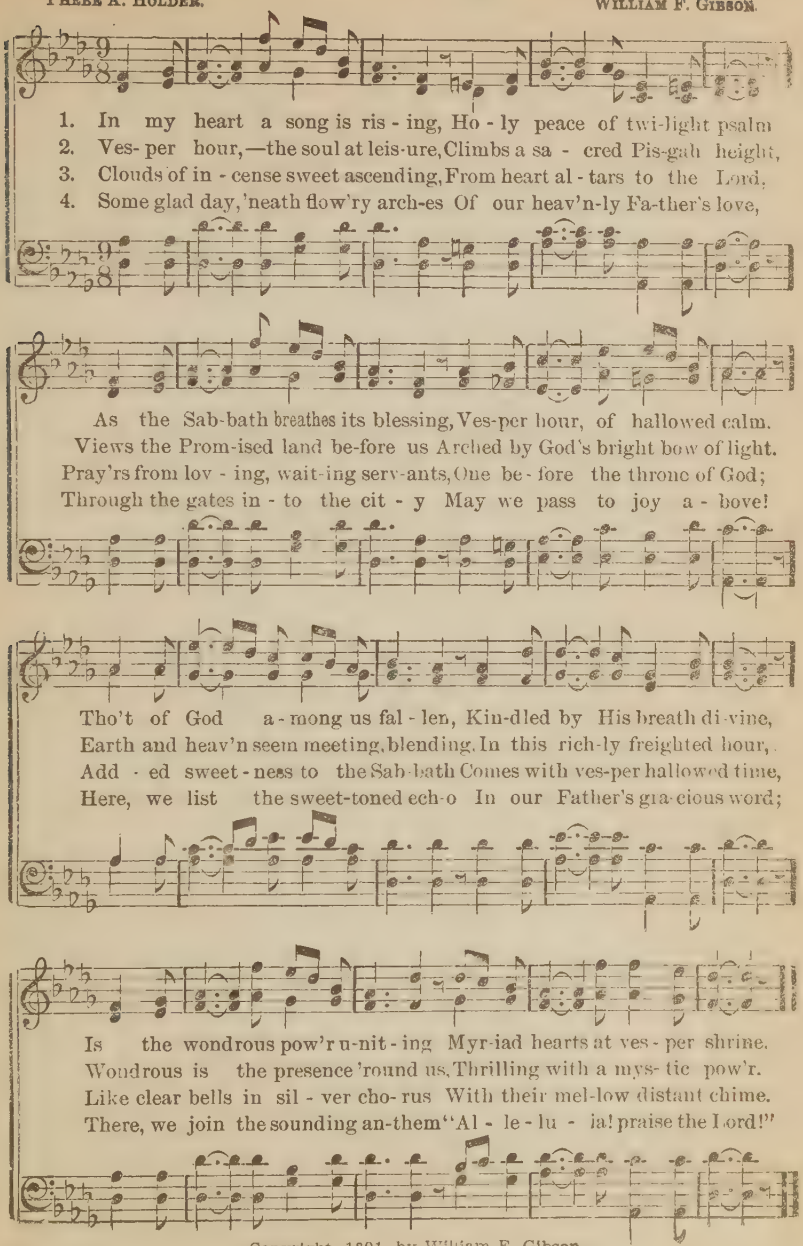
The Sabbath Vesper Hour.

PHEBE A. HOLDER. WILLIAM F. GIBSON.


1. In my heart a song is ris - ing, Ho - ly peace of twi-light psalm
2. Ves- per hour,—the soul at leis-ure, Climbs a sa - cred Pis-gah height,
3. Clouds of in - cense sweet ascending, From heart al - tars to the Lord,
4. Some glad day, 'neath flow'ry arch-es Of our heav'n-ly Fa-ther's love,
As the Sab-bath breathes its blessing, Ves-per hour, of hallowed calm.
Views the Prom-ised land be-fore us Arched by God's bright bow of light.
Pray'rs from lov - ing, wait-ing serv-ants, One be - fore the throne of God;
Through the gates in - to the cit - y May we pass to joy a - bove!
Tho't of God a - mong us fal - len, Kin-dled by His breath di-vine,
Earth and heav'n seem meeting, blending. In this rich-ly freighted hour,
Add - ed sweet - ness to the Sab-bath Comes with ves-per hallowed time,
Here, we list the sweet-toned ech-o In our Father's gra-cious word;
Is the wondrous pow'r u-nit - ing Myr-iad hearts at ves - per shrine.
Wondrous is the presence 'round us, Thrilling with a mys- tic pow'r.
Like clear bells in sil - ver cho- rus With their mel-low distant chime.
There, we join the sounding an-them "Al - le - lu - ia! praise the Lord!"

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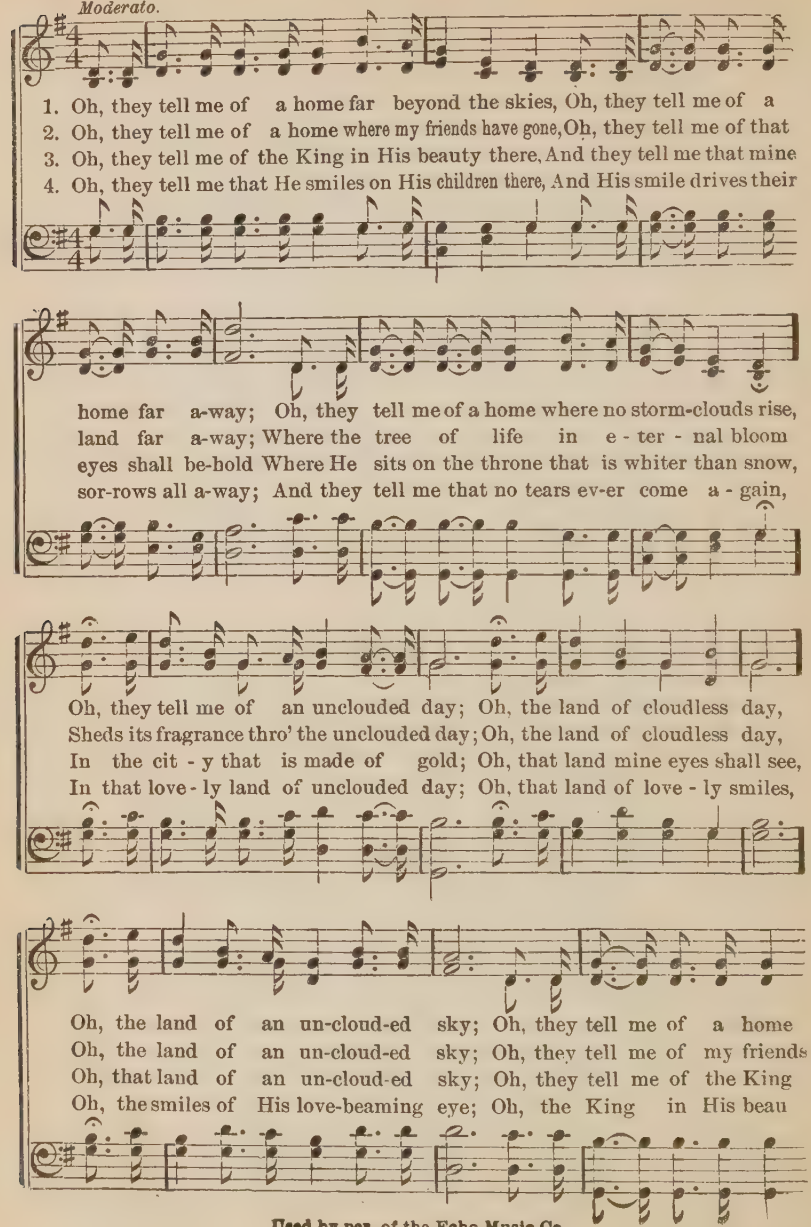
The Unclouded Day.

Rev. J. K. Alwood. (*May be used as a solo.*) J. F. Kinsey.

Moderato.


1. Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a home far a-way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beauty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a - gain,
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love - ly land of unclouded day; Oh, that land of love - ly smiles,
Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of a home
Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of my friends
Oh, that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of the King
Oh, the smiles of His love-beaming eye; Oh, the King in His beau

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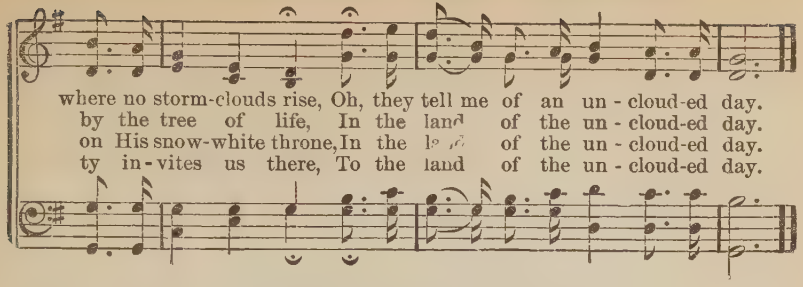
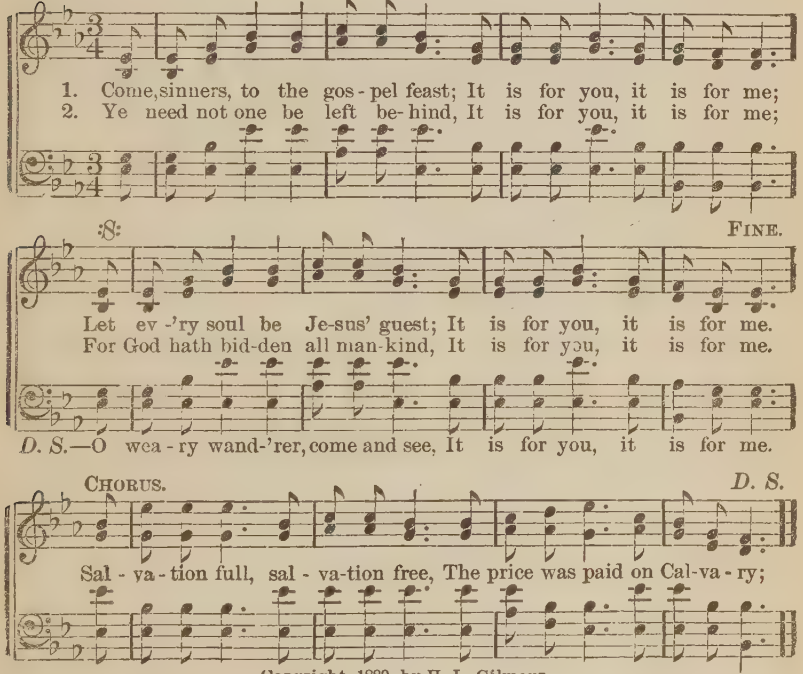

where no storm-clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
by the tree of life, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
on His snow-white throne, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
ty in-vites us there, To the land of the un - cloud-ed day.

73 The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY. "Come, for all things are ready." H. L. GILMOUR.
Cho. by H. L. G. Luke 14; 16.


1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left be-hind, It is for you, it is for me;
:S:
FINE.
Let ev -'ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all man-kind, It is for you, it is for me.
D. S.—O wea - ry wand-'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS. D. S.

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

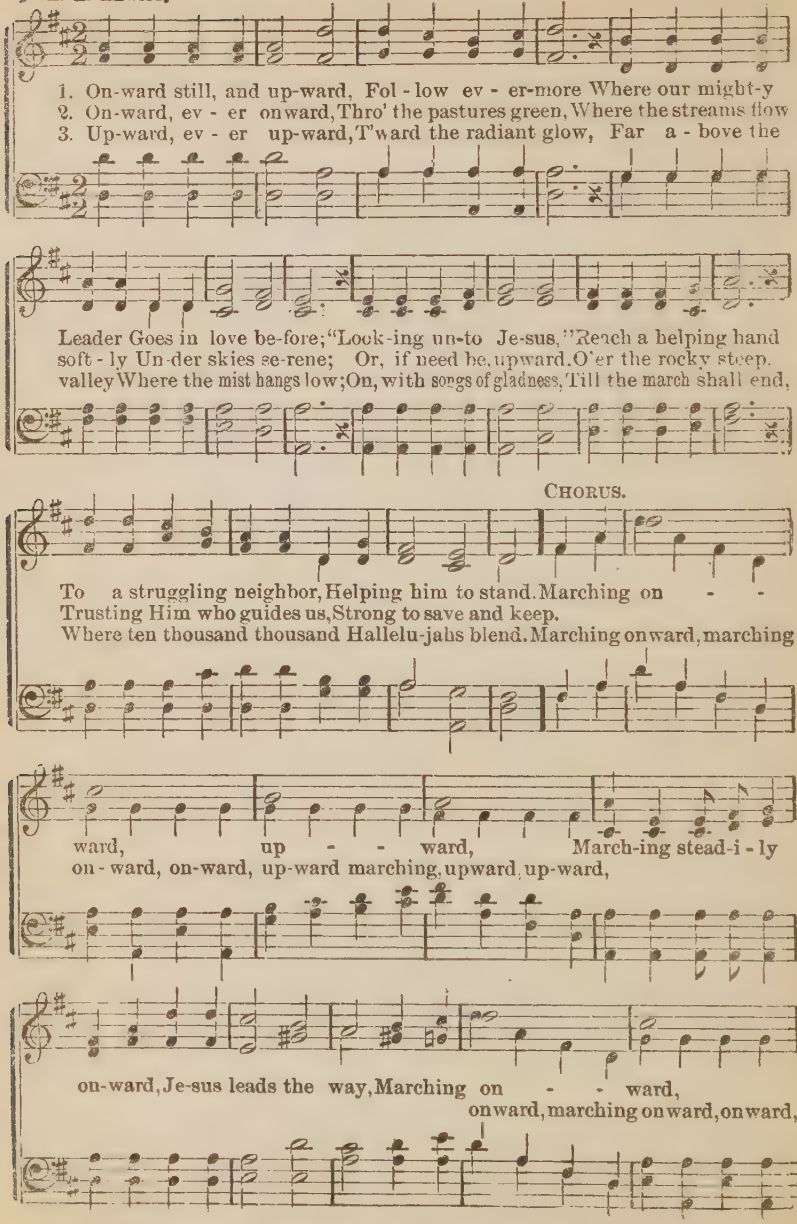
8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace

Onward and Upward.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On-ward still, and up-ward, Fol - low ev - er-more Where our might-y
2. On-ward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Up-ward, ev - er up-ward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the
Leader Goes in love be-fore; "Look-ing un-to Je-sus," Reach a helping hand
soft - ly Un-der skies se-rene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep.
valley Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end,
Chorus.
To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on - -
Trusting Him who guides us, Strong to save and keep.
Where ten thousand thousand Hallelu-jahs blend. Marching onward, marching
ward, up - - ward, March-ing stead-i - ly
on - ward, on-ward, up-ward marching, upward, up-ward,
on-ward, Je-sus leads the way, Marching on - - ward,
onward, marching onward, onward,

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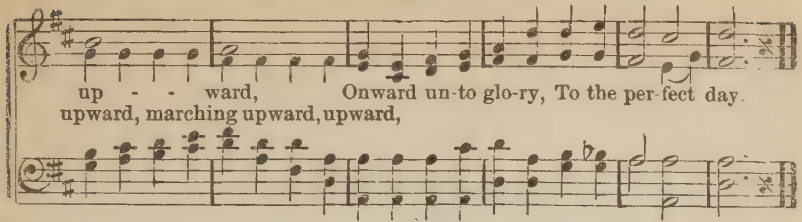
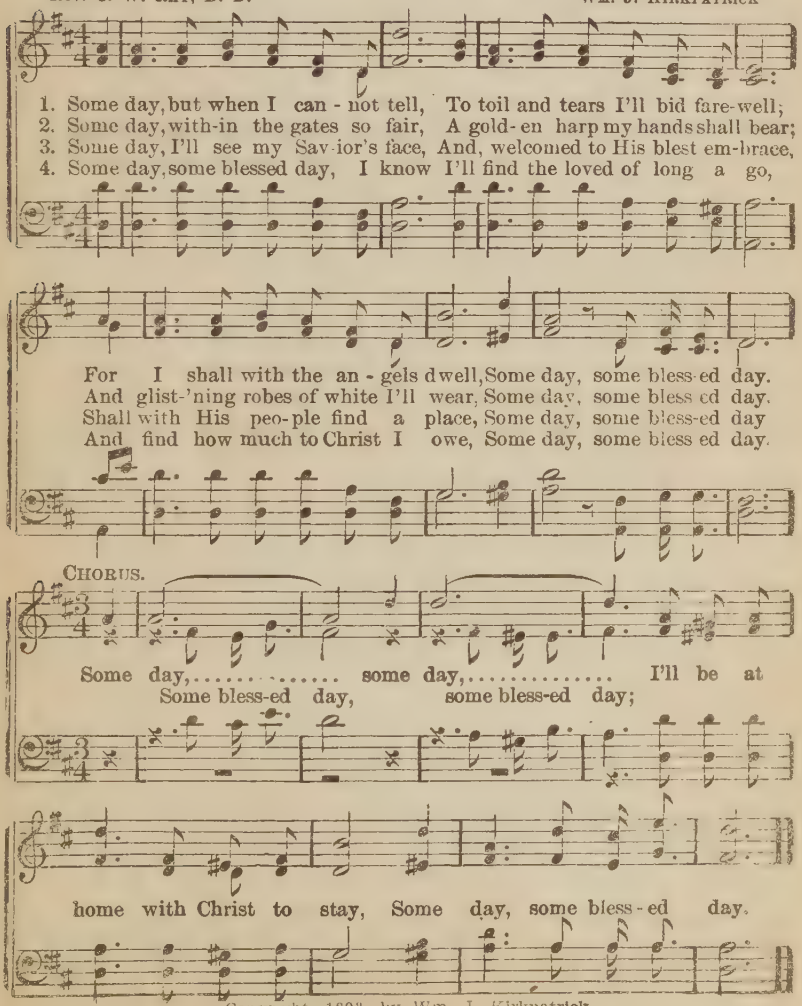


75 Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick


1. Some day, but when I can - not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid fare-well;
2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A gold-en harp my hands shall bear;
3. Some day, I'll see my Sav-ior's face, And, welcomed to His blest em-brace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the loved of long a go,
For I shall with the an - gels dwell, Some day, some bless-ed day.
And glist-'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some bless ed day.
Shall with His peo-ple find a place, Some day, some bless-ed day
And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some bless ed day.
Chorus.
Some day,..... some day,..... I'll be at
Some bless-ed day, some bless-ed day;
home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

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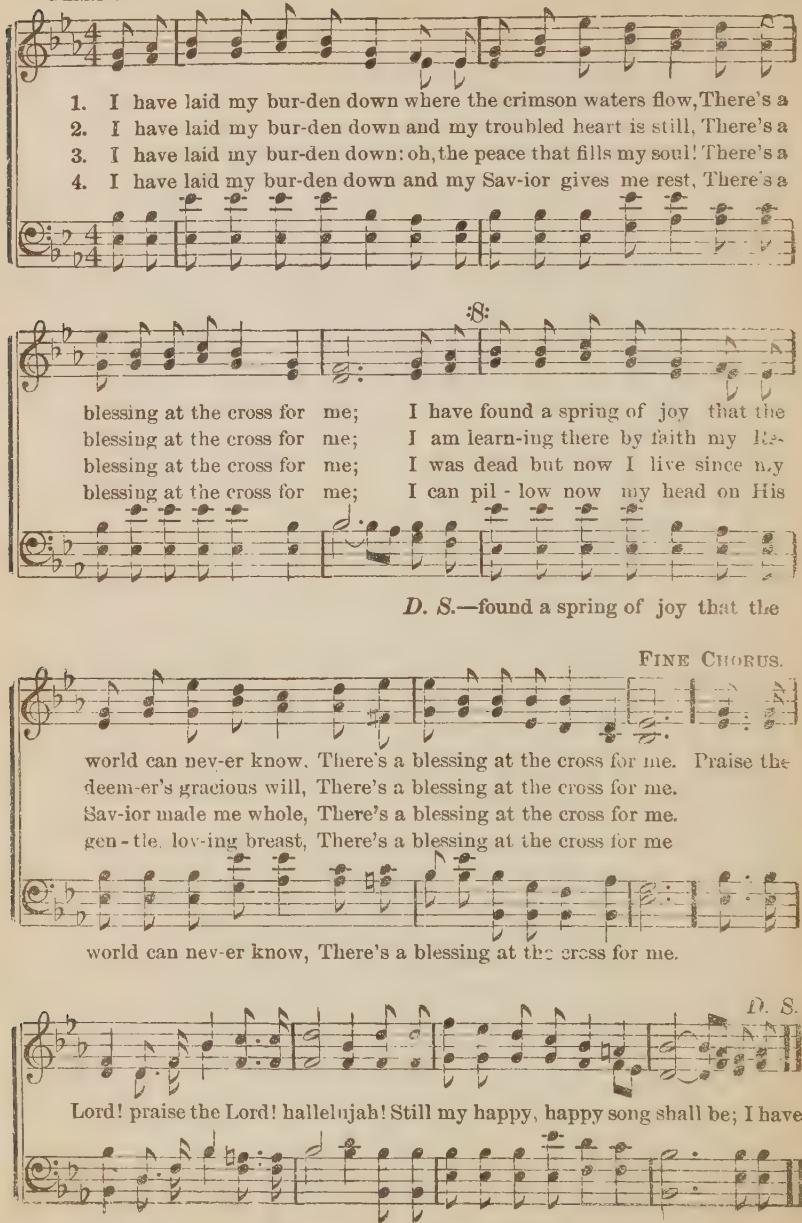
76 There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I have laid my bur-den down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
2. I have laid my bur-den down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
3. I have laid my bur-den down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
4. I have laid my bur-den down and my Sav-ior gives me rest, There's a
:8:
blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
blessing at the cross for me; I am learn-ing there by faith my Re-
blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
blessing at the cross for me; I can pil - low now my head on His
D. S.—found a spring of joy that the
FINE CHORUS.
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
deem-er's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
Sav-ior made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
gen - tle, lov-ing breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
D. S.
Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

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Remembered Blessings.

Words and Melody by Geo. L. Brown. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I sang, one day, a sad, sweet song. 'Twas at the twilight hour;
2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;
3. Thus, oft my Sav-ior comes to me, When all is lone and still;
4. I praise the Lord the fire still burns With Pen - te-cos - tal flame;
A flame of love came gen - tly down—I felt its melting power.
With tear - ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thankfulness.
Each bless-ing makes me long the more To do His ho - ly will.
The al - tar of my soul's a - glow, All glo - ry to His name.
Chorus.
Oh, the bless-ing and the pow - er that the Lord gave me then, I
nev-er shall for-get, I nev-er shall for-get; E - ven now 'tis stealing
o - ver me a - gain and a - gain, It lin-gers with me yet.

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Beautiful Land on High.

J. NICHOLSON. C. A. HAVENS. By per

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I
4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, And my kin - dred its

fain would fly; When by sorrows pressed down, I long for my crown.
by and by; There with friends hand in hand, I'll walk on the strand
fear to die? When death is the way to the realms of the day
bliss en - joy; Me - thinks I now see how they're waiting for me

Rit. CHORUS.

In that beau-ti - ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful land I'd on high.

be,..... From earth and its cares set free;.... My Je - sus is there,
I'll be, set free;

Rit.

He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me. (for me.)

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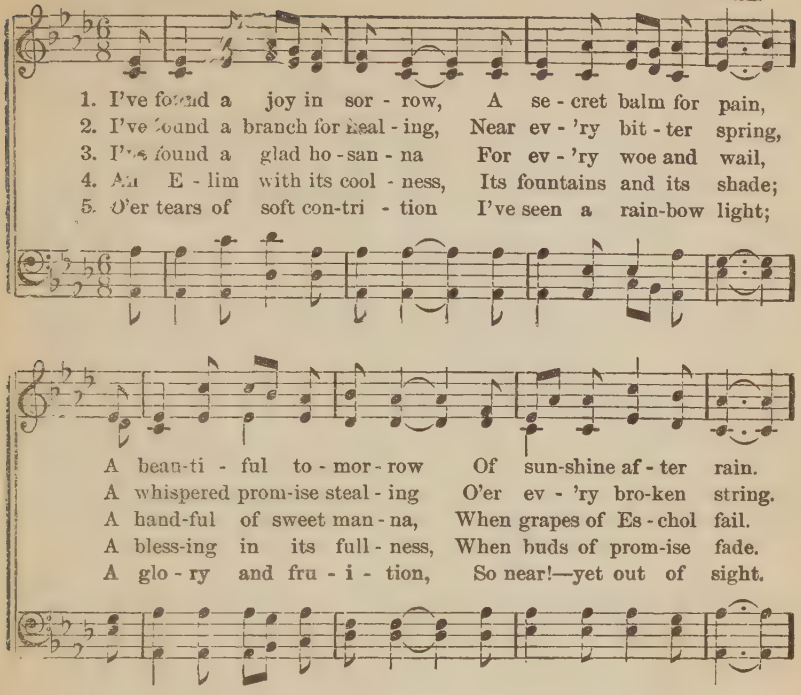
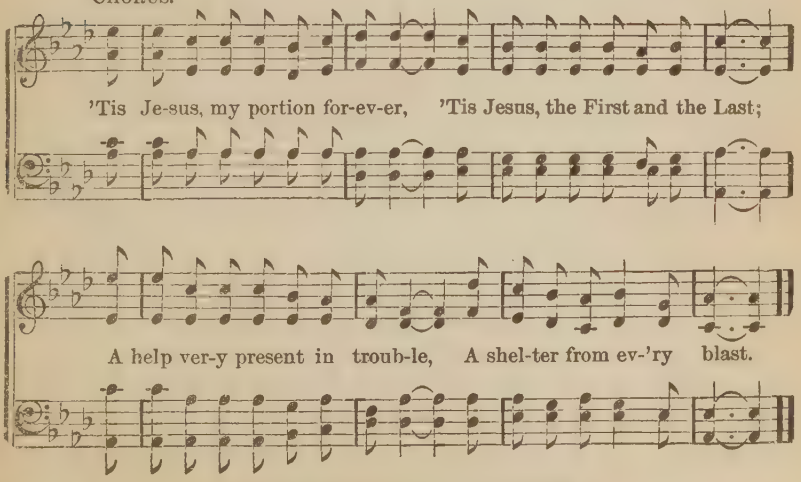
Jesus, my Joy.

Mrs. J. F. Crewdson. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain,
2. I've found a branch for heal - ing, Near ev - 'ry bit - ter spring,
3. I've found a glad ho - san - na For ev - 'ry woe and wail,
4. An E - lim with its cool - ness, Its fountains and its shade;
5. O'er tears of soft con-tri - tion I've seen a rain-bow light;
A beau-ti - ful to - mor - row Of sun-shine af - ter rain.
A whispered prom-ise steal - ing O'er ev - 'ry bro-ken string.
A hand-ful of sweet man - na, When grapes of Es - chol fail.
A bless-ing in its full - ness, When buds of prom-ise fade.
A glo - ry and fru - i - tion, So near!—yet out of sight.

Chorus.



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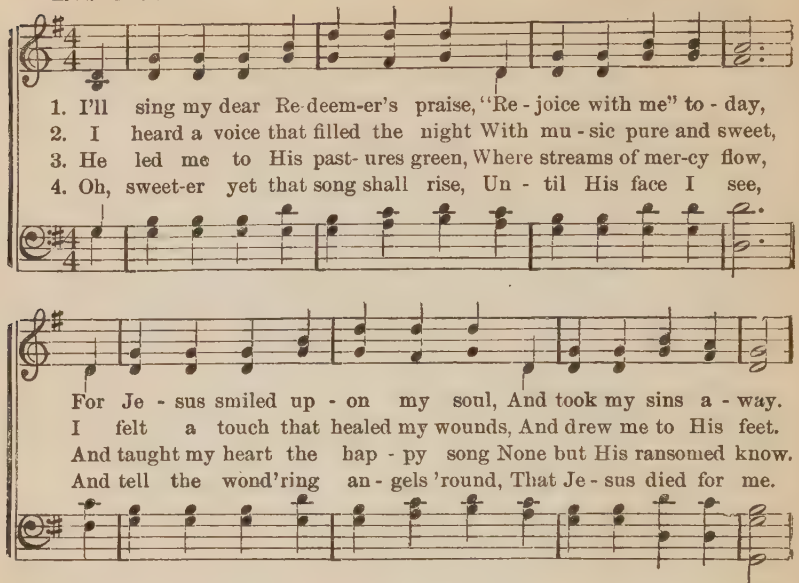
80 I'll Sing my Dear Redeemer's Praise.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I'll sing my dear Re-deem-er's praise, "Re-joice with me" to-day,
2. I heard a voice that filled the night With mu-sic pure and sweet,
3. He led me to His past-ures green, Where streams of mer-cy flow,
4. Oh, sweet-er yet that song shall rise, Un-til His face I see,
For Je-sus smiled up-on my soul, And took my sins a-way.
I felt a touch that healed my wounds, And drew me to His feet.
And taught my heart the hap-py song None but His ransomed know.
And tell the wond'ring an-gels 'round, That Je-sus died for me.
CHORUS.
Oh, glo-ry to His name And His wondrous love pro-claim, I'll
shout His praise on high; I'll sing re-deem-ing love To the
shin-ing hosts a-bove, And be-hold His face in glo-ry by and by

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Jesus Is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Come, contrite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your needs, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
3. Come, wea-ry one, and find your rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
4. Come, burden'd one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;

See in His rec - on - cil - ing face, The sunshine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful-ly sat - is - fy.
Come where the long-ing heart is bless'd, And on His bo-som lie.
The love that list - ens to your pray'r, Will "no good thing" de-ny.

CHORUS.

Pass - - ing by, ... pass - - ing by, ...
mf Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass-ing by,

Hast - en to meet Him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing

p *Rit.*

by to-day, Pass - ing by, ... pass - ing by. . . . . .
Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by.

mp

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82 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -
last-ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
Refrain.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,
lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev- er-last-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

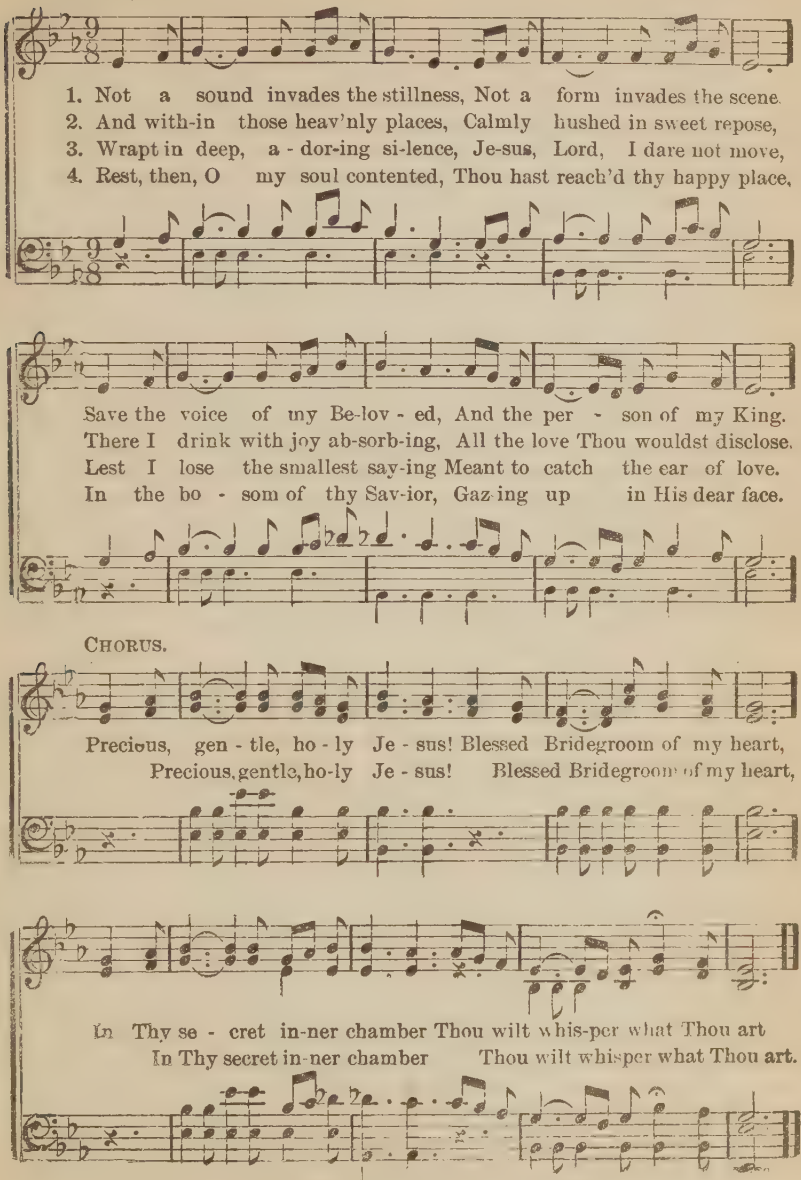
By permission of A. J. Showalter.

Whisperings of Jesus.

"I will betroth thee unto me forever."—Hosea 2: 19.

D. K. W.
With expression.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Not a sound invades the stillness, Not a form invades the scene.
2. And with-in those heav'nly places, Calmly hushed in sweet repose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing si-lence, Je-sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul contented, Thou hast reach'd thy happy place,
Save the voice of my Be-lov - ed, And the per - son of my King.
There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.
Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.
In the bo - som of thy Sav-ior, Gaz-ing up in His dear face.
Chorus.
Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,
Precious, gentle, ho-ly Je - sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,
In Thy se - cret in-ner chamber Thou wilt whis-per what Thou art
In Thy secret in-ner chamber Thou wilt whisper what Thou art.

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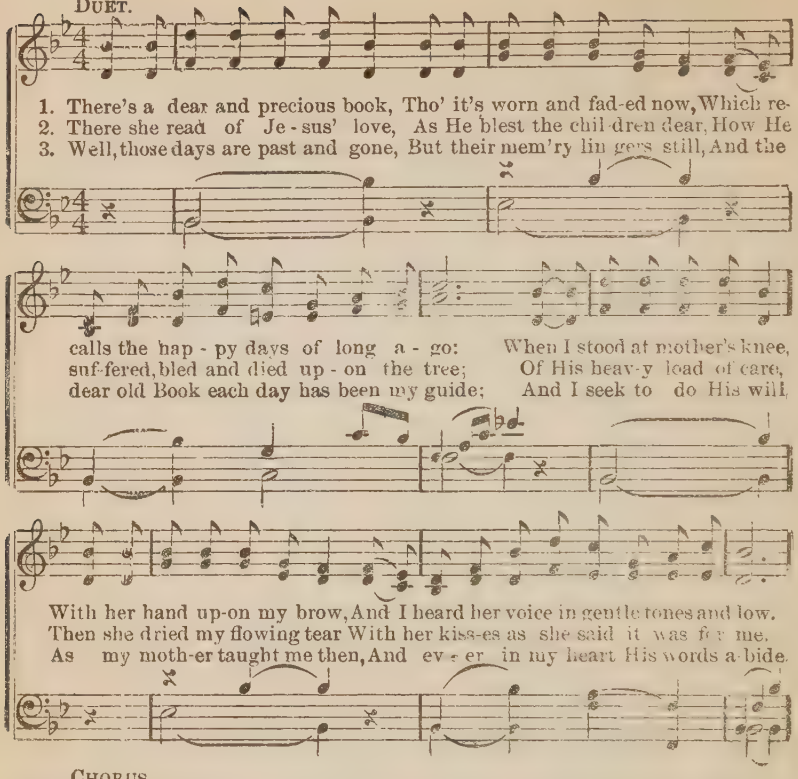
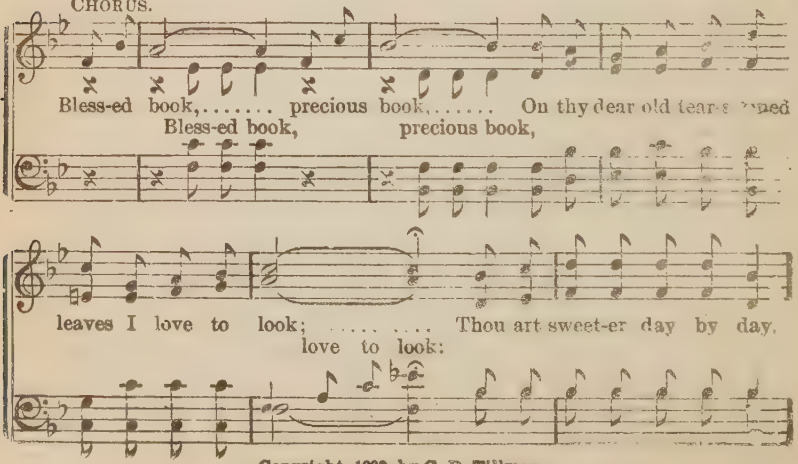
My Mother's Bible.

M. B. Williams. C. D. Tillman.

Duet.


1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the
calls the hap-py days of long a-go:
suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree;
dear old Book each day has been my guide;
When I stood at mother's knee,
Of His heav-y load of care,
And I seek to do His will,
With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

Chorus.


Bless-ed book, ... precious book, ... On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, precious book,
leaves I love to look; ..... Thou art sweet-er day by day,
love to look:

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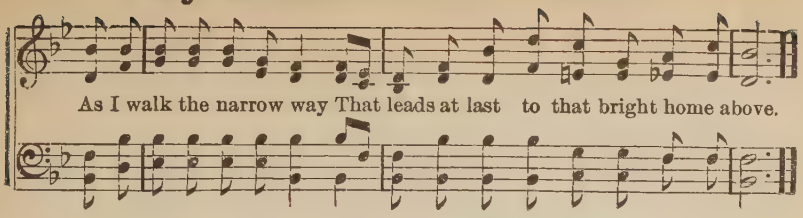
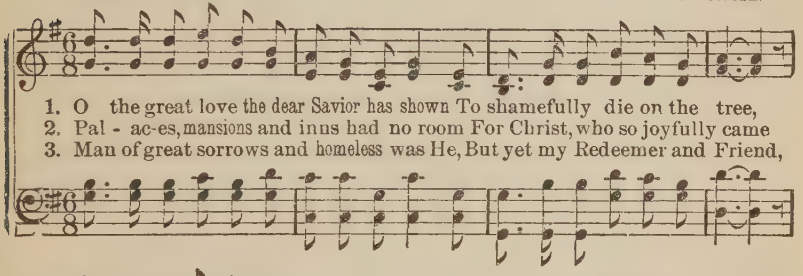
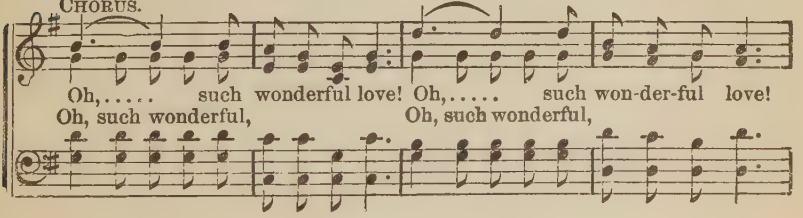


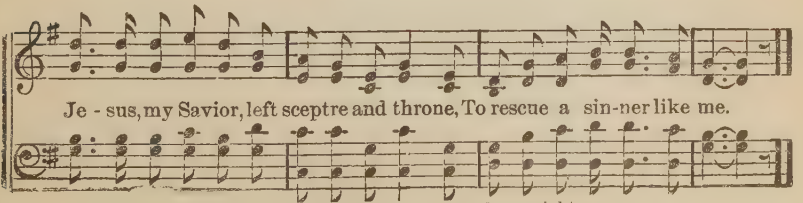
85 Oh, such Wonderful Love!

I. N. McHose. Alt. I. N. McHose.


1. O the great love the dear Savior has shown To shamefully die on the tree,
2. Pal - ac-es, mansions and inns had no room For Christ, who so joyfully came
3. Man of great sorrows and homeless was He, But yet my Redeemer and Friend,

Leaving His sceptre and beautiful throne To res-cue a sin-ner like me!
Down from yon heaven our path to illume, And save us from sin and from shame.
Pour-ing in in - fi-nite streams upon me, A love that can never-more end.





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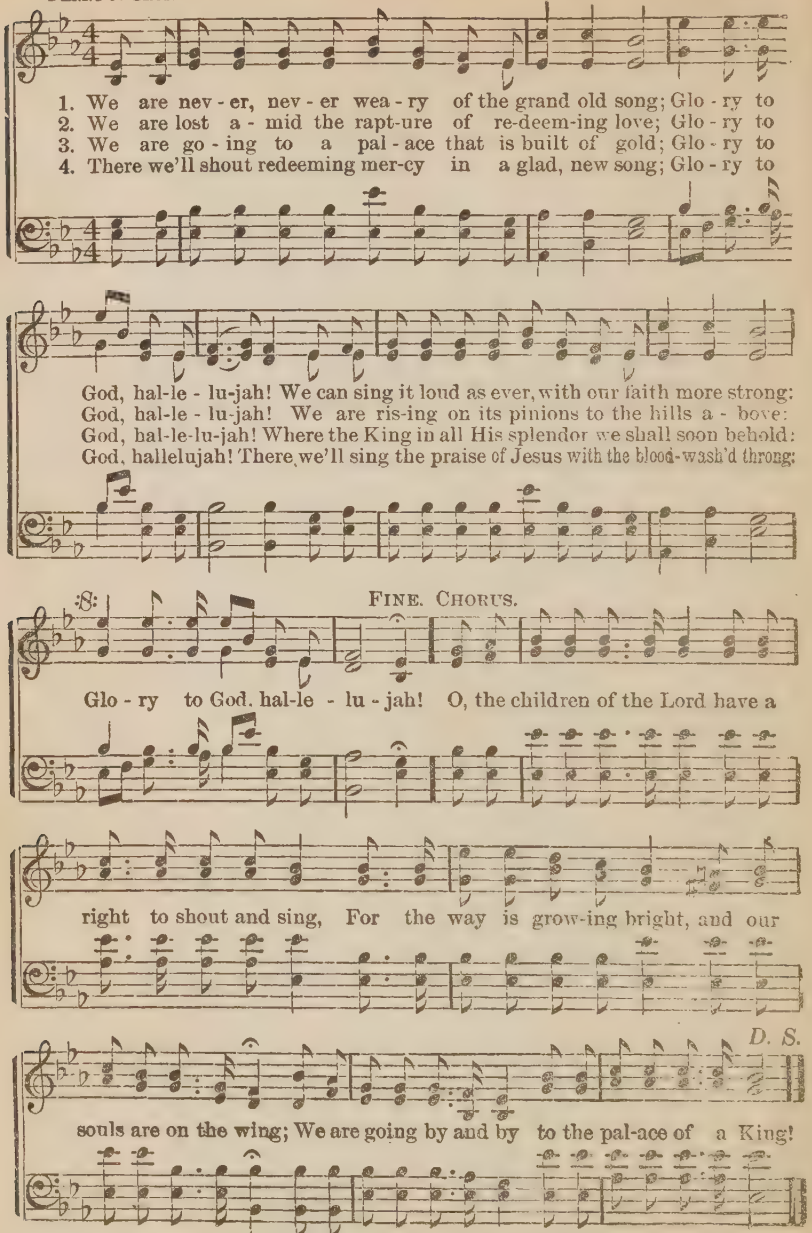
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song; Glo - ry to
2. We are lost a - mid the rapt-ure of re-deem-ing love; Glo - ry to
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold; Glo - ry to
4. There we'll shout redeeming mer-cy in a glad, new song; Glo - ry to
God, hal-le - lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
God, hal-le - lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a - bove:
God, hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold:
God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng;
FINE. CHORUS.
Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah! O, the children of the Lord have a
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our
D. S.
souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

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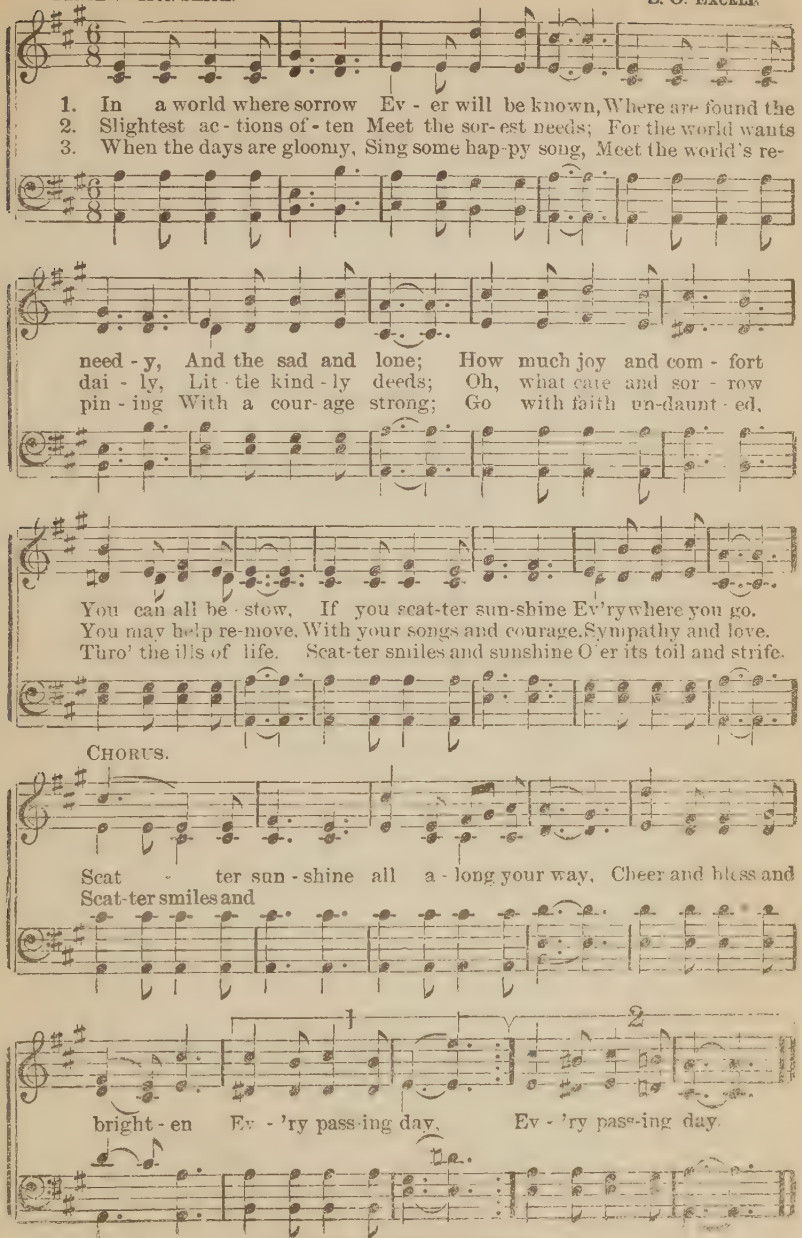
Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.


1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac - tions of - ten Meet the sor- est needs; For the world wants
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re-
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour- age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed,
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev'rywhere you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
Thro' the ills of life. Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - ter sun - shine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter smiles and
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.

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A Shout of Victory.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. March on, march on, follow the might-y Commander; March on, march on;
2. March on, march on; joy-ful-ly sing-ing, ho-san - na; March on, march on;
3. March on, march on; still by His might o-ver-coming; March on, march on;
Je - sus our Cap-tain and Lord; March on, march on; see that your
fight-ing the bat - tle of faith; March on, march on; man - ful - ly
sing-ing His glo - ry and grace; March on, march on; till in the
steps nev - er fal - ter, March on, march on, heed-ing His ev - 'ry word.
bear-ing His ban - ner, March on, march on, faithful e'en un - to death.
heav-en - ly pal - ace March on, march on, we shall be-hold His face.
Chorus.
There's a song, ...that blends with prayer, ... There's a shout..... up-
There's a song, that blends with prayer, There's a shout
on the air; ..... 'Tis a song..... of grace so
up-on the air, 'Tis a song

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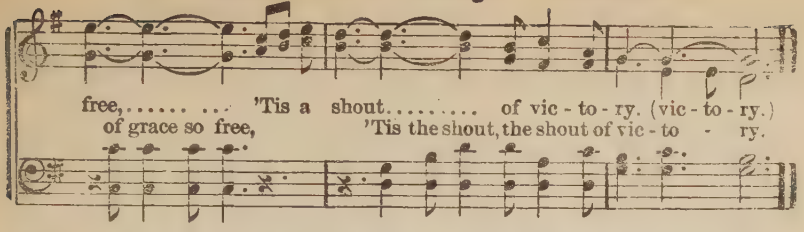
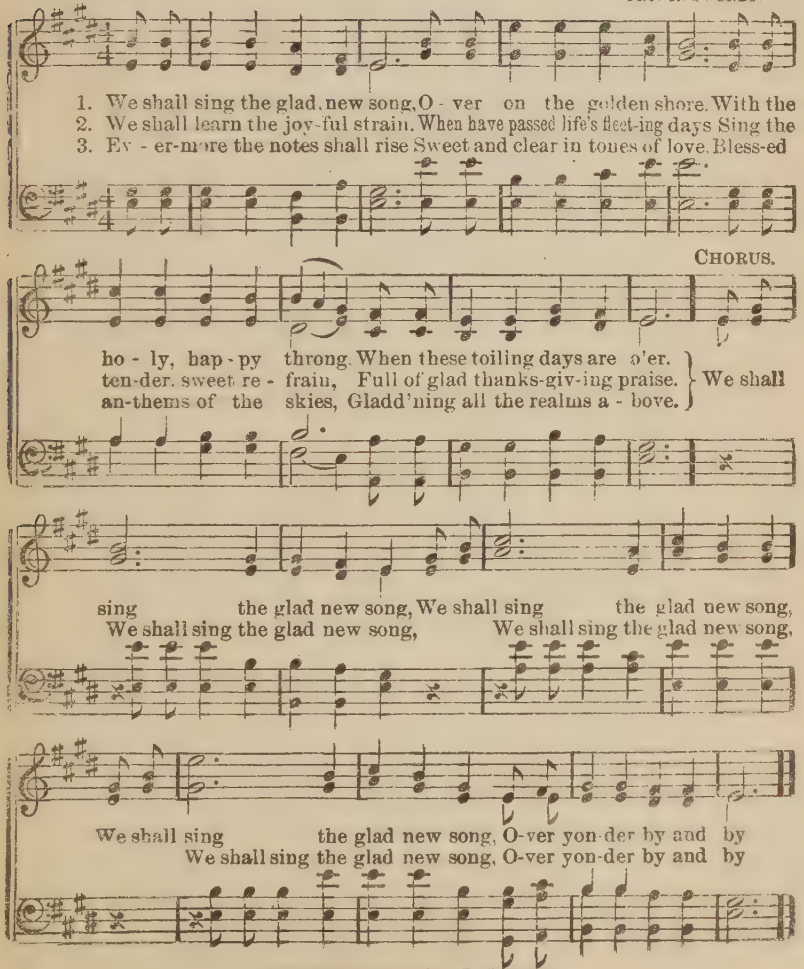


89 We shall Sing the Glad New Song.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We shall sing the glad new song, O - ver on the golden shore. With the
2. We shall learn the joy-ful strain. When have passed life's fleet-ing days Sing the
3. Ev - er-more the notes shall rise Sweet and clear in tones of love. Bless-ed
CHORUS.
ho - ly, hap - py throng. When these toiling days are o'er.
ten-der, sweet re - frain, Full of glad thanks-giv-ing praise.
an-thems of the skies, Gladd'ning all the realms a - bove.
We shall
sing the glad new song, We shall sing the glad new song,
We shall sing the glad new song, We shall sing the glad new song,
We shall sing the glad new song, O-ver yon-der by and by
We shall sing the glad new song, O-ver yon-der by and by

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90 A Song in my Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of joy, And I learned it long a-
2. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of trust, And my theme from morn till
3. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of love That the an-gels can-not
4. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of praise; I will sing it o'er and
go, At the cross of my Lord where He died for me, And the
eve, For it tells of the peace my Re-deem-er gives Un-to
sing, For they know not the bliss of a new-born soul. Tho' their
o'er, Thro' the isles of the blest will its tones re-sound, When on
CHORUS.
streams of His mer-cy flow.....
those that His grace re-ceive.....
harps with its gladness ring.....
earth they are heard no more.....
O that hap-py, hap-py song as I
speed my bark a-long; How re-fresh-ing to my soul when the
storm-y wa-ters roll; O that hap-py, hap-py song will be

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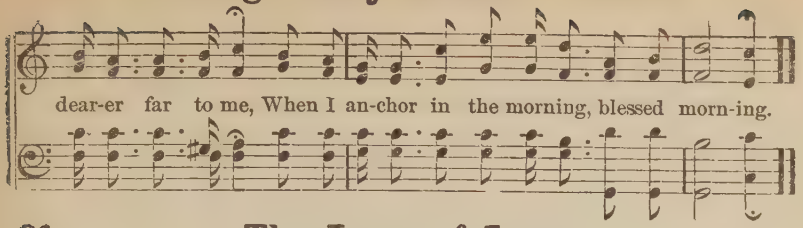
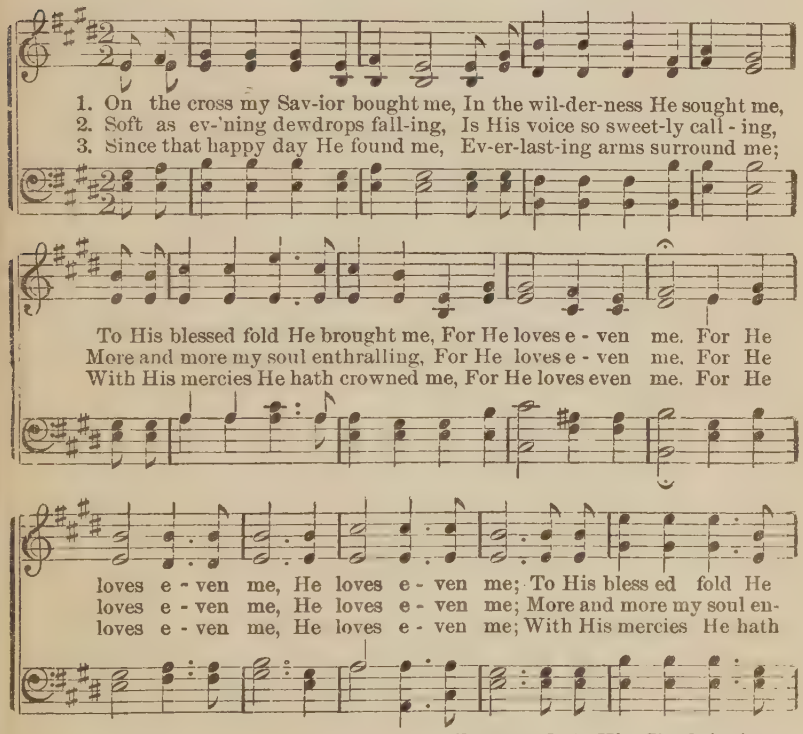


91 The Love of Jesus

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. On the cross my Sav-ior bought me, In the wil-der-ness He sought me,
2. Soft as ev-'ning dewdrops fall-ing, Is His voice so sweet-ly call - ing,
3. Since that happy day He found me, Ev-er-last-ing arms surround me;
To His blessed fold He brought me, For He loves e - ven me. For He
More and more my soul enthralling, For He loves e - ven me. For He
With His mercies He hath crowned me, For He loves even me. For He
loves e - ven me, He loves e - ven me; To His bless ed fold He
loves e - ven me, He loves e - ven me; More and more my soul en-
loves e - ven me, He loves e - ven me; With His mercies He hath
brought me; Jesus loves even me
thralling; Jesus loves even me.
crowned me; Jesus loves even me.

4 All my needs to Him I'm bringing,
To His keeping hand I'm clinging,
And my heart for joy is singing,
For He loves even me.
And my heart for joy is singing,
Jesus loves even me.

5 Though the ills of life may grieve me,
Yet I know He'll never leave me,
To His glory He'll receive me,
For He loves even me.
To His glory He'll receive me,
Jesus loves even me.

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Glory, He Saves!

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves e - ven me! All my guilt
2. Wand'ring He found me a - far from the fold, Per - ish - ing
3. Safe - ly and sweet - ly He keeps me each day, Gent - ly, so
4. Bless - ed com - pan - ion - ship! cheer-ing me so! Sweet - er and
nail - ing to Cal - va - ry's tree; Paid is the debt and my
there in the dark - ness and cold; Half of His good - ness can
gent - ly He leads all the way; An - swers of peace sends He
sweet-er each day shall it grow, Till to be like Him I
soul is set free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
nev - er be told, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
down when I pray, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
joy - ful - ly go, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
Chorus.
Glo - ry, He saves! wondrously saves! Saves a poor sinner like me;
Glo - ry, He saves! wondrously saves! Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves.

Copyright, 1890, in "Singing by the Way."

93 It Will Never Grow Old.

Rev. W. W. Bailey. I. N. McHose.

1. Oh, have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
2. That won-der-ful land has a cit - y of life, Ne'er darken'd with
3. A man-sion of won - der-ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
4. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev er
5. In life's wea-ry con-flicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray
King and His in - fi - nite love? His chil - dren are death-less and
an - guish, nor dy - ing, nor strife; Its tem - ples and streets are all
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas - per walls how I
die, and its treas-ures are sure; And loved ones de-part - ed, so
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my
D. S.—It glad - dens my heart with a
hap - py, I'm told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?
flash-ing with gold, Oh, can it be true, will we nev-er grow old?
long to be - hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old.
si - lent and cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.
name is en-rolled, I read of that land where we'll never grow old.
joy that's un-told, To think of that land where we'll never grow old
Chorus.
D. S.
'Twill always be new, it will never decay; No night ever comes, it will always be day;

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Wonderful Redeemer.

F. M. H. Alt. F. M. Hicks. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Won-der-ful De-liv-'rer, bless-ed be His name; That He might redeem us,
2. Oh, what boundless mercy, oh, what pardon flows Down a-long the a - ges,
3. We are coming, Sav-ior, to Thy cross we cling; Lo! our hands are empty,
4. Je - sus, dear Re-deem-er, Sav-ior of my soul, I will sing Thy praises
sent from heav'n He came; Wonderful Re-deem-er, He doth life be-stow
heal-ing all our woes; Love of Christ a-bounding, Grace divine, we know
we can noth-ing bring; Wash us blest Re-deem-er, let the blood o'erflow
while the a - ges roll, High-est bliss of heav-en mor-tal e'er can know,
CHORUS.
Thro' a fount that cleanses whiter than the snow. Whit - - er than the
There's a fount that cleanses whiter than the snow.
From the fount that cleanses whiter than the snow.
Wash'd and cleans'd forever whiter than the snow. Whiter than the snow,
snow, ... Whit - - er than the snow,
whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whit-er than the snow,
Savior, Thou the debt hast paid, By Thy cleansing blood I'm made Whit - - er
Whiter than the snow,

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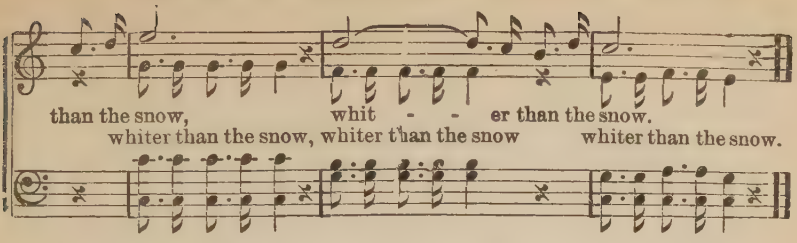
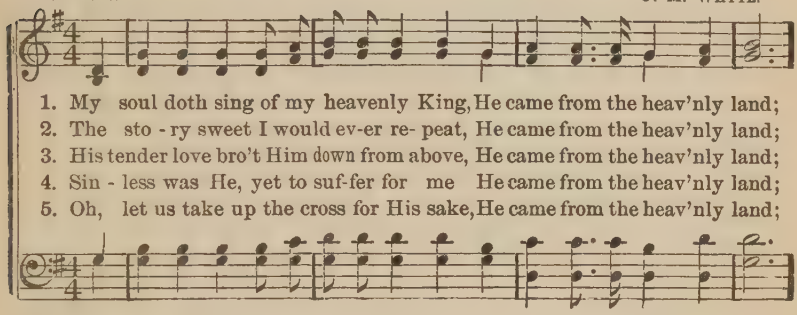
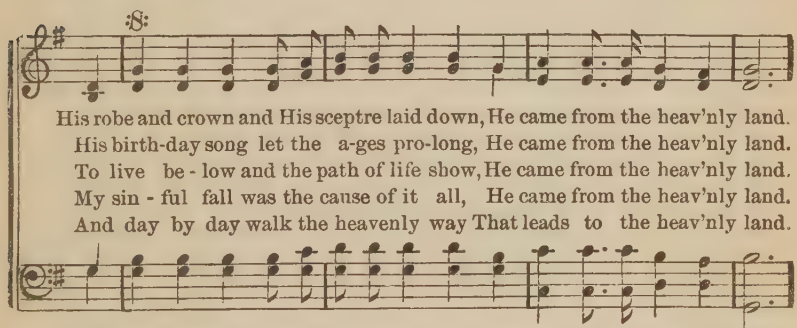
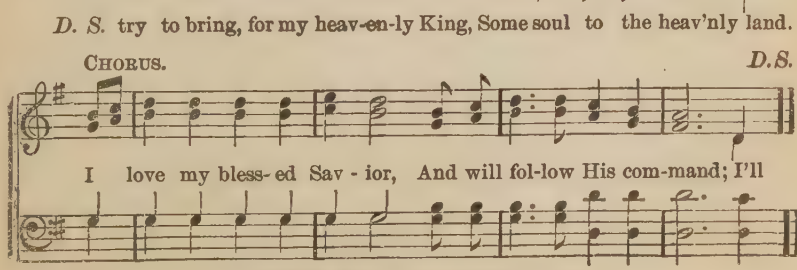


95 He Came from the Heavenly Land.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. My soul doth sing of my heavenly King, He came from the heav'nly land;
2. The sto - ry sweet I would ev-er re- peat, He came from the heav'nly land;
3. His tender love bro't Him down from above, He came from the heav'nly land;
4. Sin - less was He, yet to suf-fer for me He came from the heav'nly land;
5. Oh, let us take up the cross for His sake, He came from the heav'nly land;


His robe and crown and His sceptre laid down, He came from the heav'nly land.
His birth-day song let the a-ges pro-long, He came from the heav'nly land.
To live be - low and the path of life show, He came from the heav'nly land.
My sin - ful fall was the cause of it all, He came from the heav'nly land.
And day by day walk the heavenly way That leads to the heav'nly land.


D. S. try to bring, for my heav-en-ly King, Some soul to the heav'nly land.
CHORUS.
D.S.
I love my bless- ed Sav - ior, And will fol-low His com-mand; I'll

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Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Are you hap - py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you
trusting in His word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Sav-ior's love you
hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace with-
find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your tho'ts on Je - sus
feel, Can your soul its power con-ceal? To the world your joy re - veal,
in, Are you try - ing still to win Con-stant vic - t'ry o - ver sin,
dwell, Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well?
CHORUS.
Tell it out with gladness. Tell it out, Tell it out with gladness,
Tell it out,
Tell it out, (tell it out) tell it out with gladness, Tell the world..... the
world the joy you feel,

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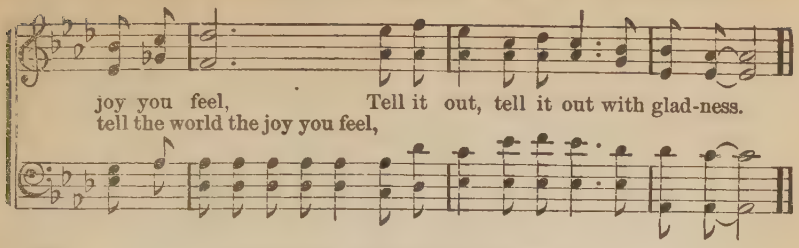
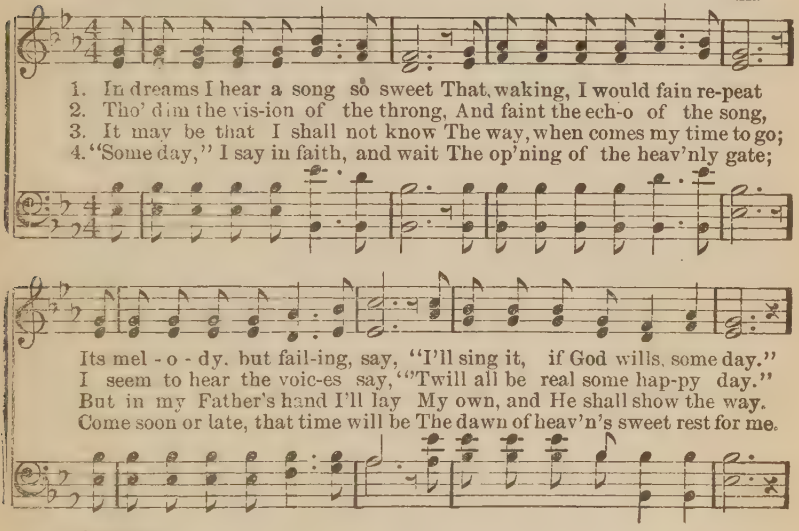
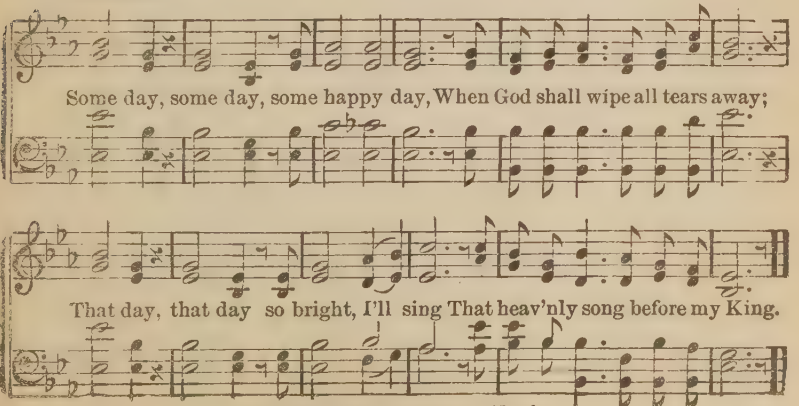


97 Some Happy Day.

EBEN E. REXFORD. F. A. BLACKMER.


1. In dreams I hear a song so sweet That, waking, I would fain re-peat
2. Tho' dim the vis-ion of the throng, And faint the ech-o of the song,
3. It may be that I shall not know The way, when comes my time to go;
4. "Some day," I say in faith, and wait The op'ning of the heav'nly gate;
Its mel - o - dy, but fail-ing, say, "I'll sing it, if God wills, some day."
I seem to hear the voic-es say, "'Twill all be real some hap-py day."
But in my Father's hand I'll lay My own, and He shall show the way.
Come soon or late, that time will be The dawn of heav'n's sweet rest for me.

CHORUS.


Some day, some day, some happy day, When God shall wipe all tears away;
That day, that day so bright, I'll sing That heav'nly song before my King.

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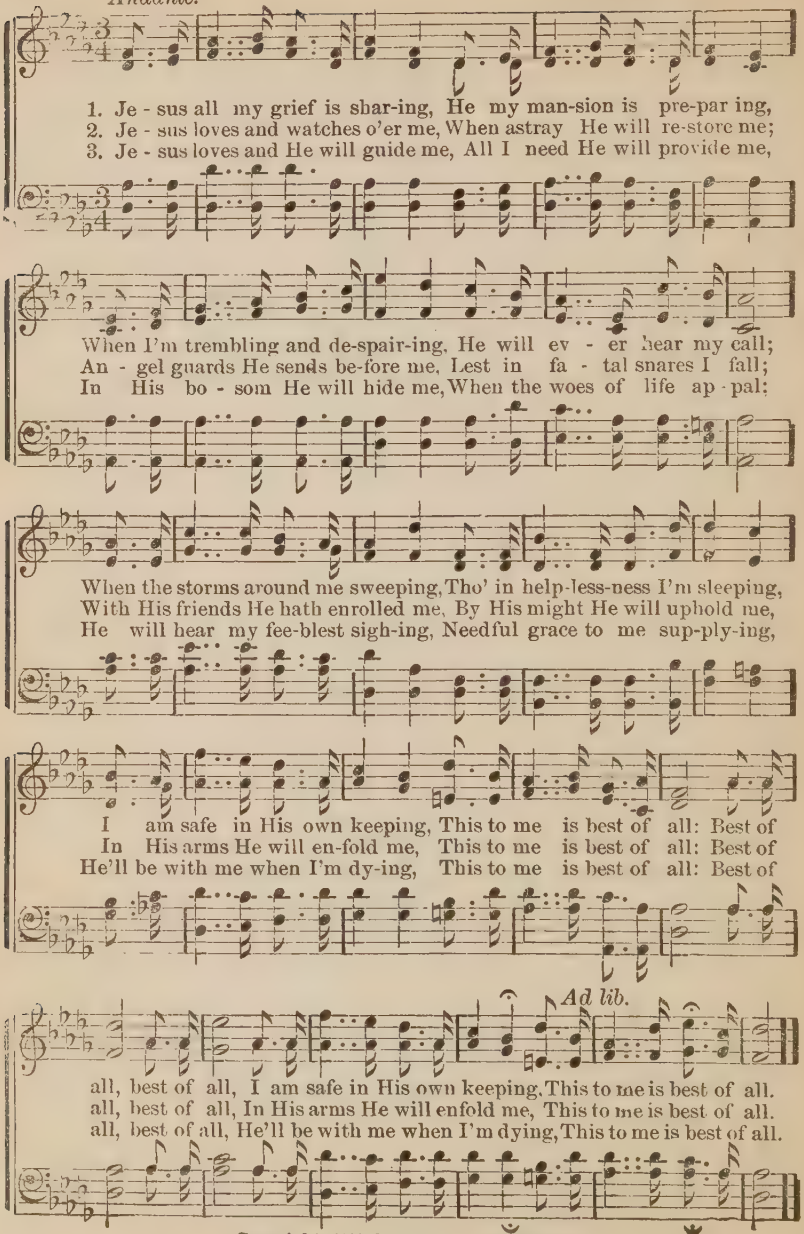
Best of All.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante.


1. Je - sus all my grief is shar-ing, He my man-sion is pre-par ing,
2. Je - sus loves and watches o'er me, When astray He will re-store me;
3. Je - sus loves and He will guide me, All I need He will provide me,
When I'm trembling and de-spair-ing, He will ev - er hear my call;
An - gel guards He sends be-fore me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall;
In His bo - som He will hide me, When the woes of life ap - pal;
When the storms around me sweeping, Tho' in help-less-ness I'm sleeping,
With His friends He hath enrolled me, By His might He will uphold me,
He will hear my fee-blest sigh-ing, Needful grace to me sup-ply-ing,
I am safe in His own keeping, This to me is best of all: Best of
In His arms He will en-fold me, This to me is best of all: Best of
He'll be with me when I'm dy-ing, This to me is best of all: Best of
Ad lib.
all, best of all, I am safe in His own keeping, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, In His arms He will enfold me, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.

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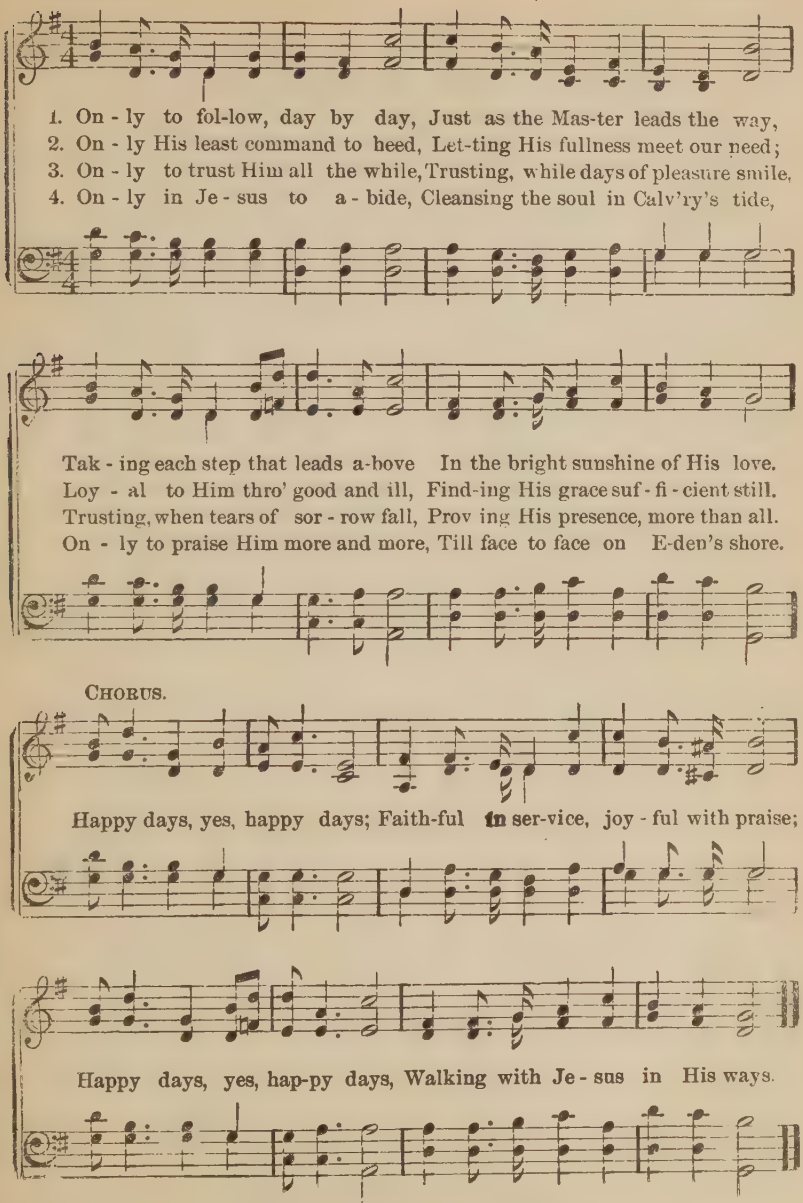
Happy Days.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

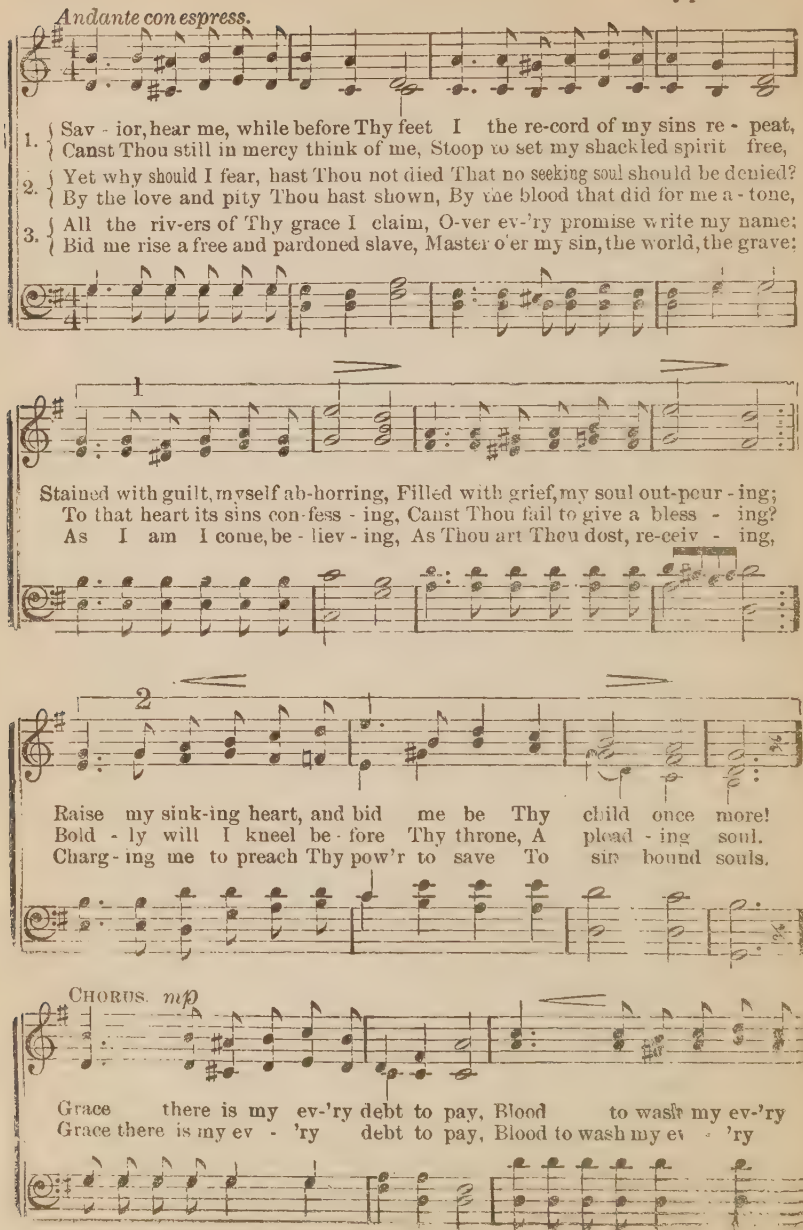

1. On - ly to fol-low, day by day, Just as the Mas-ter leads the way,
2. On - ly His least command to heed, Let-ting His fullness meet our need;
3. On - ly to trust Him all the while, Trusting, while days of pleasure smile,
4. On - ly in Je - sus to a - bide, Cleansing the soul in Calv'ry's tide,
Tak - ing each step that leads a-bove In the bright sunshine of His love.
Loy - al to Him thro' good and ill, Find-ing His grace suf - fi - cient still.
Trusting, when tears of sor - row fall, Prov ing His presence, more than all.
On - ly to praise Him more and more, Till face to face on E-den's shore.
Chorus.
Happy days, yes, happy days; Faith-ful in ser-vice, joy - ful with praise;
Happy days, yes, hap-py days, Walking with Je - sus in His ways.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

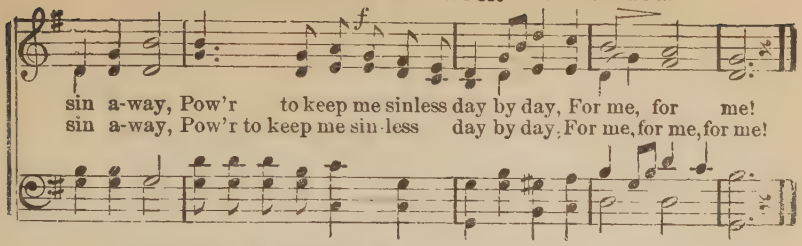
100 The Penitent's Plea.

H. B (Harmonized by W. J. K.) Com. HERBERT BOOTH. By per.

Andante con espress.

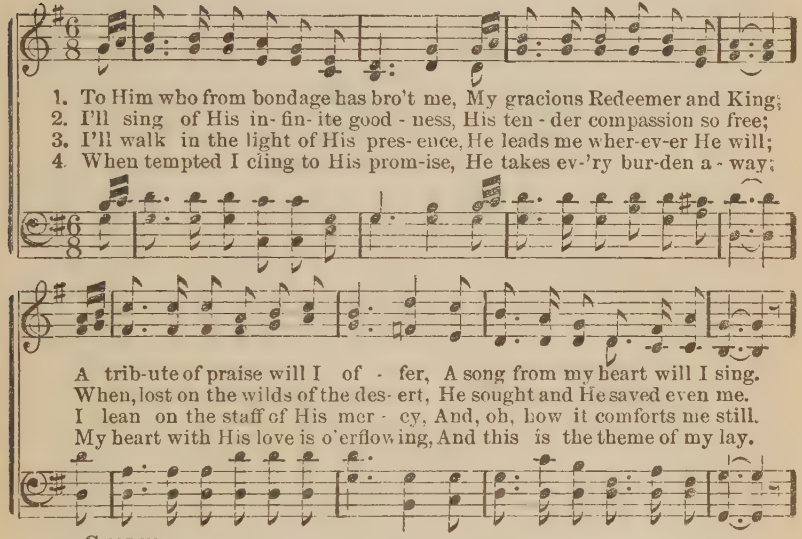

1. Sav - ior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the re-cord of my sins re - peat,
Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,
2. Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O-ver ev-'ry promise write my name;
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave:
1
Stained with guilt, myself ab-horring, Filled with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re-ceiv - ing,
2
Raise my sink-ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg - ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin bound souls.
CHORUS. *mp*
Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

The Penitent's Plea. Concluded.

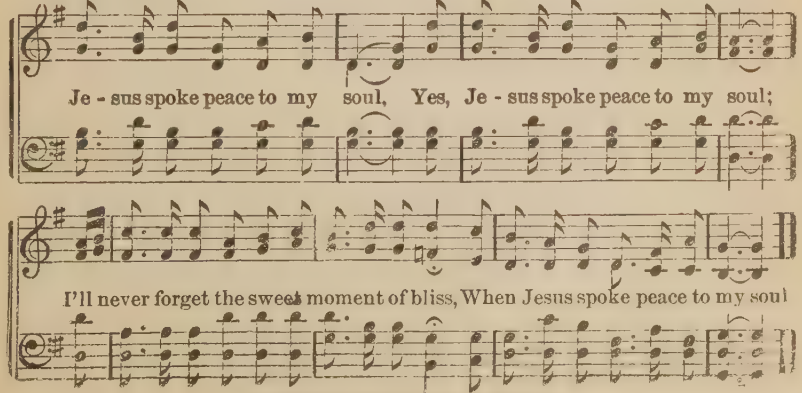


101 Jesus Spoke Peace to my Soul.

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. To Him who from bondage has bro't me, My gracious Redeemer and King;
2. I'll sing of His in-fin-ite good-ness, His ten-der compassion so free;
3. I'll walk in the light of His pres-ence, He leads me wher-ev-er He will;
4. When tempted I cling to His prom-ise, He takes ev-'ry bur-den a-way;
A trib-ute of praise will I of-fer, A song from my heart will I sing.
When, lost on the wilds of the des-ert, He sought and He saved even me.
I lean on the staff of His mer-cy, And, oh, how it comforts me still.
My heart with His love is o'erflowing, And this is the theme of my lay.

CHORUS.


Je-sus spoke peace to my soul, Yes, Je-sus spoke peace to my soul;
I'll never forget the sweet moment of bliss, When Jesus spoke peace to my soul

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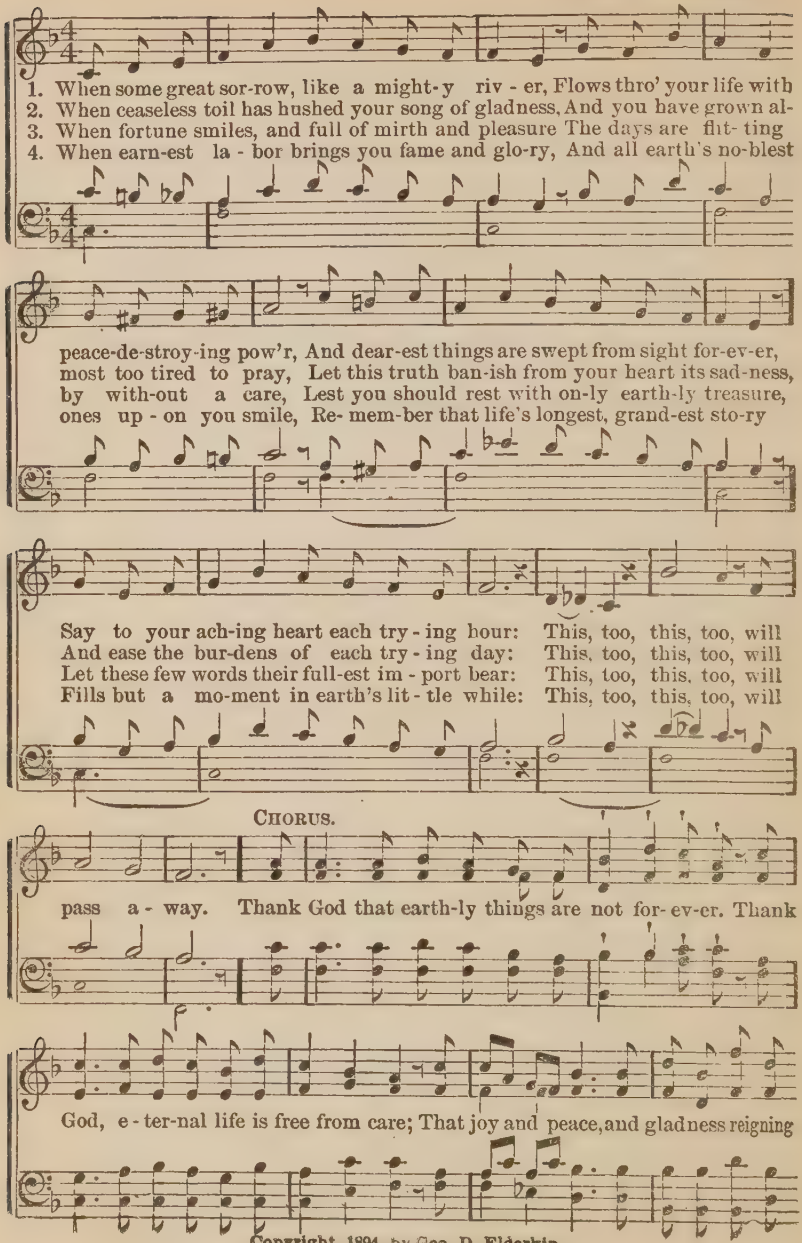
102 This, Too, Will Pass Away.

L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.


1. When some great sor-row, like a might-y riv - er, Flows thro' your life with
2. When ceaseless toil has hushed your song of gladness, And you have grown al-
3. When fortune smiles, and full of mirth and pleasure The days are flit- ting
4. When earn-est la - bor brings you fame and glo-ry, And all earth's no-blest
peace-de-stroy-ing pow'r, And dear-est things are swept from sight for-ev-er,
most too tired to pray, Let this truth ban-ish from your heart its sad-ness,
by with-out a care, Lest you should rest with on-ly earth-ly treasure,
ones up - on you smile, Re- mem-ber that life's longest, grand-est sto-ry
Say to your ach-ing heart each try - ing hour: This, too, this, too, will
And ease the bur-dens of each try - ing day: This, too, this, too, will
Let these few words their full-est im - port bear: This, too, this, too, will
Fills but a mo-ment in earth's lit - tle while: This, too, this, too, will
CHORUS.
pass a - way. Thank God that earth-ly things are not for- ev-er. Thank
God, e - ter-nal life is free from care; That joy and peace, and gladness reigning

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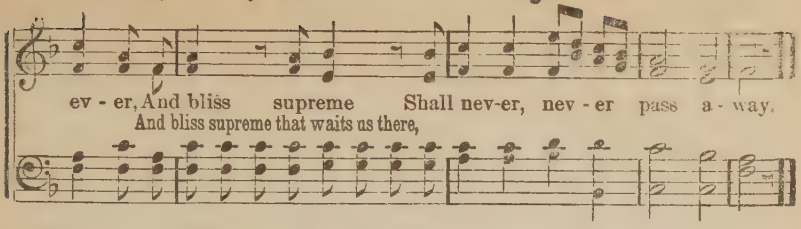
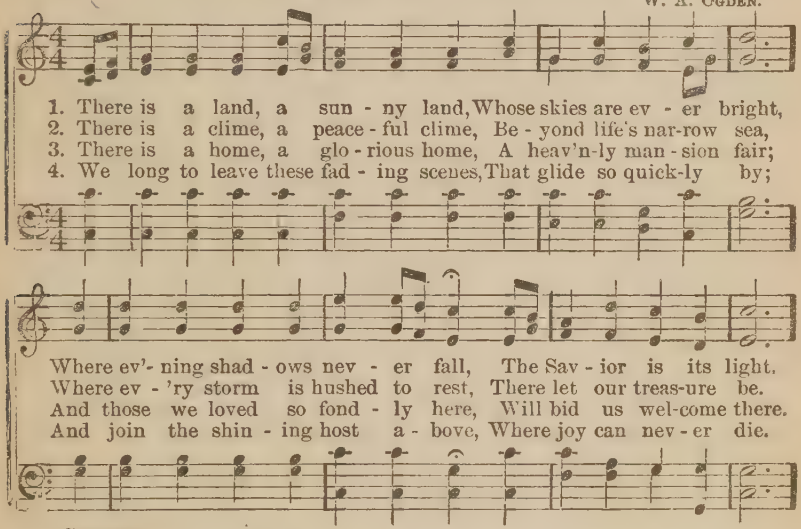
This, Too, Will Pass Away. Concluded.

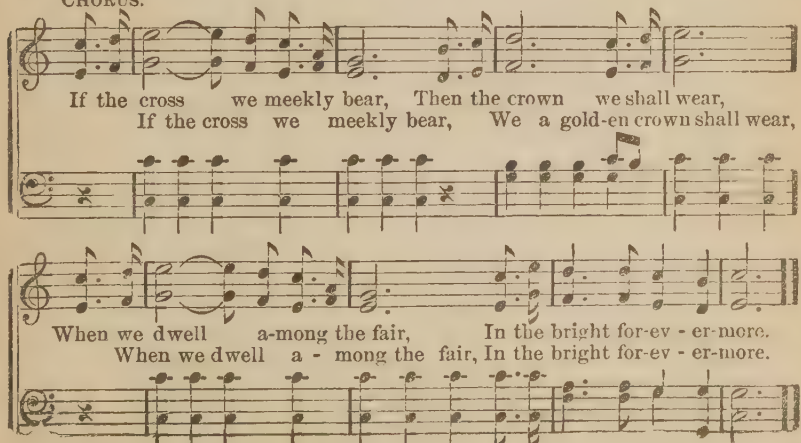


103 The Bright Forevermore.

W. A. Ogden.


1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
2. There is a clime, a peace - ful clime, Be - yond life's nar-row sea,
3. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heav'n-ly man - sion fair;
4. We long to leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick-ly by;
Where ev'- ning shad - ows nev - er fall, The Sav - ior is its light.
Where ev - 'ry storm is hushed to rest, There let our treas-ure be.
And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel-come there.
And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

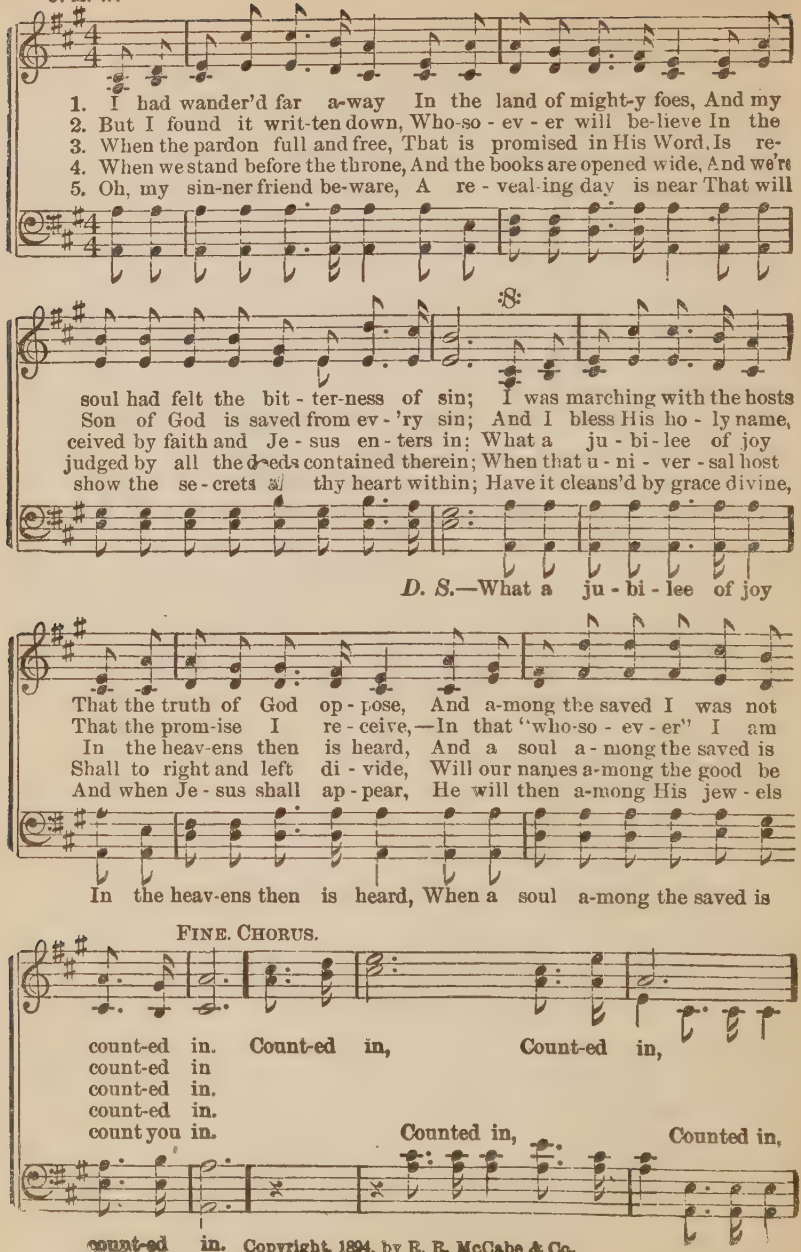
Chorus.


If the cross we meekly bear, Then the crown we shall wear,
If the cross we meekly bear, We a gold-en crown shall wear,
When we dwell a-mong the fair, In the bright for-ev - er-more.
When we dwell a - mong the fair, In the bright for-ev - er-more.

By permission.

Counted In.

J. M. W. J. M. WHITE.


1. I had wander'd far a-way In the land of might-y foes, And my soul had felt the bit - ter-ness of sin; I was marching with the hosts
2. But I found it writ-ten down, Who-so - ev - er will be-lieve In the Son of God is saved from ev - 'ry sin; And I bless His ho - ly name,
3. When the pardon full and free, That is promised in His Word, Is re- ceived by faith and Je - sus en - ters in; What a ju - bi - lee of joy
4. When we stand before the throne, And the books are opened wide, And we're judged by all the deeds contained therein; When that u - ni - ver - sal host
5. Oh, my sin-ner friend be-ware, A re - veal-ing day is near That will show the se - crets of thy heart within; Have it cleans'd by grace divine,
D. S.—What a ju - bi - lee of joy
That the truth of God op - pose, And a-mong the saved I was not
That the prom-ise I re - ceive,—In that "who-so - ev - er" I am
In the heav-ens then is heard, And a soul a - mong the saved is
Shall to right and left di - vide, Will our names a-mong the good be
And when Je - sus shall ap - pear, He will then a-mong His jew - els
In the heav-ens then is heard, When a soul a-mong the saved is
FINE. CHORUS.
count-ed in. Count-ed in, Count-ed in,
count-ed in
count-ed in.
count-ed in.
count you in.
Counted in, Counted in,
count-ed in.

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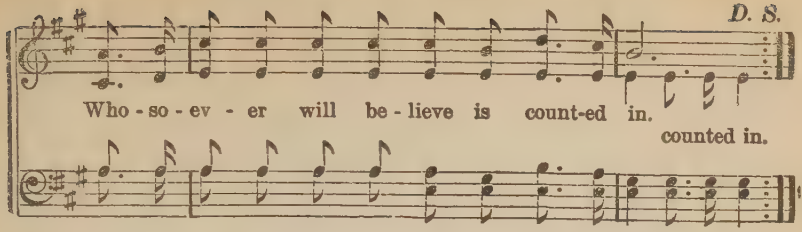
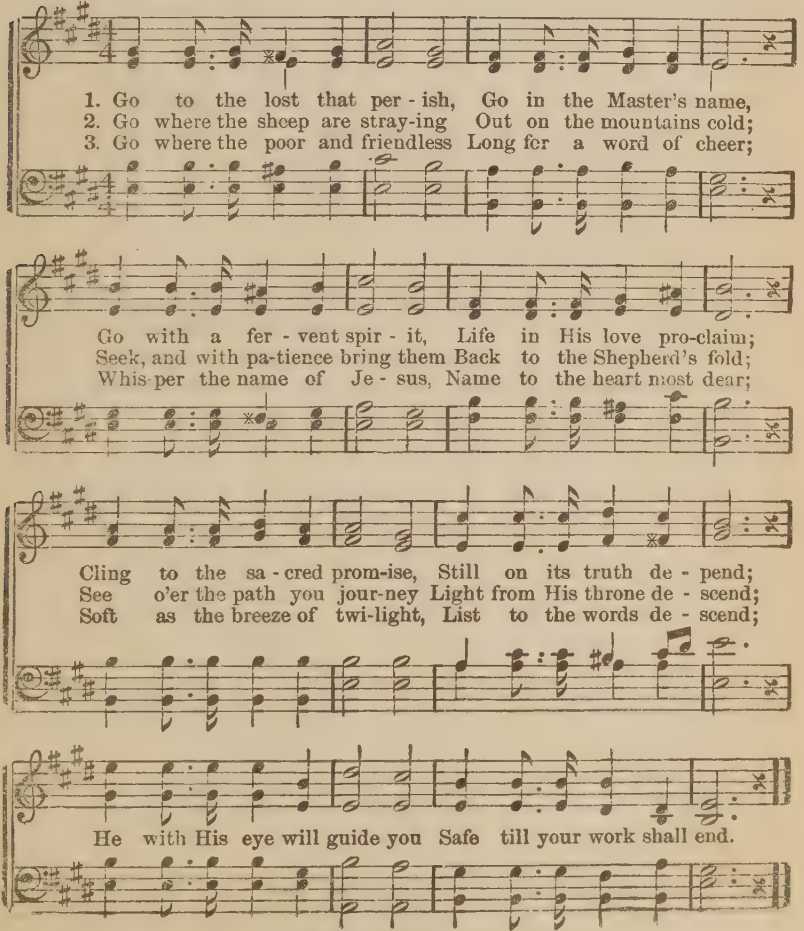
Counted In. Concluded.



105 Go to the Lost that Perish.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Go to the lost that per - ish, Go in the Master's name,
2. Go where the sheep are stray-ing Out on the mountains cold;
3. Go where the poor and friendless Long for a word of cheer;
Go with a fer - vent spir - it, Life in His love pro-claim;
Seek, and with pa-tience bring them Back to the Shepherd's fold;
Whis-per the name of Je - sus, Name to the heart most dear;
Cling to the sa - cred prom-ise, Still on its truth de - pend;
See o'er the path you jour-ney Light from His throne de - scend;
Soft as the breeze of twi-light, List to the words de - scend;
He with His eye will guide you Safe till your work shall end.

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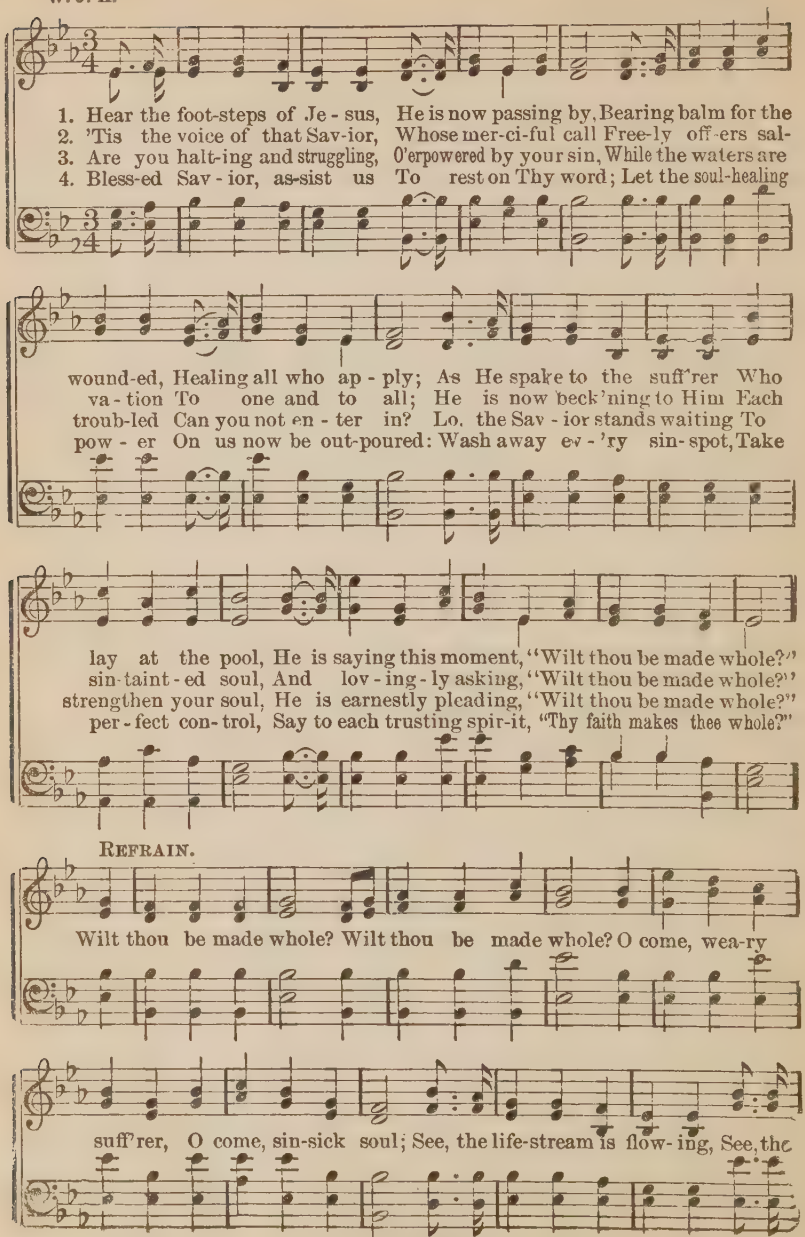
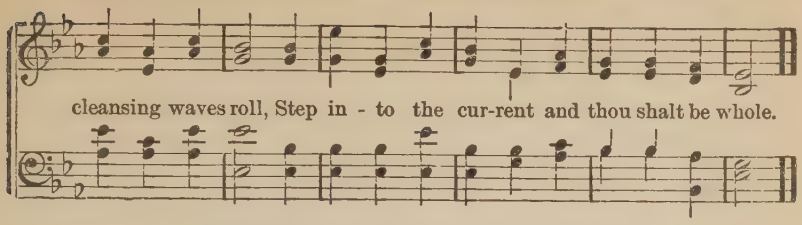
Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav-ior, Whose mer-ci-ful call Free-ly off-ers sal-
3. Are you halt-ing and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
4. Bless-ed Sav - ior, as-sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul-healing
wound-ed, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suff'rer Who
va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troub-led Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav - ior stands waiting To
pow - er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take
lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin-taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earnestly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per - fect con - trol, Say to each trusting spir-it, "Thy faith makes thee whole?"
Refrain.
Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry
suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow - ing, See, the

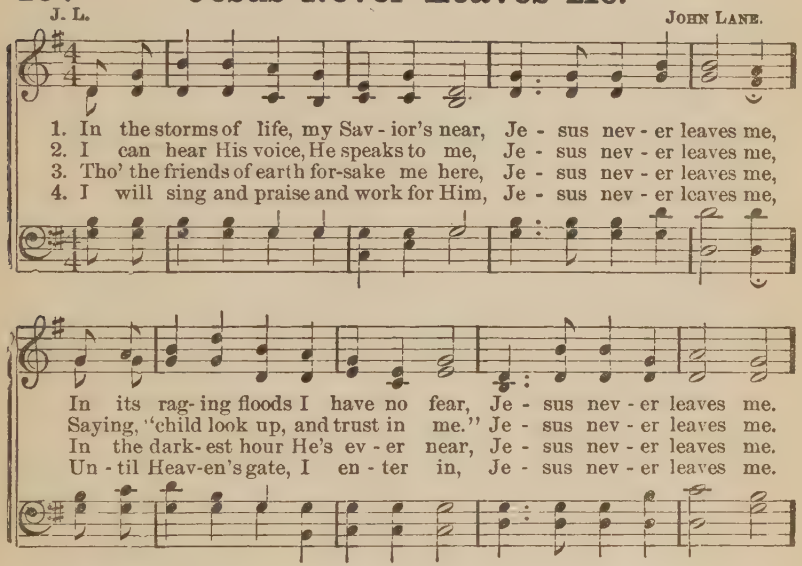
By permission.

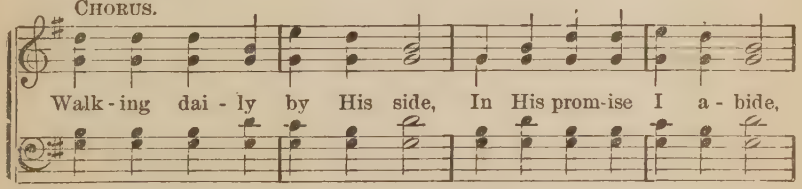
Wilt Thou be Made Whole. Concluded.

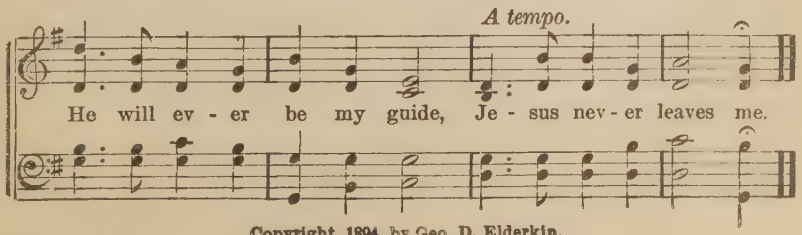


107 Jesus Never Leaves Me.

J. L. JOHN LANE.


1. In the storms of life, my Sav - ior's near, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,
2. I can hear His voice, He speaks to me, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,
3. Tho' the friends of earth for-sake me here, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,
4. I will sing and praise and work for Him, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,
In its rag-ing floods I have no fear, Je - sus nev - er leaves me.
Saying, "child look up, and trust in me." Je - sus nev - er leaves me.
In the dark-est hour He's ev - er near, Je - sus nev - er leaves me.
Un - til Heav-en's gate, I en - ter in, Je - sus nev - er leaves me.





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We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith,..... He wills it so,..... And marks the
3. We walk by faith,..... di-vine-ly blest,..... On Him we
4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end, ... We'll walk with
We walk by faith, etc.
grow.....beneath our feet,.....And fragrance breathe... a-long the
path.....that we should go;.....And when, at times.....our sky is
lean,..... in Him we rest;.....The more we trust....our Shepherd's
Him,..... our dearest Friend,....Till safe we tread.....the fields of
way..... That leads the soul..... to end-less day.....
dim,..... He gen-tly draws..... us close to Him .....
care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
light,..... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight.....
CHORUS.
Express.
We walk by faith, but not a-lone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

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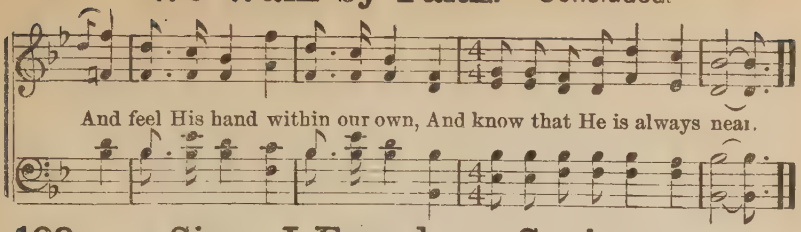
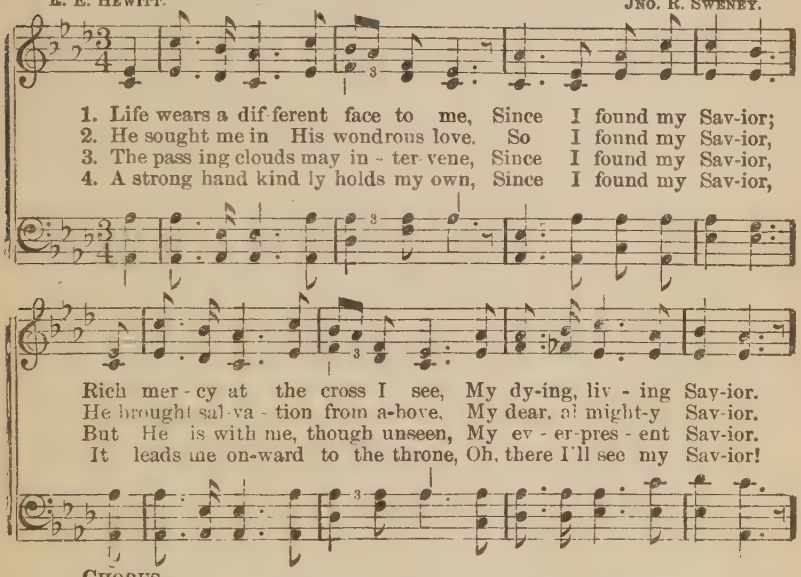
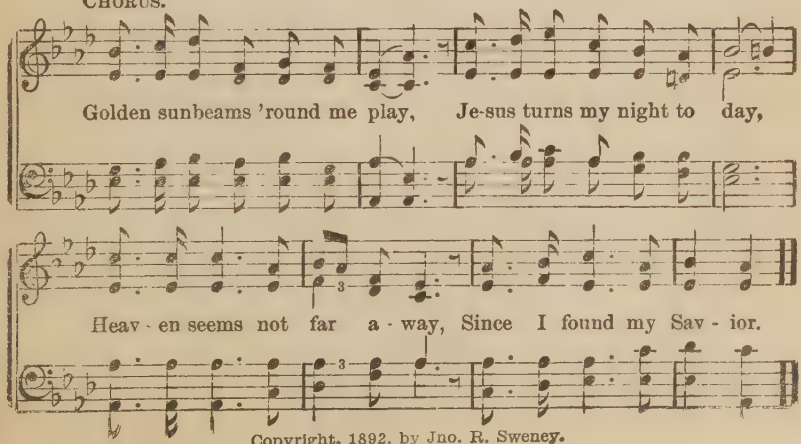


109 Since I Found my Savior.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Life wears a dif-ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav-ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav-ior,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-ior,
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior,
Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Sav-ior.
He brought sal-va-tion from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-ior.
But He is with me, though unseen, My ev-er-pres-ent Sav-ior.
It leads me on-ward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Sav-ior!

CHORUS.



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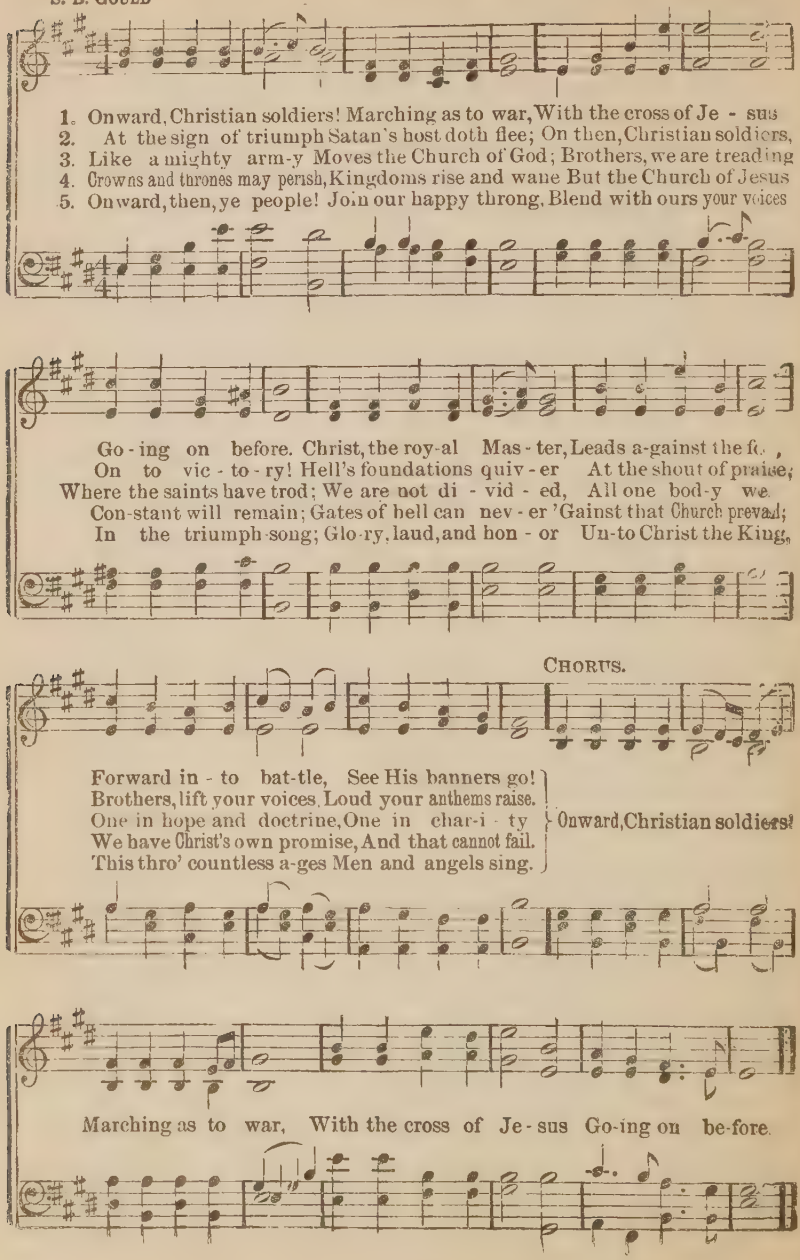
110 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

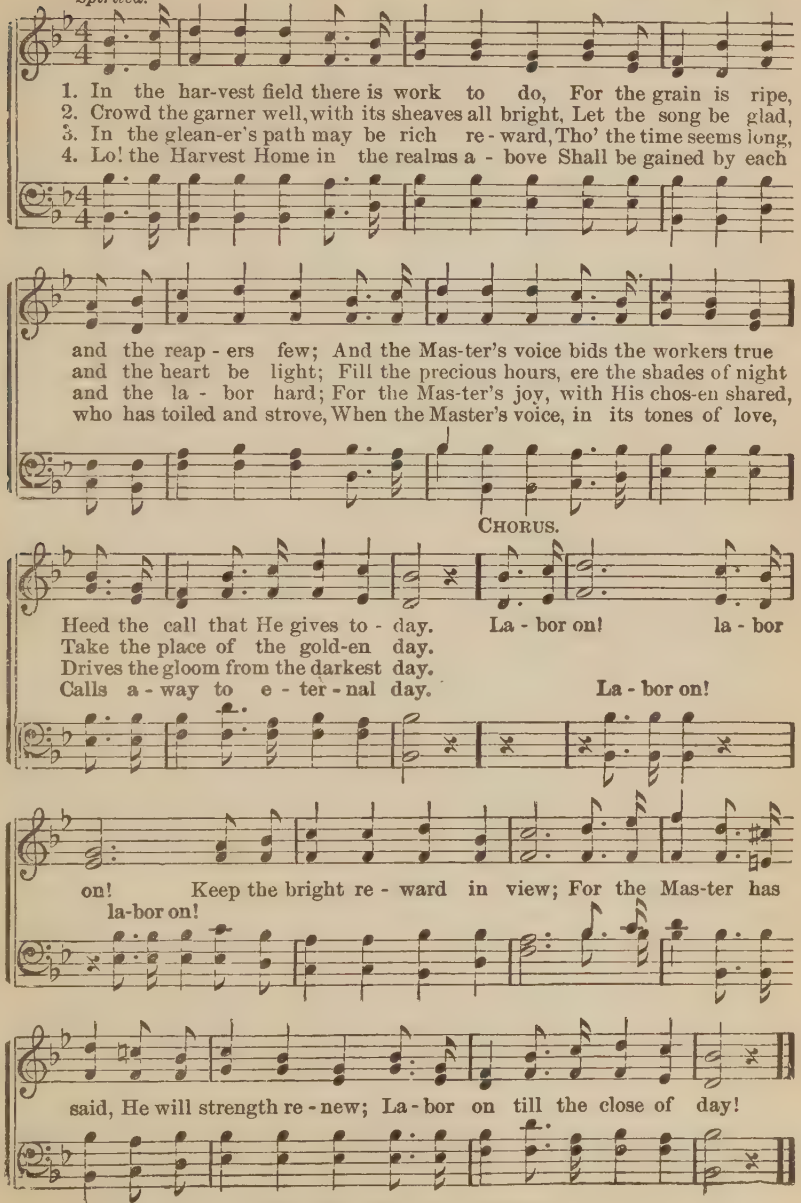
S. B. GOULD — A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty arm-y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of Jesus
5. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on before. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the fo.
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we
Con-stant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church preval;
In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or Un-to Christ the King,
CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat-tle, See His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Labor On.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL. *Spirited.* W. H. DOANE.


1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the garner well, with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each
and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the workers true
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la-bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chos-en shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,
CHORUS.
Heed the call that He gives to-day. La-bor on! la-bor
Take the place of the gold-en day.
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day.
La-bor on!
on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas-ter has
la-bor on!
said, He will strength re-new; La-bor on till the close of day!

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112 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung, 'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est theme, for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the grand - est theme tell the world a - gain, "Our
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll, To the guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our
Chorus.
He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - ble, He is a - ble

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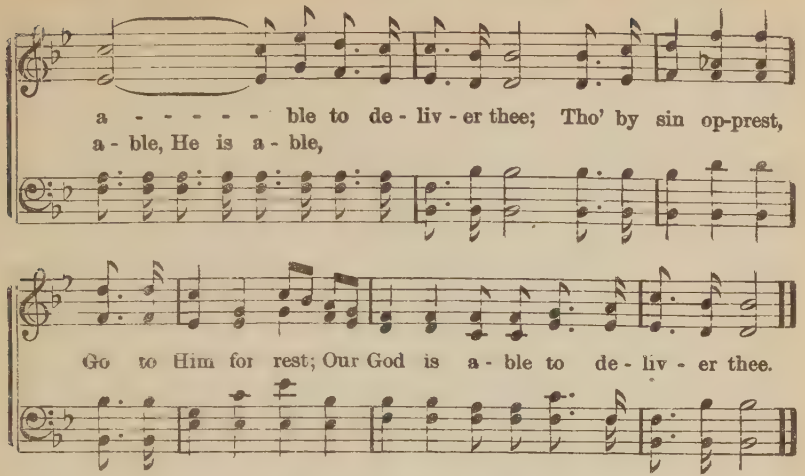
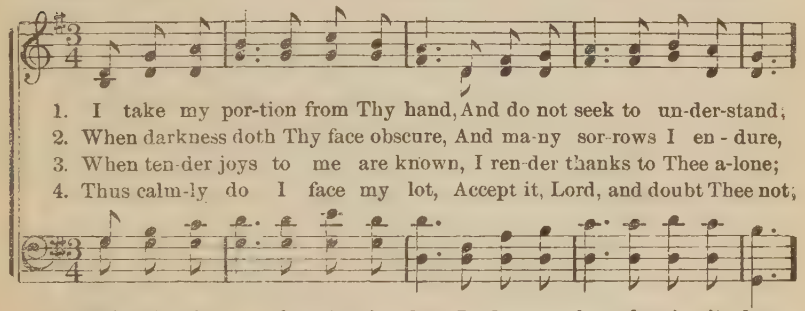
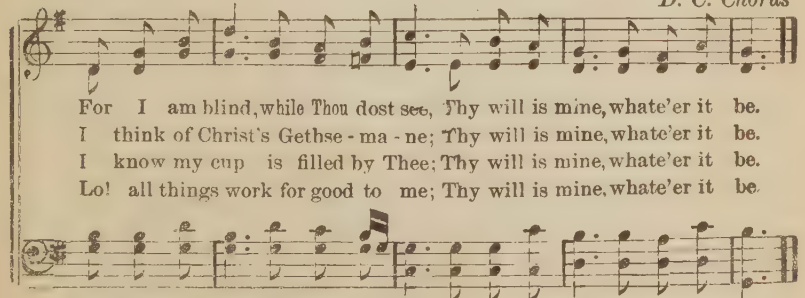
He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.



113 Whate'er it Be.

ELTA M. LEWIS. "Thy will be done." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I take my por-tion from Thy hand, And do not seek to un-der-stand;
2. When darkness doth Thy face obscure, And ma-ny sor-rows I en - dure,
3. When ten-der joys to me are known, I ren-der thanks to Thee a-lone;
4. Thus calm-ly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt Thee not;
CHO.—Whate'er it be! what-e'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be;
D. C. Chorus


For I am blind, while Thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I think of Christ's Gethse - ma - ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by Thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
Thy love di - vine sus - tain - eth me, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

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Still Out of Christ.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Still out of Christ, when so oft He has called you, Why will you longer re-
2. Still out of Christ, and the moments so pre-cious, Night is approaching, oh,
3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mer-cy, If you are will-ing to
4. Still out of Christ, and the love He has promised, How you are longing that
fuse to be-lieve? What can you hope from the world or its pleasure?
what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain
turn from your sin; Yon-der He stands at the door of sal-va-tion
love to re-ceive! Haste where the star of your faith is di-rect-ing,
Refrain.
How can you trust them when both will deceive?
Free are its wa-ters, and flow-ing for you.
Waiting to par-don and wel-come you in.
Haste, and this moment re-pent and be-lieve.
Come, come to Je-sus,
weary, heavy-hearted, Come, come to Je-sus while you may; Now He is
wait-ing, wait-ing to receive you, Hark! He is calling you to-day.

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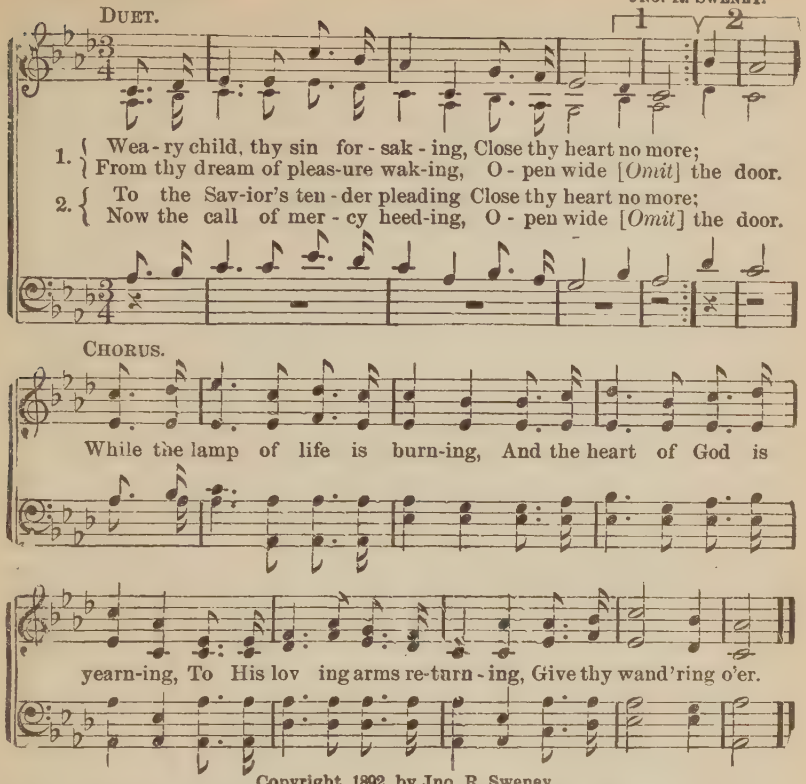
115 Close thy Heart no More.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


DUET.
1 2
1. Wea - ry child, thy sin for - sak - ing, Close thy heart no more;
From thy dream of pleas-ure wak-ing, O - pen wide [Omit] the door.
2. To the Sav-ior's ten - der pleading Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mer - cy heed-ing, O - pen wide [Omit] the door.
CHORUS.
While the lamp of life is burn-ing, And the heart of God is
yearn-ing, To His lov ing arms re-turn - ing, Give thy wand'ring o'er.

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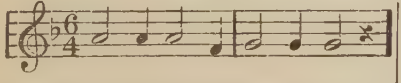
3 To the gospel invitation
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation
Open wide the door.

4 To the joy that fadeth never
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever
Open wide the door.

Mary to the Savior's Tomb.



1 Mary to the Savior's Tomb
Hastened at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone,
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling while the crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrow quickly fled [voice:—
When she heard His welcome
'Christ has risen from the dead,"
Now He bids her heart rejoice,
What a change His word can make!
Turning darkness into day—
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake—
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear
'Though you now are tempest-toss'd.
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ,
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

116 There is Joy in Heaven to-night.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With a sweet - er mu - sic gold - en harps are ring - ing, Welcome
2. Hardened hearts are yield-ing to the Spir - it's plead -ing, Sin-ners
3. From the ways of e - vil, wea - ry feet are turn -ing, Spir-its
4. High-est praise and glo - ry to the Love E - ter - nal, Souls from
ti-dings ech - o thro' the mansions bright; Higher swells the anthem, heav'n's
glad -ly en - ter mer-cy's o - pen door; While angel - ic he:-alds with the
long in blindness, now are find-ing sight; For the Father's pardon wand'ring
dan -ger bringing safe in - to the fold; Hap-py earthly voic-es join the
choir is sing - ing, For a - mong the an - gels there is joy to-night.
news are speeding, Thro' the shin-ing cit - y on the oth - er shore.
ones are yearning, And o'er souls re - pent-ing saints re - joice to-night.
hymn su - per - nal, Sung where hands ce-les-tial strike the harps of gold.
CHORUS.
Praise the name of Je - sus, there is joy in heav'n, O-ver souls from sin and
dark-ness, com-ing in - to light; Souls in - to the king dom
Com-ing in - to light,

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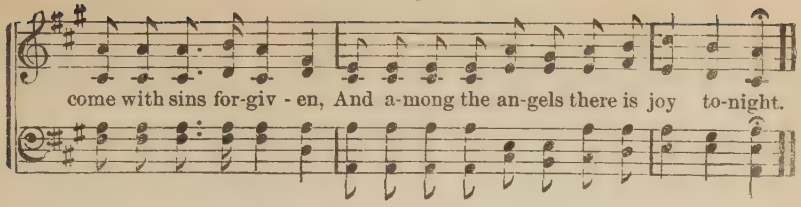
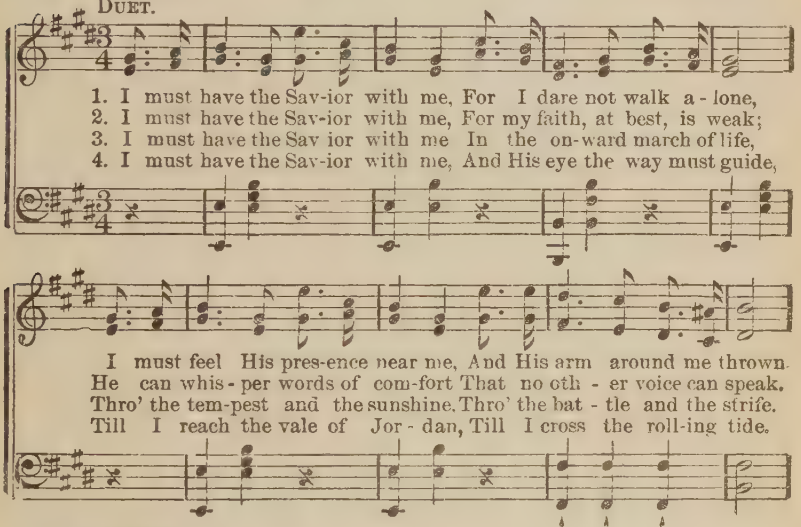


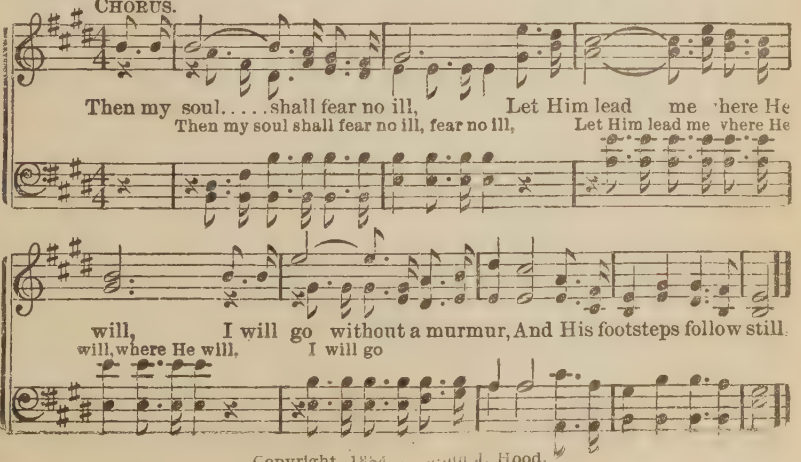
117 The Savior with Me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY

DUET.


1. I must have the Sav-ior with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,
2. I must have the Sav-ior with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Sav ior with me In the on-ward march of life,
4. I must have the Sav-ior with me, And His eye the way must guide,
I must feel His pres-ence near me, And His arm around me thrown.
He can whis - per words of com-fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the tem-pest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll-ing tide.

CHORUS.


Then my soul.....shall fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He
will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
will, where He will, I will go

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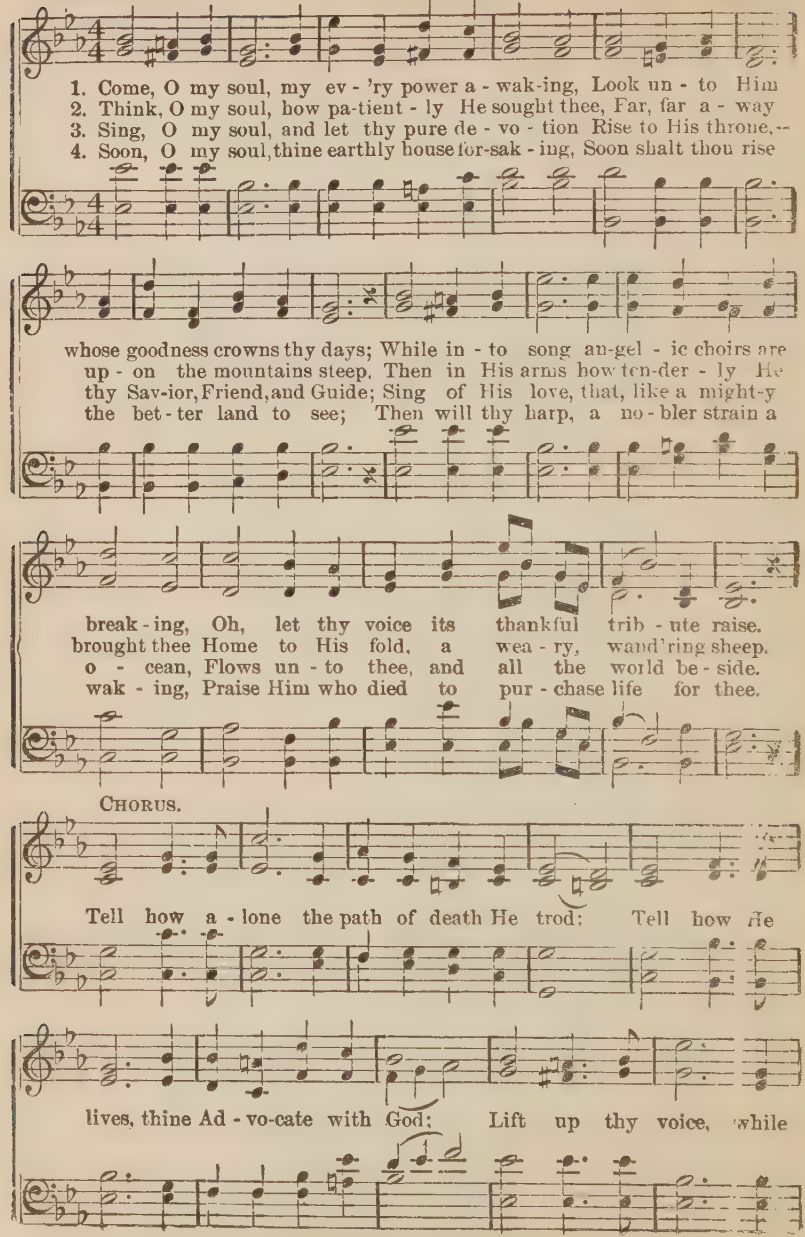
Come, O My Soul.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. (*The Everlasting Song.*) JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Come, O my soul, my ev - 'ry power a - wak-ing, Look un - to Him
2. Think, O my soul, how pa-tient - ly He sought thee, Far, far a - way
3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vo - tion Rise to His throne,--
4. Soon, O my soul, thine earthly house for-sak - ing, Soon shalt thou rise
whose goodness crowns thy days; While in - to song an-gel - ic choirs are
up - on the mountains steep, Then in His arms how ten-der - ly He
thy Sav-ior, Friend, and Guide; Sing of His love, that, like a might-y
the bet - ter land to see; Then will thy harp, a no - bler strain a
break - ing, Oh, let thy voice its thankful trib - ute raise.
brought thee Home to His fold, a wea - ry, wand'ring sheep.
o - cean, Flows un - to thee, and all the world be - side.
wak - ing, Praise Him who died to pur - chase life for thee.
CHORUS.
Tell how a - lone the path of death He trod: Tell how He
lives, thine Ad - vo-cate with God: Lift up thy voice, while

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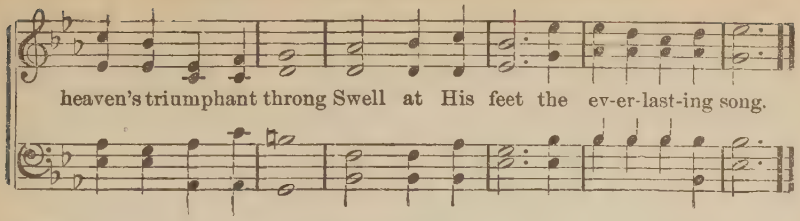
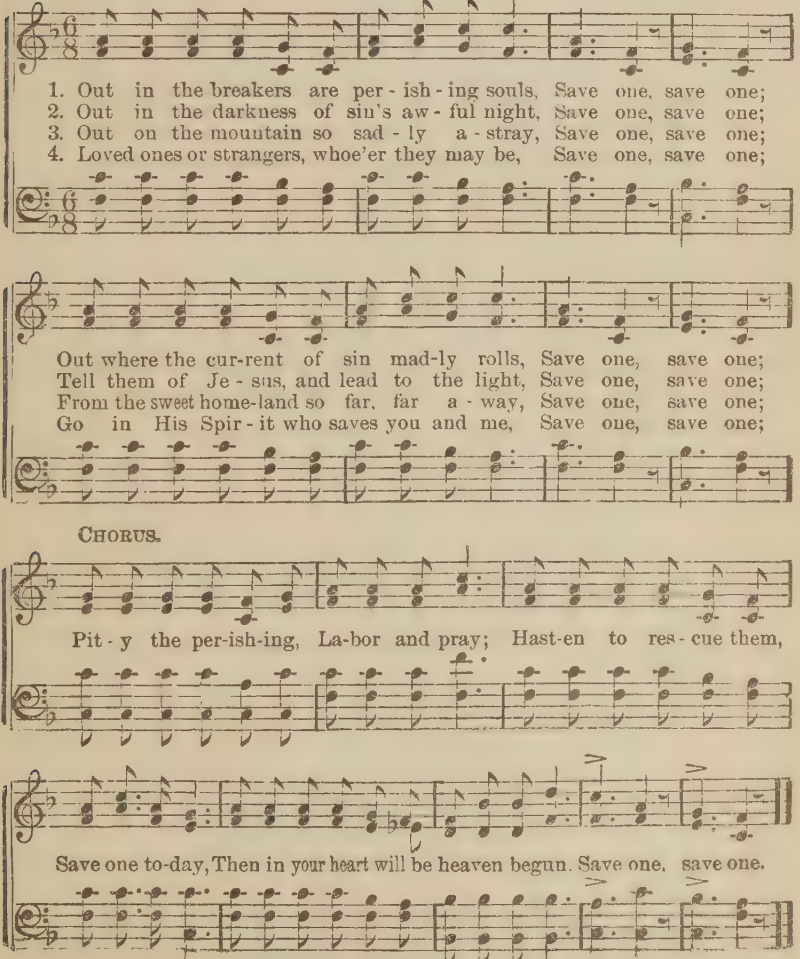


119 Save One.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Out in the breakers are per - ish - ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw - ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be, Save one, save one;
Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one;
Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one;
From the sweet home-land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one;
Go in His Spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one;
Chorus.
Pit - y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res - cue them,
Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven begun. Save one, save one.

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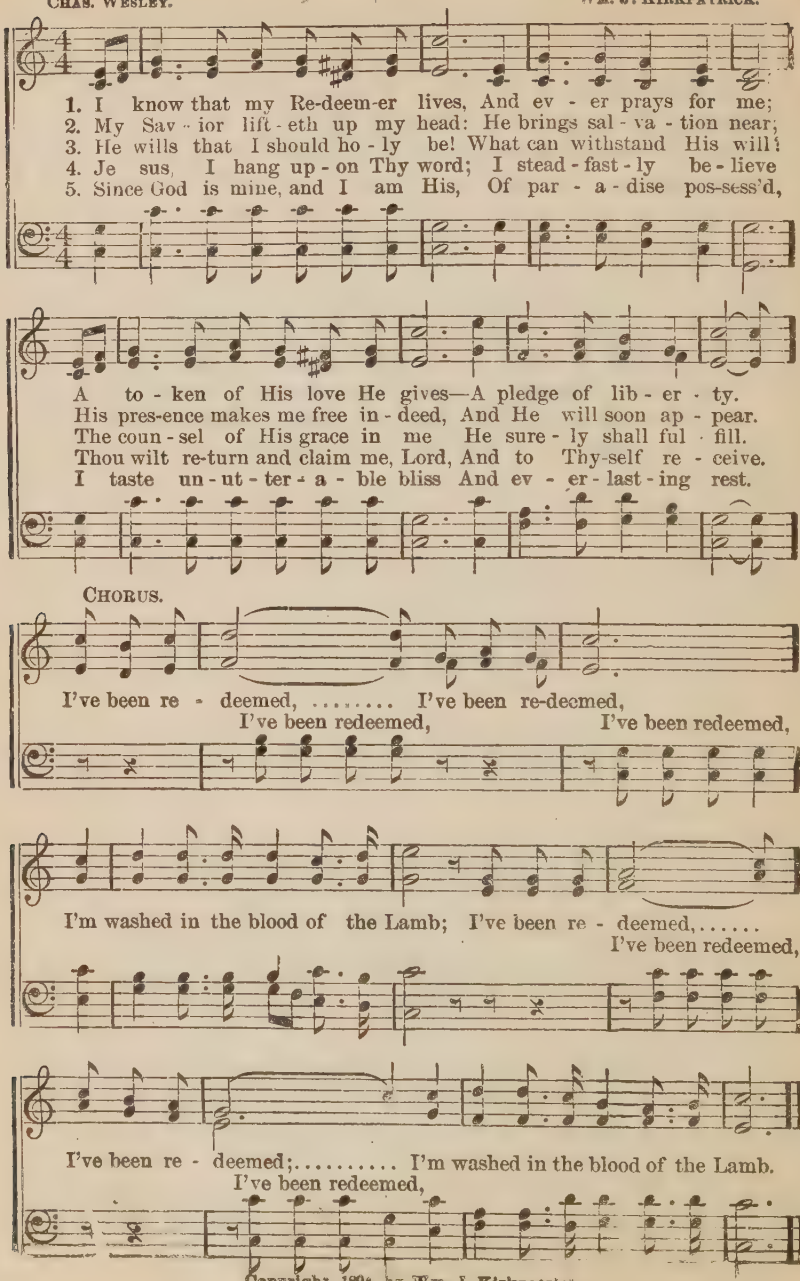
I've been Redeemed.

CHAS. WESLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. My Sav - ior lift - eth up my head: He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can withstand His will?
4. Je sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
5. Since God is mine, and I am His, Of par - a - dise pos-sess'd,
A to - ken of His love He gives—A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
Thou wilt re-turn and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re - ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss And ev - er - last - ing rest.
CHORUS.
I've been re - deemed, ... I've been re-deemed,
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb; I've been re - deemed, ...
I've been redeemed,
I've been re - deemed; ..... I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb.
I've been redeemed,

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A Little More Prayer

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. A lit-tle more pray'r as the years roll by, A strong-er faith
2. A lit-tle more help for our neighbor's need, A kind - er heart,
3. A lit-tle more praise for the hid - den joy, A sweet - er song

as the mo-ments fly, A clos - er grasp of the Fa-ther's hand,
and a no - bler deed, A deep - er sense of our Sav-ior's love,
shall our lips em - ploy, A pur - er soul 'neath the crim-son flow,

Chorus.

As we jour-ney on to the prom-ised land.
And a brighter view of the home a - bove.
And a rich - er life, where His grac - es grow.
} A lit-tle more faith,

pp *Rit.* *A tempo.*

a lit-tle more pray'r, A lit-tle more rest in our Fa-ther's care, And a

clos-er grasp of His might-y hand. For He leads us on to the promised land.

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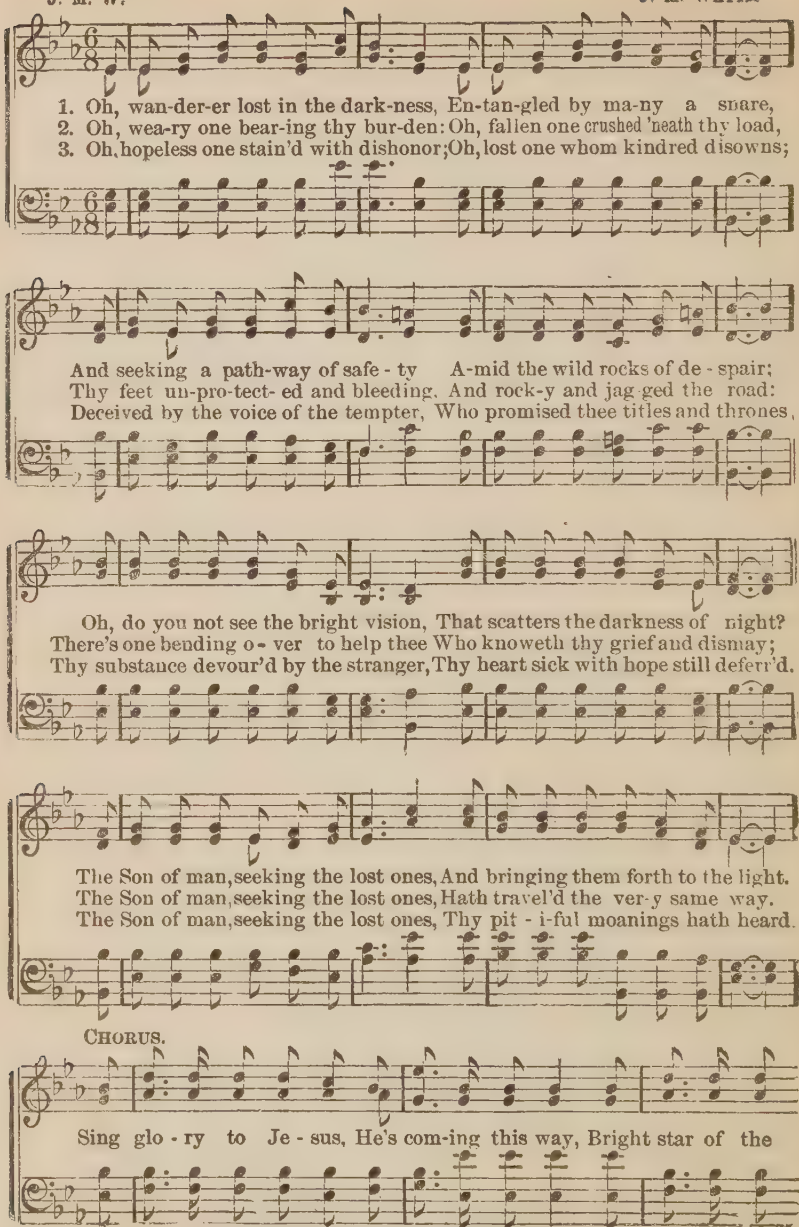
Oh, Wanderer Lost.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. Oh, wan-der-er lost in the dark-ness, En-tan-gled by ma-ny a snare,
2. Oh, wea-ry one bear-ing thy bur-den: Oh, fallen one crushed 'neath thy load,
3. Oh, hopeless one stain'd with dishonor; Oh, lost one whom kindred disowns;
And seeking a path-way of safe - ty A-mid the wild rocks of de - spair;
Thy feet un-pro-tect- ed and bleeding, And rock-y and jag-ged the road:
Deceived by the voice of the tempter, Who promised thee titles and thrones,
Oh, do you not see the bright vision, That scatters the darkness of night?
There's one bending o - ver to help thee Who knoweth thy grief and dismay;
Thy substance devour'd by the stranger, Thy heart sick with hope still defer'd.
The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, And bringing them forth to the light.
The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Hath travel'd the ver-y same way.
The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Thy pit - i-ful moanings hath heard.
CHORUS.
Sing glo - ry to Je - sus, He's com-ing this way, Bright star of the

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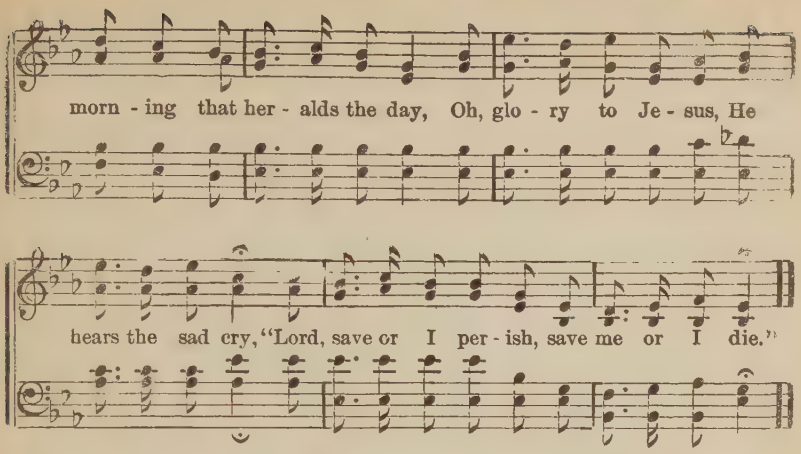
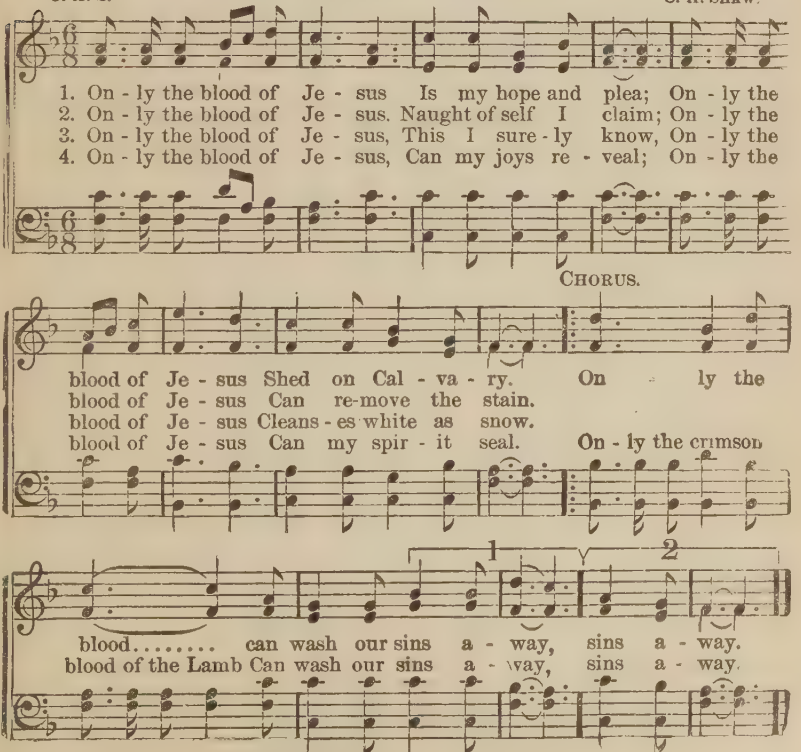
Oh, Wanderer Lost. Concluded.



123 The Cleansing Blood.

C. A. S. C. A. Shaw.


1. On - ly the blood of Je - sus Is my hope and plea; On - ly the
2. On - ly the blood of Je - sus. Naught of self I claim; On - ly the
3. On - ly the blood of Je - sus, This I sure - ly know, On - ly the
4. On - ly the blood of Je - sus, Can my joys re - veal; On - ly the
Chorus.
blood of Je - sus Shed on Cal - va - ry. On - ly the
blood of Je - sus Can re-move the stain.
blood of Je - sus Cleans - es white as snow.
blood of Je - sus Can my spir - it seal. On - ly the crimson
1
2
blood..... can wash our sins a - way, sins a - way.
blood of the Lamb Can wash our sins a - way, sins a - way.

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124 In the Shadow of Thy Wing.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He that dwell - eth in the pres-ence Of the Highest shall a - bide
2. When the clouds of sor-row gath - er, And the bil-lows o'er me roll,
3. I will plead the precious promise Of His ten - der, lov-ing care,
4. And the an - gry waves shall slumber At the bid-ding of His will;
Where no troub - le ev- er com- eth, Where no e - vil can be - tide
Safe with-in..... His blest pavil - ion He will hide my wea-ry soul,
For the des - ti-tute and need-y, And He will re-gard my prayer.
He will calm.... the raging tu - mult With His gen- tle "Peace, be still."
CHORUS.
Hide me in the se - cret Of Thy pres-ence,
Hide me in the se - cret
O my King, Where no storms..... may
O my King, storms may ev - er gath-er,
ev - er gath - er, In the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Where no storms may ev - er gath-er,

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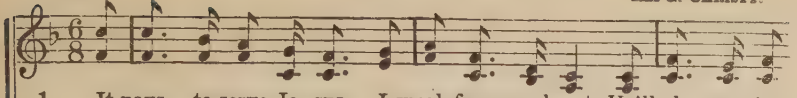
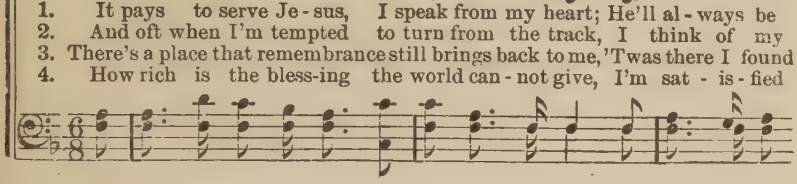
I Love Him Far Better.

E. G. C.

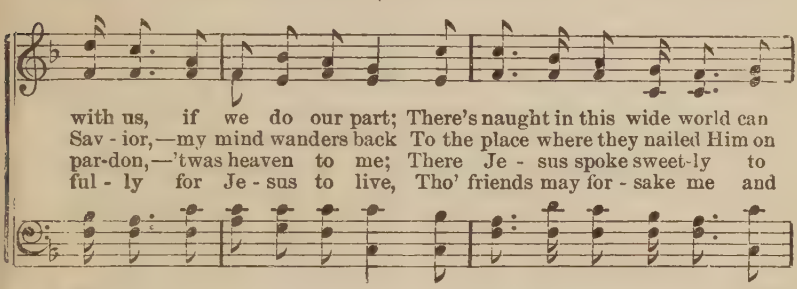
ELI G. CHRISTY.



1. It pays to serve Je - sus, I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can - not give, I'm sat - is - fied



with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav - ior,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par-don,—'twas heaven to me; There Je - sus spoke sweet-ly to
ful - ly for Je - sus to live, Tho' friends may for - sake me and

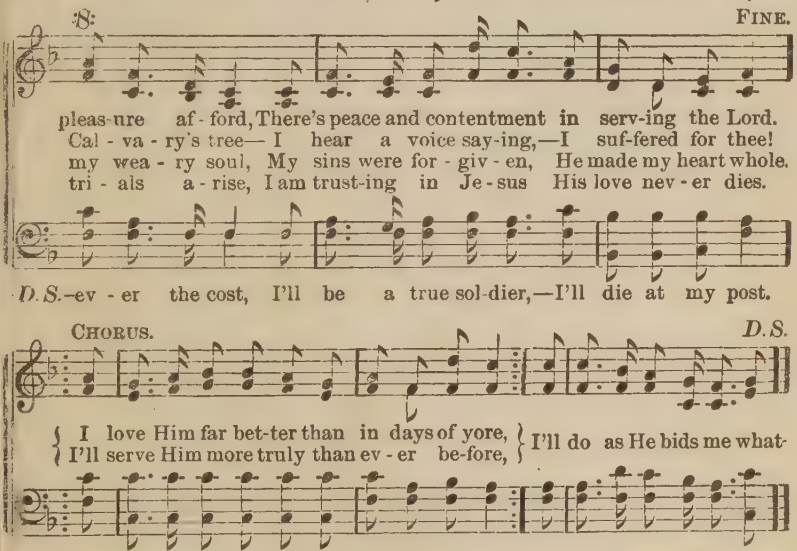


pleas-ure af - ford, There's peace and contentment in serv-ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree— I hear a voice say-ing,—I suf-fered for thee!
my wea - ry soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I am trust-ing in Je - sus His love nev - er dies.

D.S.—ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol-dier,—I'll die at my post.

CHORUS.

D.S.



{ I love Him far bet-ter than in days of yore, } I'll do as He bids me what-
{ I'll serve Him more truly than ev - er be-fore, }

5 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer me to-day, [fade away,
His love and His kindness can ne'er
In winter, in summer, in sunshine and rain, [same.
His love and affection are always the

6 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows, [knows?
A free, full salvation—as ev'ry one
Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,
The blood of my Savior was shed there for thee.

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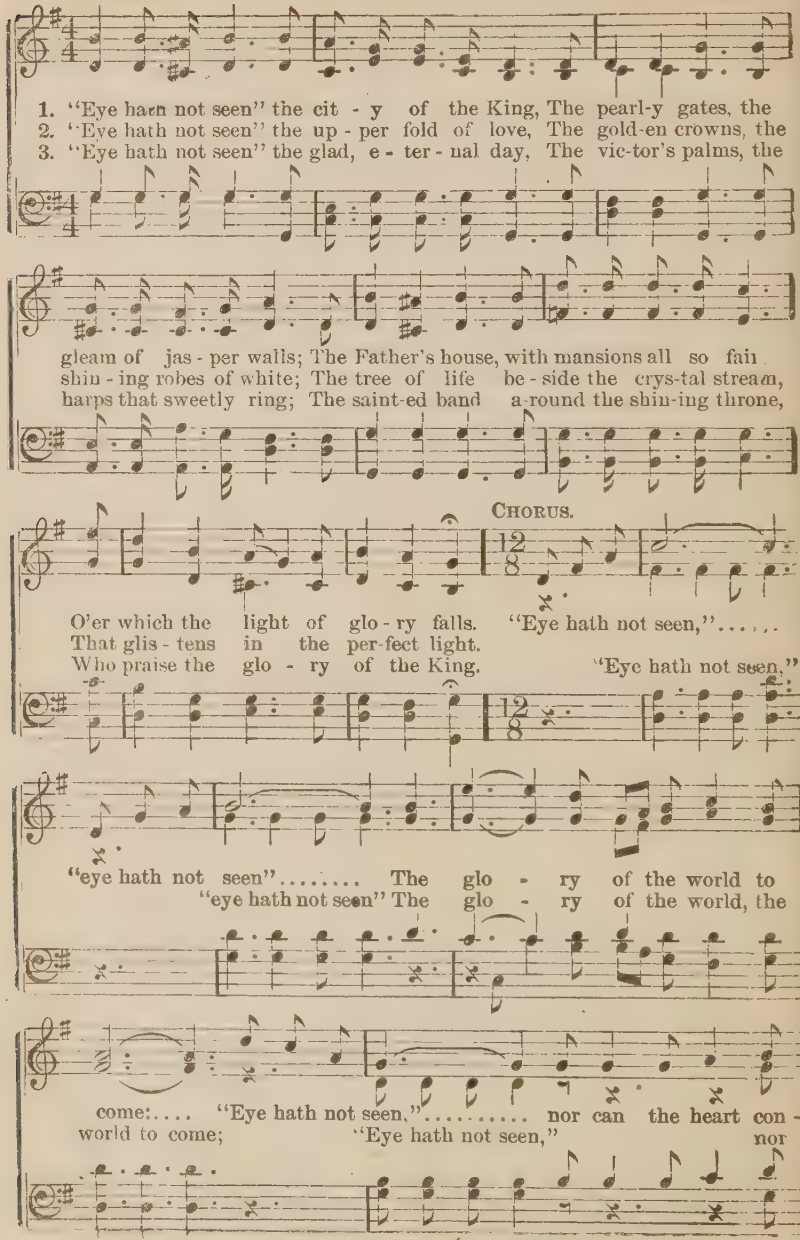
126 Eye hath not Seen.

E. A. Barnes — I Cor. 2: 9 — Jno. R. Sweney.


1. "Eye hath not seen" the cit - y of the King, The pearl-y gates, the
2. "Eye hath not seen" the up - per fold of love, The gold-en crowns, the
3. "Eye hath not seen" the glad, e - ter - nal day, The vic-tor's palms, the
gleam of jas - per walls; The Father's house, with mansions all so fair
shin - ing robes of white; The tree of life be - side the crys-tal stream,
harps that sweetly ring; The saint-ed band a-round the shin-ing throne,
Chorus.
O'er which the light of glo - ry falls. "Eye hath not seen,".....
That glis - tens in the per-fect light.
Who praise the glo - ry of the King. "Eye hath not seen,"
"eye hath not seen"..... The glo - ry of the world to
"eye hath not seen" The glo - ry of the world, the
come:.... "Eye hath not seen,"..... nor can the heart con -
world to come; "Eye hath not seen," nor

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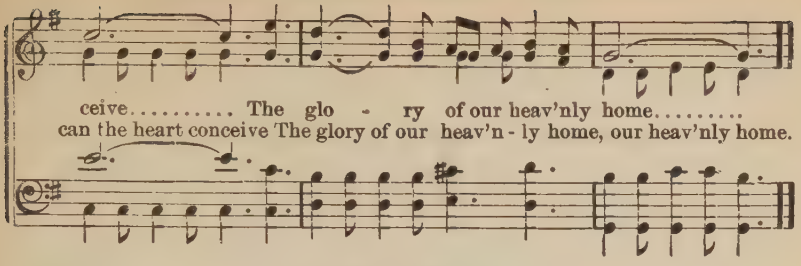
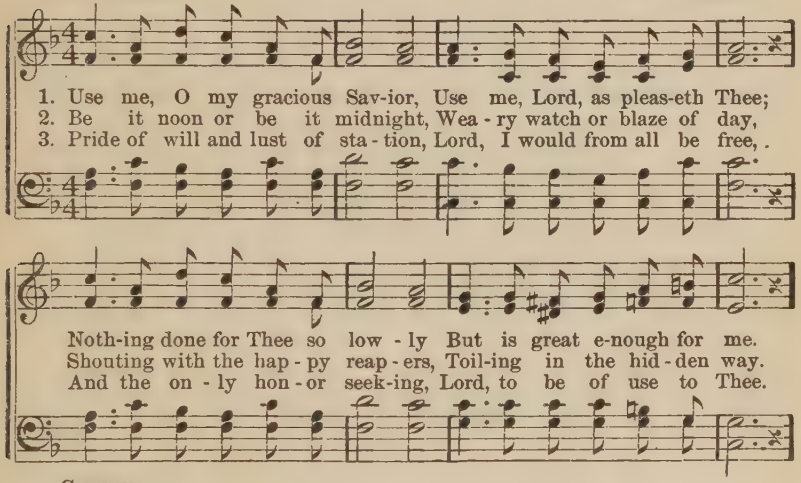
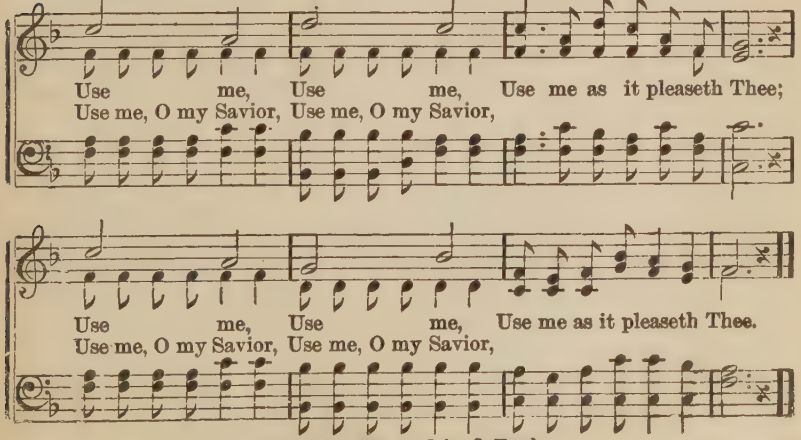


127 Use Me, Savior.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Use me, O my gracious Sav-ior, Use me, Lord, as pleas-eth Thee;
2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea - ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,
Noth-ing done for Thee so low - ly But is great e-nough for me.
Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil-ing in the hid - den way.
And the on - ly hon - or seek-ing, Lord, to be of use to Thee.

CHORUS.


Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee;
Use me, O my Savior, Use me, O my Savior,
Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee.
Use me, O my Savior, Use me, O my Savior,

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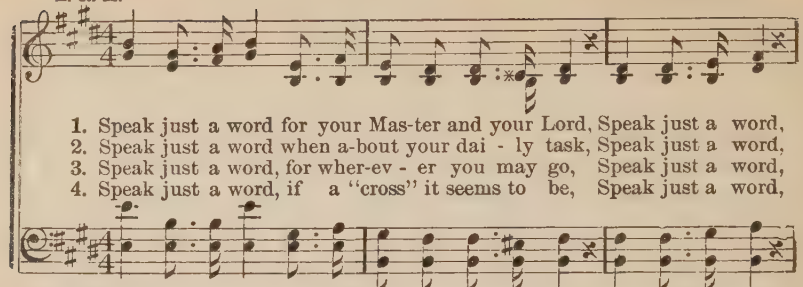
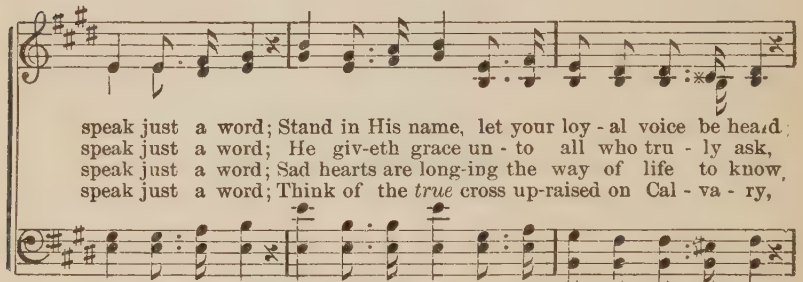
Speak Just a Word.

L. R. M.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.


1. Speak just a word for your Mas-ter and your Lord, Speak just a word,
2. Speak just a word when a-bout your dai - ly task, Speak just a word,
3. Speak just a word, for wher-ev - er you may go, Speak just a word,
4. Speak just a word, if a "cross" it seems to be, Speak just a word,

REF.—*Speak just a word, He will teach you what to say, Speak just a word,*

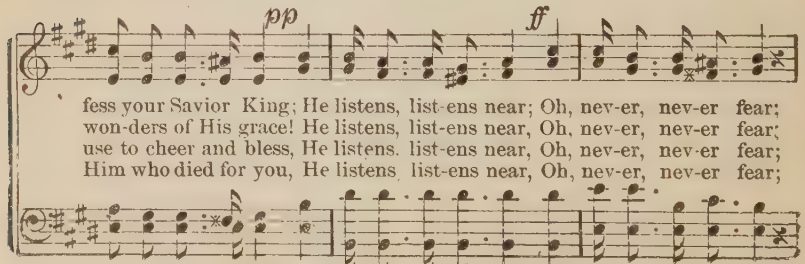

speak just a word; Stand in His name, let your loy - al voice be heard;
speak just a word; He giv-eth grace un - to all who tru - ly ask,
speak just a word; Sad hearts are long-ing the way of life to know,
speak just a word; Think of the *true* cross up-raised on Cal - va - ry,

Speak just a word; His the re - sult, ours is on - ly to o - bey,

FINE.

Speak just a word for Je - sus. Speak just a word, oh, cou-
Speak just a word for Je - sus. He calls you friend, oh, the
Speak just a word for Je - sus. Some lit - tle word He may
Speak just a word for Je - sus. Lift up the ban - ner of

Speak just a word for Je - sus.


pp
ff
fess your Savior King; He listens, list-ens near; Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear;
won-ders of His grace! He listens, list-ens near, Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear;
use to cheer and bless, He listens, list-ens near, Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear;
Him who died for you, He listens, list-ens near, Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear;

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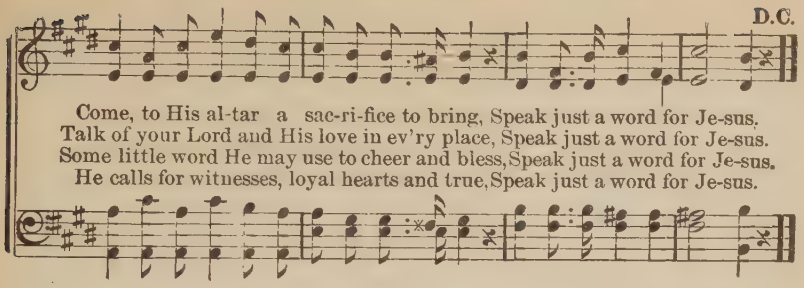
Speak Just a Word. Concluded.

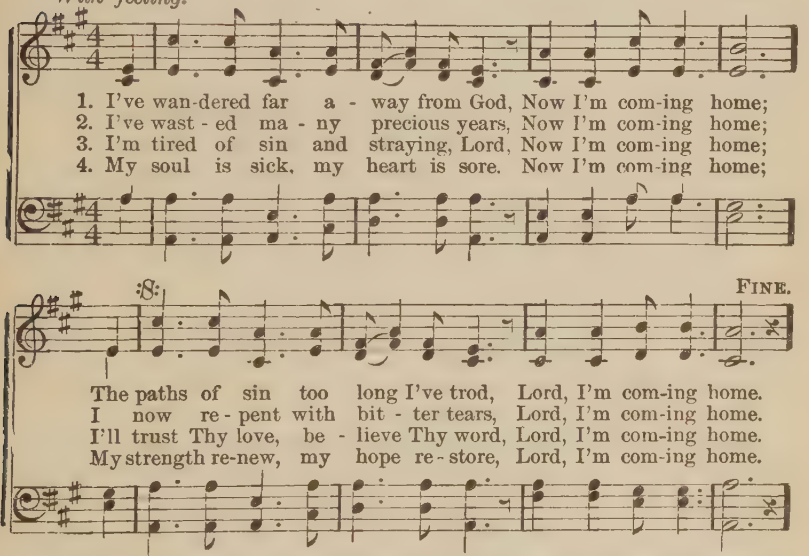

D.C.
Come, to His al-tar a sac-ri-fice to bring, Speak just a word for Je-sus.
Talk of your Lord and His love in ev'ry place, Speak just a word for Je-sus.
Some little word He may use to cheer and bless, Speak just a word for Je-sus.
He calls for witnesses, loyal hearts and true, Speak just a word for Je-sus.

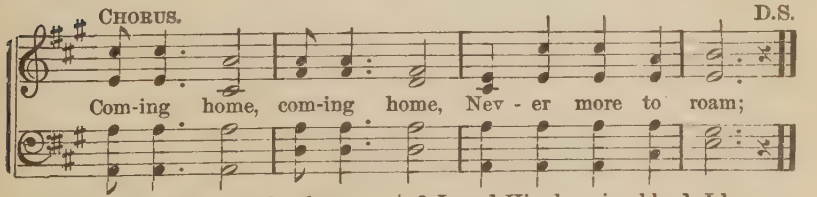
129 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

With feeling.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny precious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore. Now I'm com-ing home;
:S:
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D.S. O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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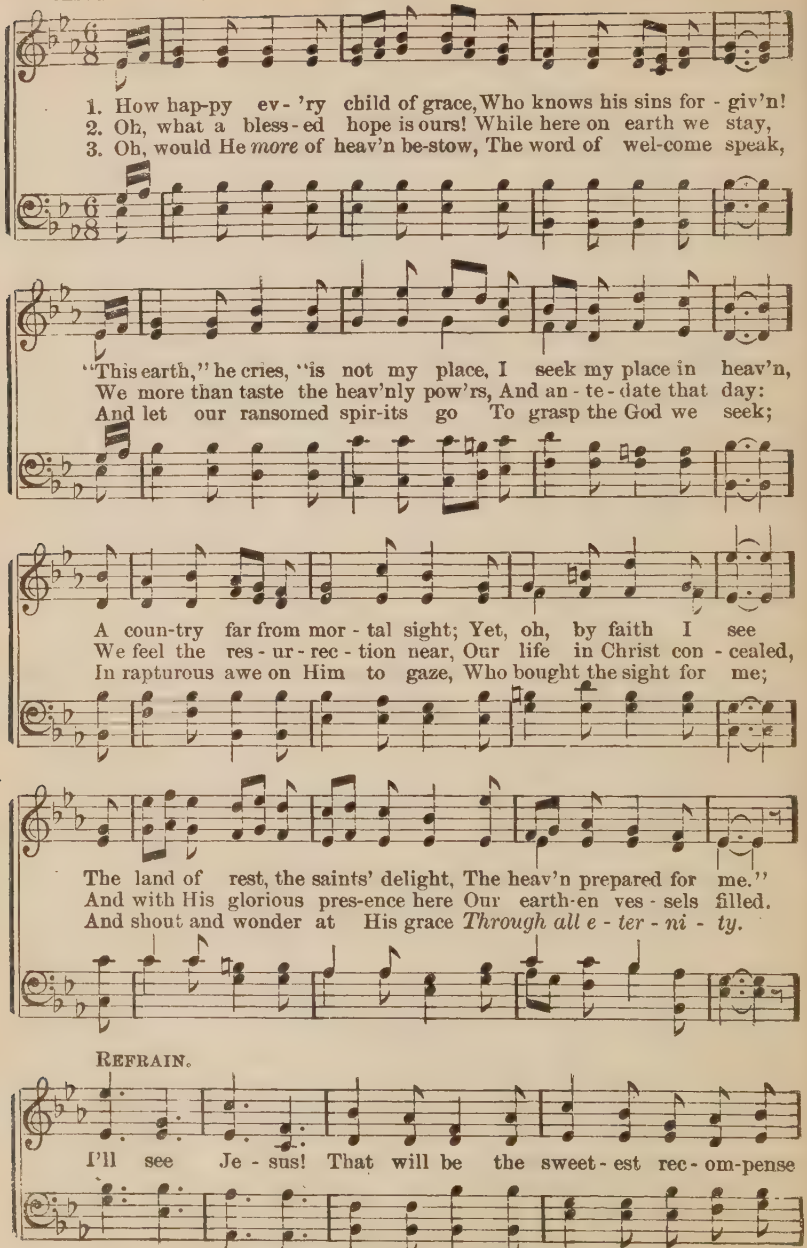
Adoption.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. JAY POWELL.


1. How hap-py ev-'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n!
2. Oh, what a bless-ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. Oh, would He *more* of heav'n be-stow, The word of wel-come speak,
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And an-te-date that day:
And let our ransomed spir-its go To grasp the God we seek;
A coun-try far from mor-tal sight; Yet, oh, by faith I see
We feel the res-ur-rec-tion near, Our life in Christ con-cealed,
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heav'n prepared for me."
And with His glorious pres-ence here Our earth-en ves-sels filled.
And shout and wonder at His grace *Through all e-ter-ni-ty.*
REFRAIN.
I'll see Je-sus! That will be the sweet-est rec-om-pense

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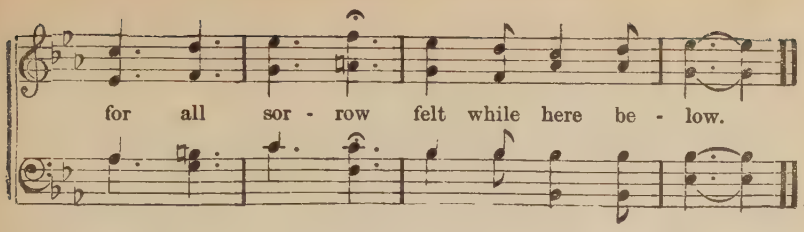

131 All the World for Jesus.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. J. H. Tenney.

Vigorous.

1. All the world for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry lov - ing heart Bound to my Re-
2. All the world for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry will - ing hand Act - ive for the
3. All the world for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry loy - al tongue Vo - cal with His
4. All the world for Je - sus! This shall be our aim, Till each glad im -

Chorus.

deem - er, Nev - er to de - part.
Mast - er, Wait-ing His com-mand. All the world for Je - sus!
prais - es, Wheth-er said or sung.
mor - tal Glo - ries in His name.

Faithful in the strife, Till the Master com-eth With the crown of life

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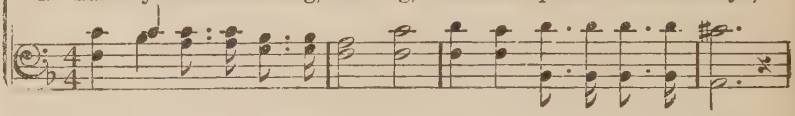
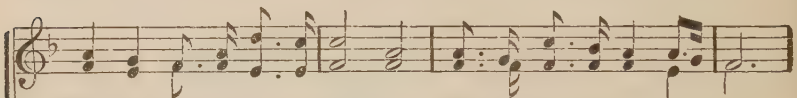
132 There's Nothing Abiding.

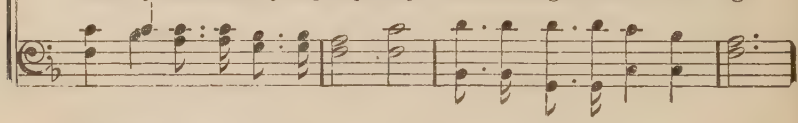
Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Earth-ly ties are breaking, breaking, Sundered as the years roll on;
2. Je - sus' work is call-ing, call - ing, Few the earn-est call o - bey;
3. Earth-ly toils are ceas-ing, ceas - ing, Toil-ers homeward wend their way;
4. Earth-ly scenes are fad-ing, fad - ing, Christian! up-ward turn thine eye;





Fondest hopes are waning, wan-ing, Glid-ing from us one by one.
Faithful souls are toil-ing, toil - ing, Lab'ring while 'tis called to - day.
An - gel bands are fly - ing, fly - ing, Bear-ing them to realms of day.
Heav'nly beams are brigt'ning, bright'ning, We shall reign with Him on high.

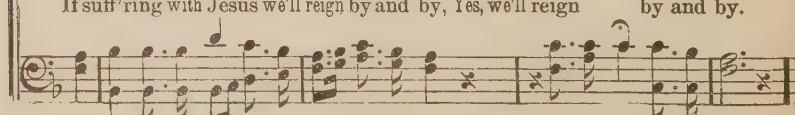


Chorus.

There's nothing abiding but heav'n alone, But heav'n a - lone;
But heav'n, but heav'n a-lone;

Rit.

Our treasures with Jesus we'll find by and by, Yes, we'll find by and by.
If working for Jesus we'll rest by and by, Yes, we'll rest by and by.
If dy - ing for Jesus we'll live by and by, Yes, we'll live by and by.
If suff'ring with Jesus we'll reign by and by, Yes, we'll reign by and by.



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133 The Sweet Beulah Land.

"Let us go up at once and possess it." Nu. 13: 30.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I am walk-ing to-day in the sweet Beu-lah land, I have
2. I am now go-ing on to ex-plore Beu-lah land, 'Tis the
3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can-not know, As I
4. Oh, the sweet-ness of love that en-rap-tures my soul, For com-
crossed to the glo-ry side, I am washed in the blood, and my
gift of my Lord to me; I am tast-ing its joys, I am
walk by my Sav-ior's side, I am kept by His pow'r, I am
mun-ion with Christ I know! I am hap-py in Him, and to-
Chorus.
soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti-fied. Glo - ry
walk-ing in light, And the face of my Sav-ior see.
led by His hand, And I'll ev-er with Him a-bide.
day thro' my soul Liv-ing streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glory to God, oh,
Glo-ry to God, My heart now is cleansed from sin, I've a-bandoned my
from sin,
self to the Ho-ly Ghost, And His full-ness a-bides with-in.

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134 The Cross is not Greater.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.
Arr. by W. J. K.

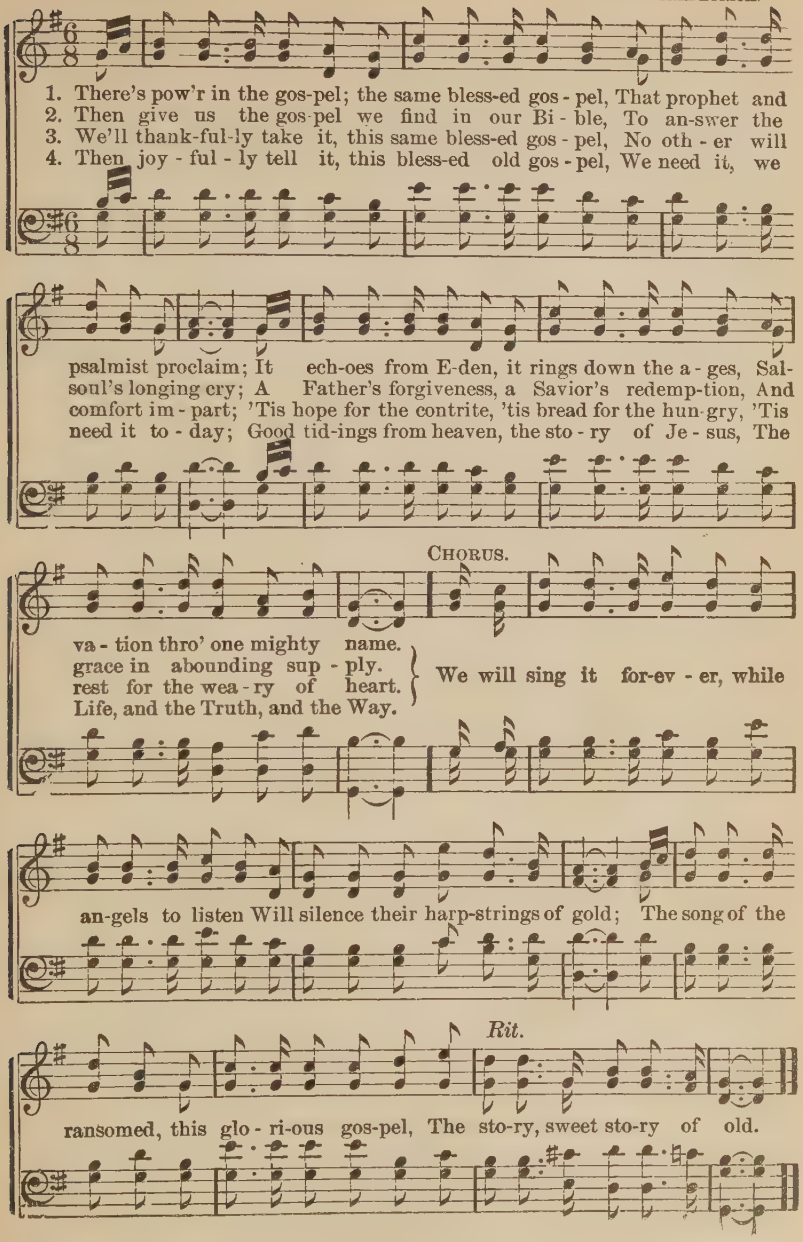
May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The Cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful- fill- ing, As I'm walking in His sight,
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit- ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work grow-eth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.
CHORUS.
The Cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can- not
hide His blessed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with
Je - sus here be - low, I can con-quer ev - 'ry foe.

Used by per.

135 There's Power in the Gospel.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. There's pow'r in the gos-pel; the same bless-ed gos - pel, That prophet and
2. Then give us the gos-pel we find in our Bi - ble, To an-swer the
3. We'll thank-ful-ly take it, this same bless-ed gos - pel, No oth - er will
4. Then joy - ful - ly tell it, this bless-ed old gos - pel, We need it, we
psalmist proclaim; It ech-oes from E-den, it rings down the a - ges, Sal-
soul's longing cry; A Father's forgiveness, a Savior's redemp-tion, And
comfort im - part; 'Tis hope for the contrite, 'tis bread for the hun-gry, 'Tis
need it to - day; Good tid-ings from heaven, the sto - ry of Je - sus, The
CHORUS.
va - tion thro' one mighty name.
grace in abounding sup - ply.
rest for the wea - ry of heart.
Life, and the Truth, and the Way.
We will sing it for-ev - er, while
an-gels to listen Will silence their harp-strings of gold; The song of the
Rit.
ransomed, this glo - ri-ous gos-pel, The sto-ry, sweet sto-ry of old.

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The City of Gold.

Anon. Rev. 21: 18. E. C. Avis.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, Will the
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry
4. There all sick - ness and sor - row and death are un-known, There
glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
faith-ful with rap - ture be-hold; There the right-eous for - ev - er will
one we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our
glo - ries on glo - ries un-fold; There the Lamb is the light in the
CHORUS.
leaves nev-er fade, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold. There the sun
shine like the stars, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold.
crown to a-dorn, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold.
midst of the throne, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold. There the sun
nev-er sets, And the leaves nev - er fade, There the
nev-er sets, And the leaves nev-er fade,
righteous for-ev - er Shall shine like the stars, In that beautiful city of gold.

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137 I am Glad there is Cleansing.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Arr. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.

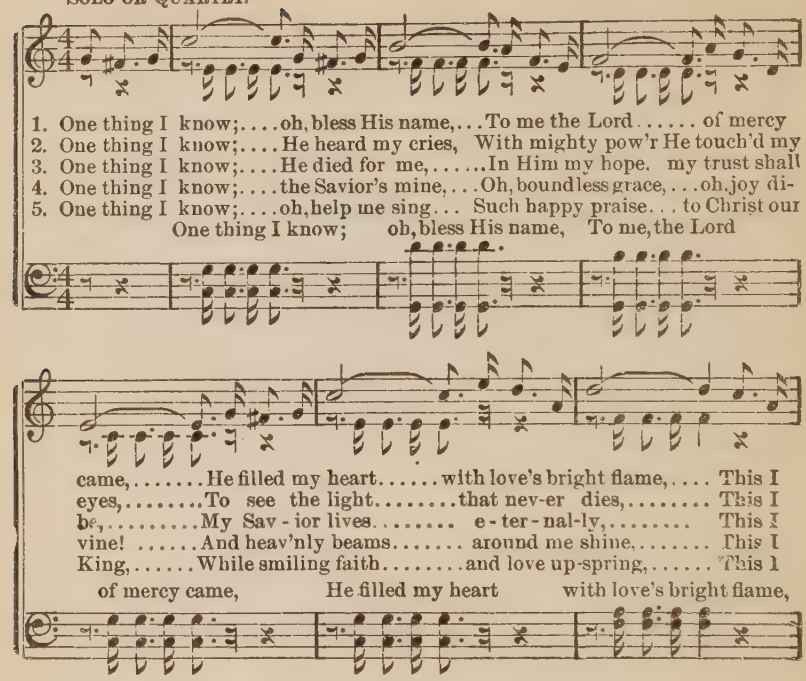
1. How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings, Where love divine and mercy blends;
2. 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a-way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi-on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Cal-v'ry's Mount;
4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We cannot make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;
How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
Who gives up all,—who comes by faith, This cleansing finds without delay.
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleansing in redemption's fount.
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone, Can change and cleanse the heart aright.
There thousands have a cleansing found, I'll heed the Savior's welcome smile.
CHORUS.
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood, I am glad there is
there is cleansing in the blood,
cleans-ing in the blood, Tell the world,
there is cleansing in the blood, there is cleansing,
All the world, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-ior's blood
there is cleansing,

By permission.

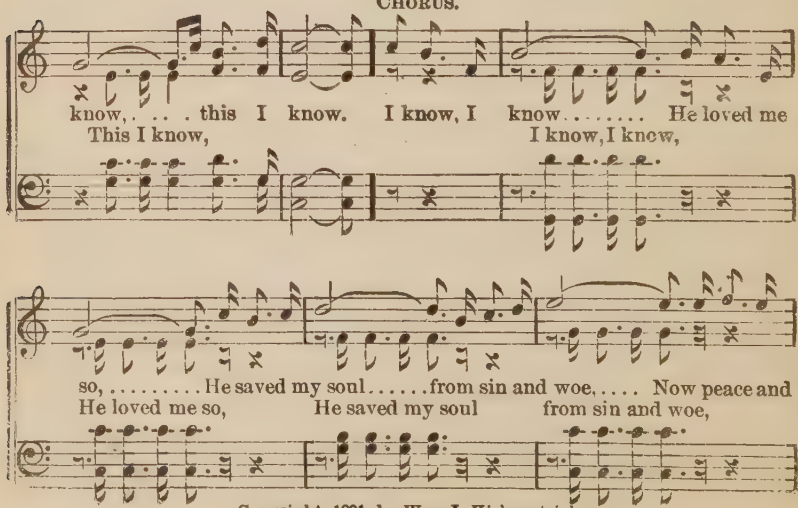
One Thing I Know.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Solo or Quartet.


1. One thing I know;....oh, bless His name,...To me the Lord..... of mercy
2. One thing I know;....He heard my cries, With mighty pow'r He touch'd my
3. One thing I know;....He died for me,.....In Him my hope. my trust shall
4. One thing I know;....the Savior's mine,...Oh, boundless grace,...oh, joy di-
5. One thing I know;....oh, help me sing... Such happy praise... to Christ our
One thing I know; oh, bless His name, To me, the Lord
came,.....He filled my heart.....with love's bright flame,.... This I
eyes,.....To see the light.....that nev-er dies,..... This I
be,.....My Sav-ior lives..... e-ter-nal-ly,..... This I
vine! .....And heav'nly beams..... around me shine,..... This I
King,.....While smiling faith.....and love up-spring,..... This I
of mercy came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame,

Chorus.


know,.... this I know. I know, I know..... He loved me
This I know, I know, I know,
so,.....He saved my soul.....from sin and woe,.... Now peace and
He loved me so, He saved my soul from sin and woe,

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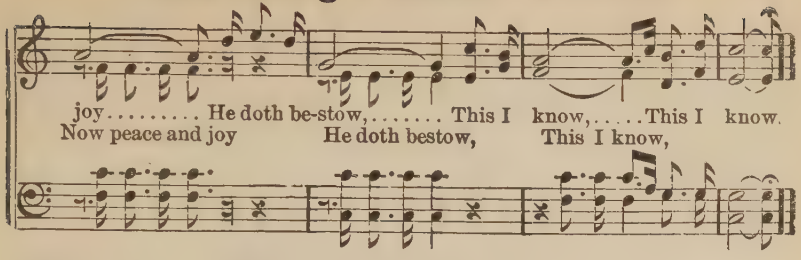
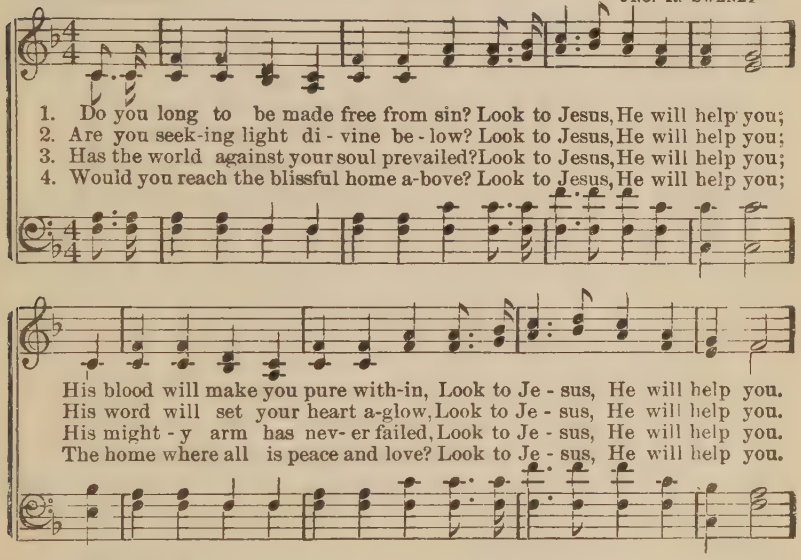
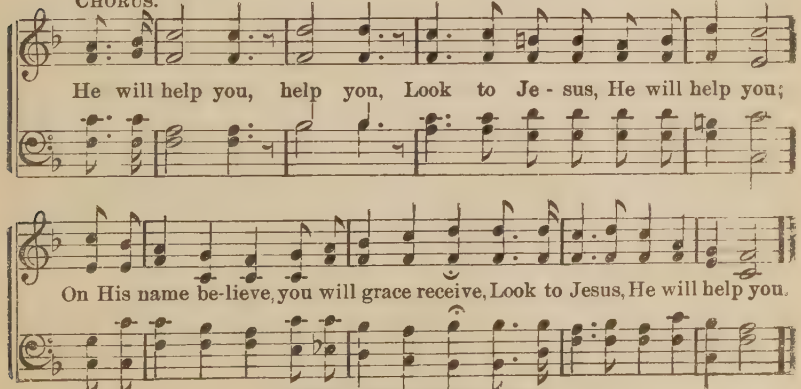
One Thing I Know. Concluded.



139 He will Help You.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Do you long to be made free from sin? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
2. Are you seek-ing light di - vine be - low? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
3. Has the world against your soul prevailed? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
4. Would you reach the blissful home a-bove? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
His blood will make you pure with-in, Look to Je - sus, He will help you.
His word will set your heart a-glow, Look to Je - sus, He will help you.
His might - y arm has nev- er failed, Look to Je - sus, He will help you.
The home where all is peace and love? Look to Je - sus, He will help you.


CHORUS.
He will help you, help you, Look to Je - sus, He will help you;
On His name be-lieve, you will grace receive, Look to Jesus, He will help you.

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140 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-
part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not" Are you read - y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
Are you read - y? are you read - y? Are you read - y for the
judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

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Harvest Time.

W. A. SPENCER. W. A. SPENCER.

1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
An - oth - er may shout when the harvesters reap-ing Shall gath-er my
1
2
tears and with dews from on high: ‖ grain in the "sweet by and by."
:‖: CHORUS.
O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep-er and deep-er My heart is pierced
D.S.—tears of the sow - er and songs of the reap-er Shall min - gle to-
1
2
FINE.
thro' with life's sor-row-ing cry, But the ‖ geth-er in joy by and by.
D.S.
By and by, ... by and by, ... By and by, ... by and by, ... Yes, the
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by,

2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling, sad-hearted, in sunshine and rain.

3 The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

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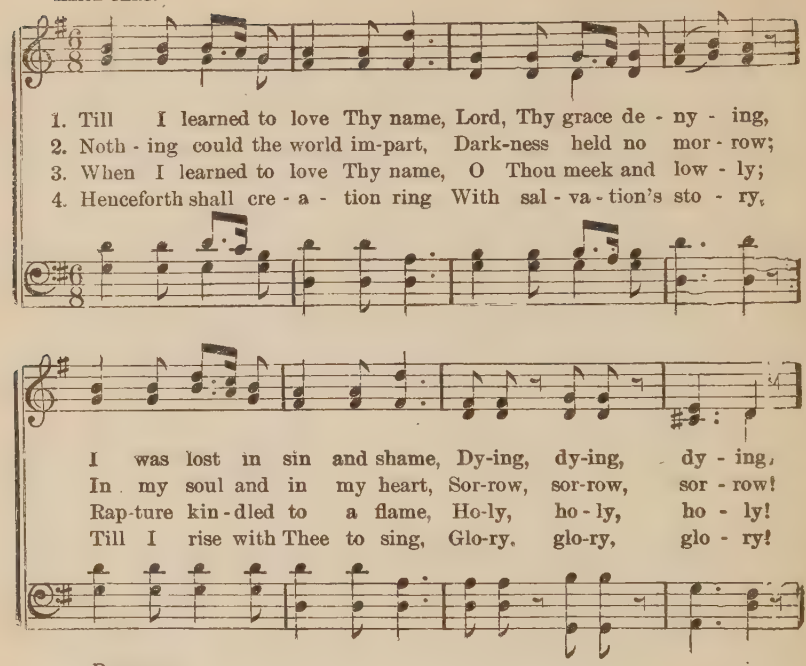
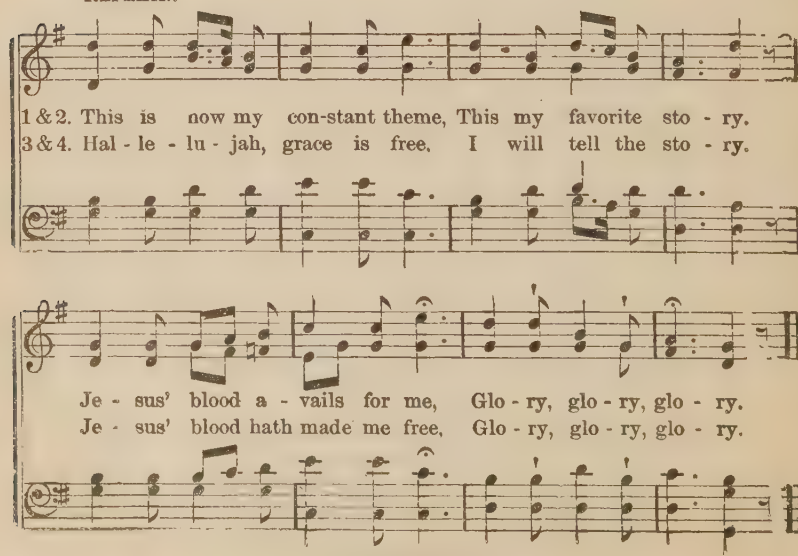
From Death unto Life.

ALICE CARY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Till I learned to love Thy name, Lord, Thy grace de - ny - ing,
2. Noth - ing could the world im-part, Dark-ness held no mor - row;
3. When I learned to love Thy name, O Thou meek and low - ly;
4. Henceforth shall cre - a - tion ring With sal - va - tion's sto - ry,
I was lost in sin and shame, Dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing,
In my soul and in my heart, Sor-row, sor-row, sor - row!
Rap-ture kin - dled to a flame, Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Till I rise with Thee to sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry!

REFRAIN.

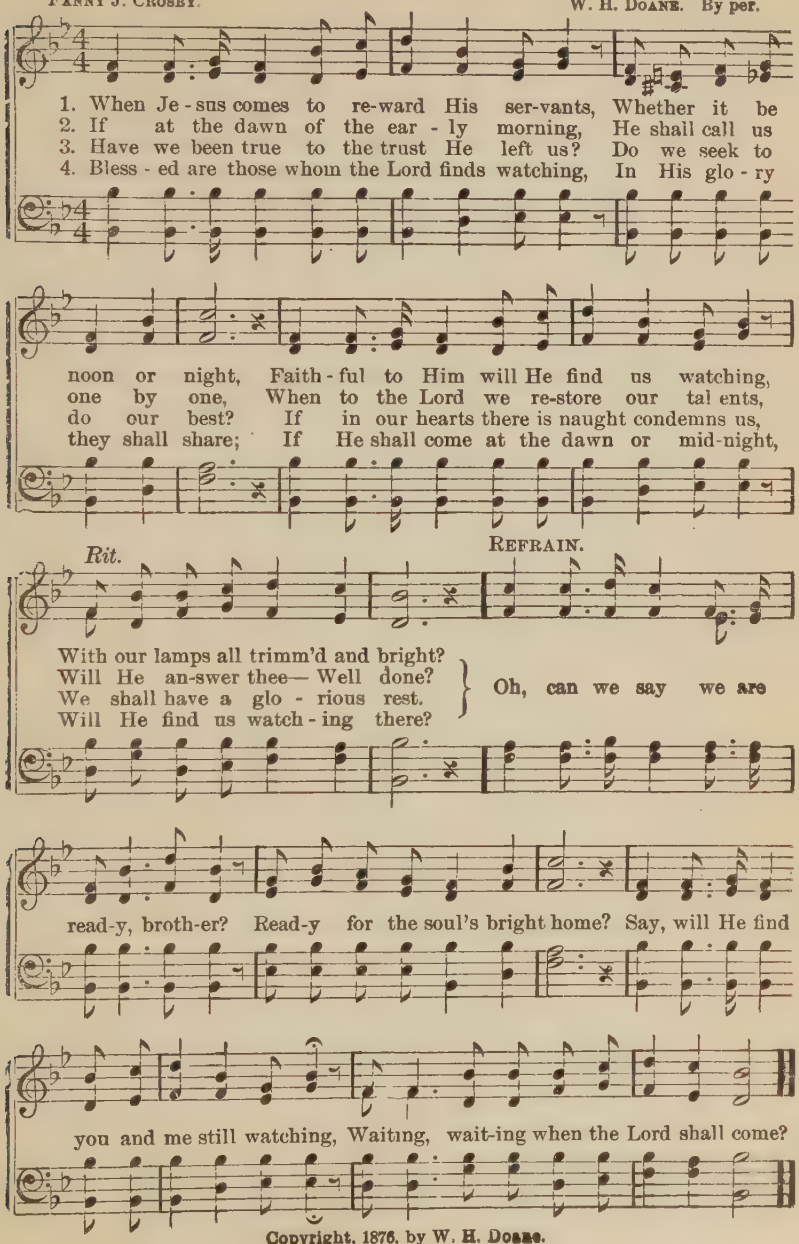

1 & 2. This is now my con-stant theme, This my favorite sto - ry.
3 & 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, grace is free, I will tell the sto - ry.
Je - sus' blood a - vails for me, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.
Je - sus' blood hath made me free, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

By permission.

143 Will Jesus Find us Watching?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.


1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward His ser-vants, Whether it be
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry
noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our tal ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,
Rit.
REFRAIN.
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will He an-swer thee— Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?
Oh, can we say we are
read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find
you and me still watching, Waiting, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

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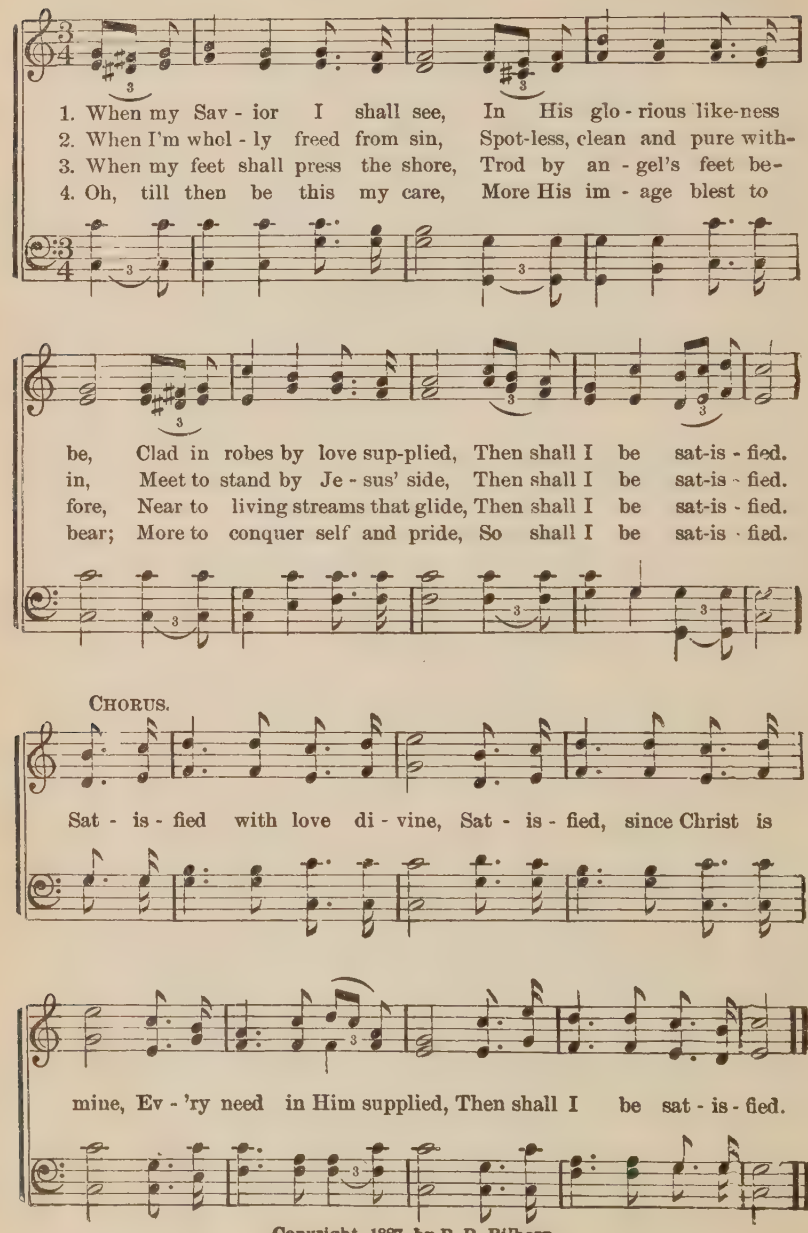
144 When My Savior I Shall See.

Arr. P. P. B

P. P. Bilhorn.


1. When my Sav - ior I shall see, In His glo - rious like-ness
2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean and pure with-
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gel's feet be-
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to
be, Clad in robes by love sup-plied, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
in, Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
fore, Near to living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
bear; More to conquer self and pride, So shall I be sat-is - fied.
Chorus.
Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied, since Christ is
mine, Ev - 'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

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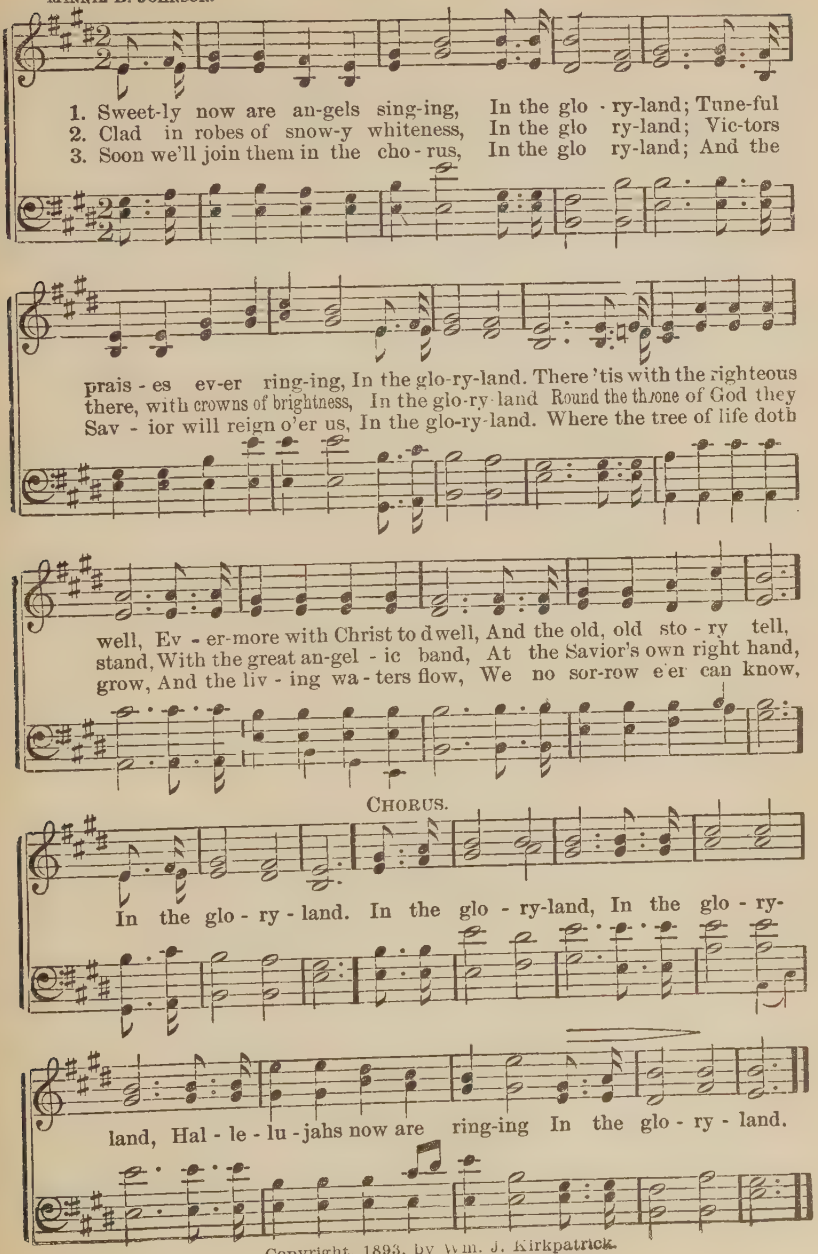
In the Glory-Land.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Sweet-ly now are an-gels sing-ing, In the glo - ry-land; Tune-ful
2. Clad in robes of snow-y whiteness, In the glo ry-land; Vic-tors
3. Soon we'll join them in the cho - rus, In the glo ry-land; And the
prais - es ev-er ring-ing, In the glo-ry-land. There 'tis with the righteous
there, with crowns of brightness, In the glo-ry-land Round the throne of God they
Sav - ior will reign o'er us, In the glo-ry-land. Where the tree of life doth
well, Ev - er-more with Christ to dwell, And the old, old sto - ry tell,
stand, With the great an-gel - ic band, At the Savior's own right hand,
grow, And the liv - ing wa - ters flow, We no sor-row e'er can know,
CHORUS.
In the glo - ry - land. In the glo - ry-land, In the glo - ry-
land, Hal - le - lu - jahs now are ring-ing In the glo - ry - land.

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146 Look Up, Lift Up.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neigh-bor, Lead to the Sav-ior,
2. Look up to Je - sus, lift up His ban - ner, Faith-ful - ly fol - low,
3. Look up to Je - sus, lift up ho - san - nas, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs
4. Look up to Je - sus, lift up a prom - ise, Trust-ful - ly, tru - ly,
tell of His power, Seek for the stray - ing, com - fort the wea - ry,
stand for the right, Car - ry His col - ors where He may lead you,
ring-ing a - bove, Je - sus has saved us: let joy - ful ser - vice
pray in His name, For all the err - ing, make in - ter - ces - sion,
Chorus.
Look up for guidance hour by hour. Look up, lift up! look up to Je-sus,
Strive for the vic-tory in His might.
Bear grate-ful wit-ness of His love.
Look up! a covenant blessing claim.
Far a-bove the darkness where His glo-ries shine; Filled with His Spir-it,
Lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glor-ious crown shall one day be thine.

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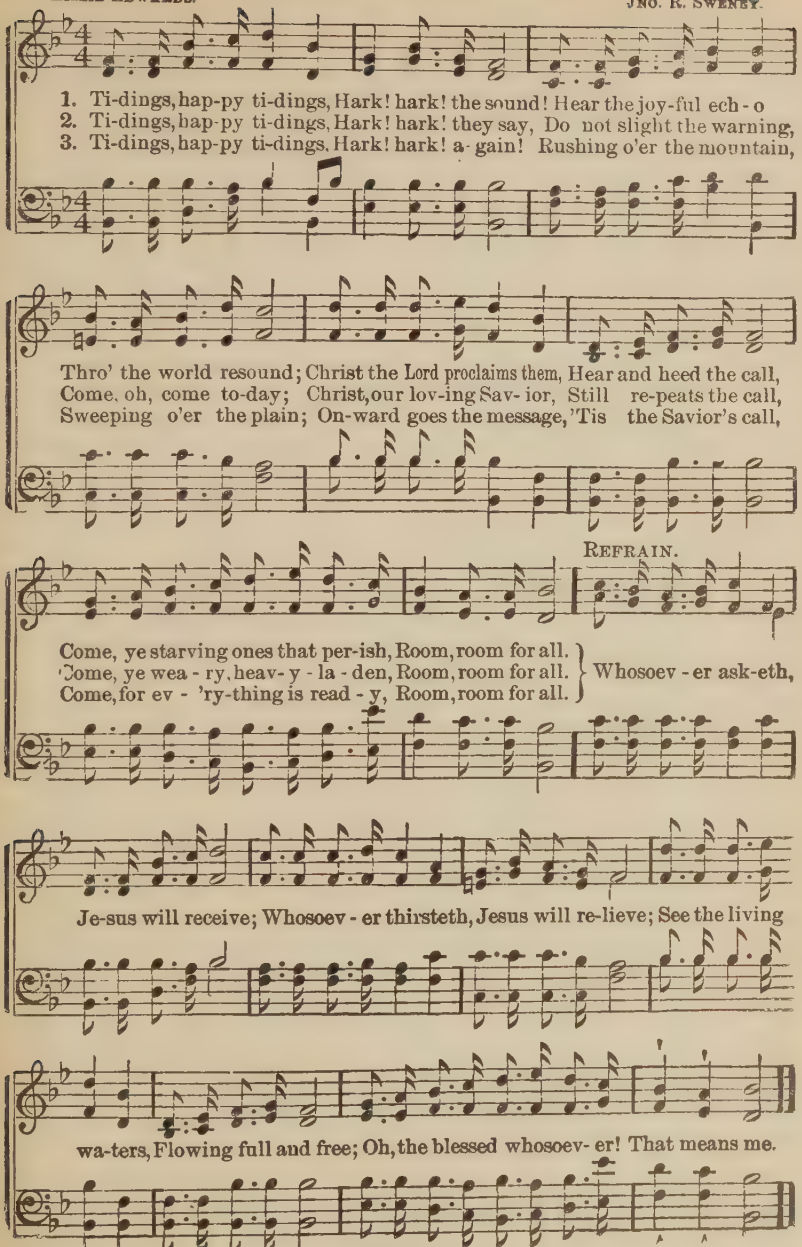
Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joy-ful ech-o
2. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! a-gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,
Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov-ing Sav-ior, Still re-peats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; On-ward goes the message, 'Tis the Savior's call,
REFRAIN.
Come, ye starving ones that per-ish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev-'ry-thing is read-y, Room, room for all.
Whosoev-er ask-eth,
Je-sus will receive; Whosoev-er thirsteth, Jesus will re-lieve; See the living
wa-ters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoev-er! That means me.

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Home of the Soul.

R. J. P.

R. Jay Powell.

Andante.

1. Oh, home - land of the true and the faith - ful, Near-er to -
2. When oft wea - ry of cares that op - press us, Feel-ing the
3. Oh, thou ev - er-green mountain of pleas - ure, Ev - er to

Cres.

day than e'er be - fore; Brightest of pros-pects, grandest of
need of sweet re - lease; O - ver the riv - er in thought we
thee our tho'ts will turn; Sweet-ly we pon - der o - ver thy

vis - ions, Thinking of thee, we long to pass o'er; Long for the
wan-der, Home of the Sav - ior, ha - ven of peace; Rest for the
beauties, More of thy grand-eur glad - ly we learn; Light makes thee

dear ones gone on be - fore us, Longing for Je - sus more and more.
wea - ry, light for the drear - y, None can mo-lest, and strife shall cease.
dear-er, night brings thee nearer, Home of the an-gels, peace-ful home.

CHORUS.

Moderato.

O hap-py home..... so bright and fair,..... Of those we
O happy home so bright and fair,

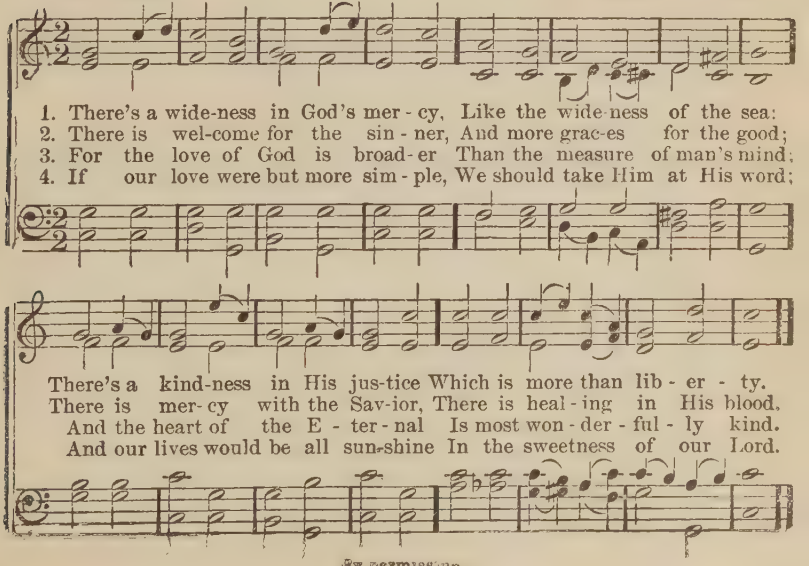
Copyright, 1894, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

Home of the Soul. Concluded.

love..... are ma - ny there; We long to
of those we love are ma - ny there;
see..... the Savior's face, And with Him
We long to see the Savior's face,
Rit.
rest in end - less grace.
And with Him rest in end - less grace.

149 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURGEE.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

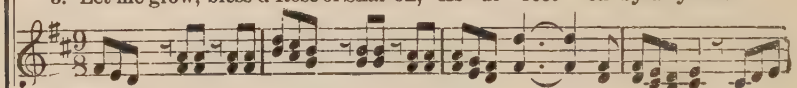
By permission.

Sweet Rose of Sharon.

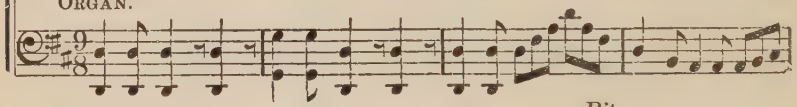
Rev. F. W. Ware. J. E. Glines.

Solo or Duet. *Lento.*

1. Rose of Shar-on, Thy rich fragrance Fills the air wher - e'er I roam,
2. Rose of Shar-on, Great Phy-si - cian Of the mind and of the heart,
3. Rose of Shar-on, my dear Shep-herd, Feed the life in mer-cy giv'n,
4. Then, O Rose, sweet Rose of Shar-on, Set me in the soil a- bove;
5. Let me grow, bless'd Rose of Shar-on, As di - rect - ed by Thy love.

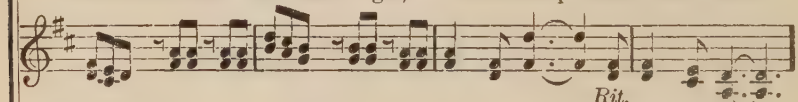


Organ.

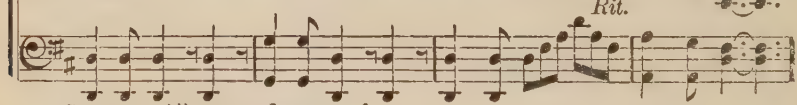


Rit.

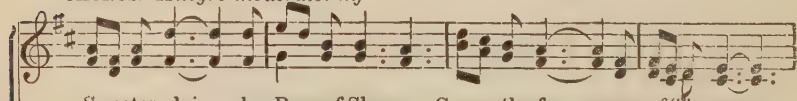
And the sweetness of Thy smil-ing Checks my tears and lifts my gloom.
Heavenly bal-sam Thou hast brought me And I'm healed in ev' - ry part.
Let me live and grow just like Thee Till I'm ripe and meet for heav'n
Let me grow in Thy great gar-den, In the frost - less land of love.
Let me have thro' end-less a - ges, Fel- low-ship with Thee a - bove.



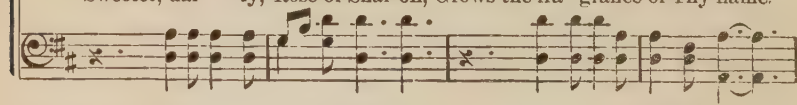
Rit.



Chorus. *Allegro moderato. mf*

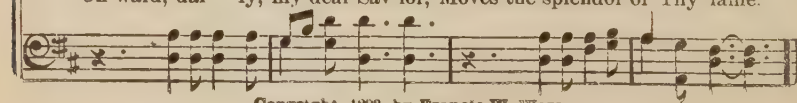


Sweeter, dai - ly, Rose of Shar-on, Grows the fra - grance of Thy name.



Tempo.

On-ward, dai - ly, my dear Sav-ior, Moves the splendor of Thy fame.



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151 Put on the Glorious Armor.

JENNIE WILSON. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm-or of light, Day is ap-proach-ing, far
2. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm-or of light, See helmet, breast-plate and
3. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm-or of light, Foes of our King stand ar-
4. Wearing the God-giv - en, arm-or of light, Press on to vic - to - ry's
spent is the night, Hark to the mes-sage the day's her-alds bring,
shield gleaming bright, Us - ing no weap-on but truth's might-y sword,
rayed in their might, Fol - low - ing Christ, meet the ar-my of sin,
glo - ry-crowned height, Then with the bat - tles for Je - sus all won,
CHORUS.
"March forth to bat - tle for Je - sus our King."
Val - iant - ly fight in the ranks of the Lord.
Fear not nor fal - ter, the righteous shall win.
Hear from His lips the glad plaud-it, "well done."
Arouse ye, arouse ye, the
day is at hand, A-rouse ye, arouse ye, 'tis Jesus' command; Go, wearing the
glo- ri-ous ar-mor of light, And scat-ter the le - gions of e - vil and night.

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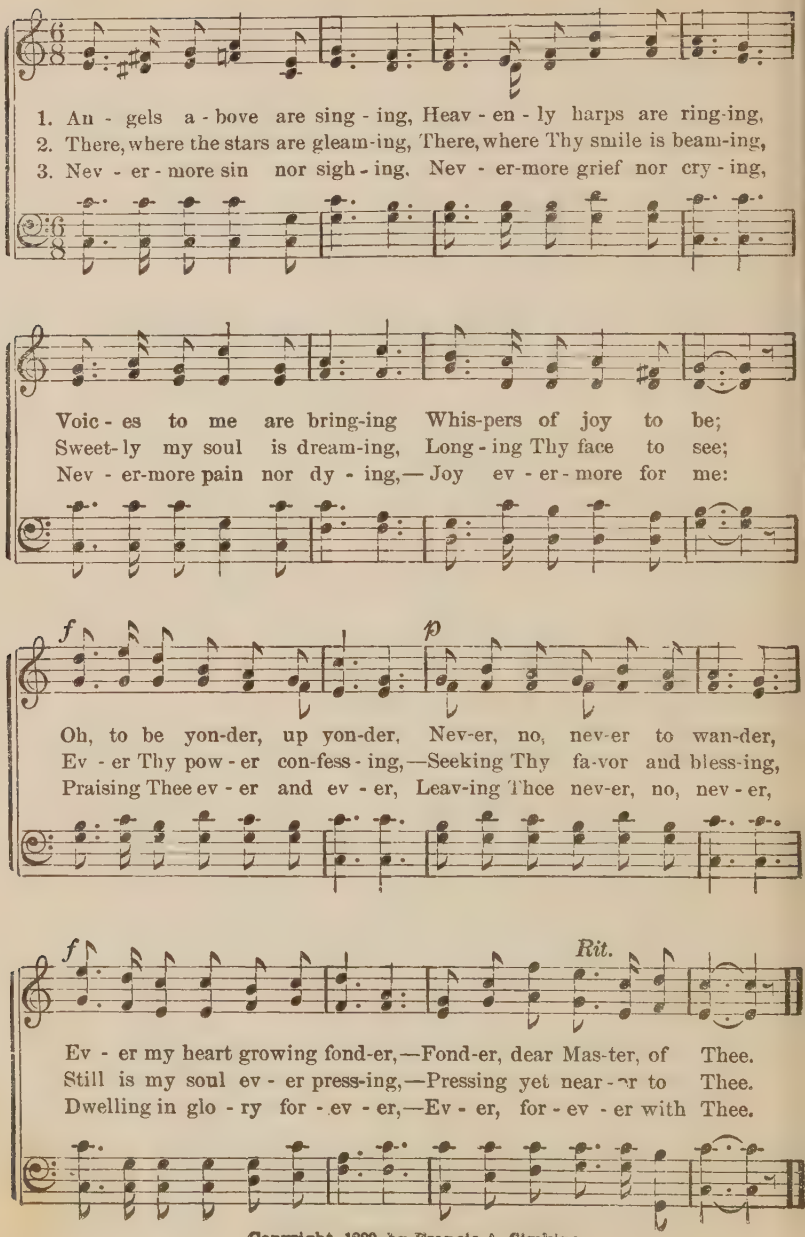
Angels Above are Singing.

F. A. S. FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.


1. An - gels a - bove are sing - ing, Heav - en - ly harps are ring-ing,
2. There, where the stars are gleam-ing, There, where Thy smile is beam-ing,
3. Nev - er - more sin nor sigh - ing, Nev - er-more grief nor cry - ing,
Voic - es to me are bring-ing Whis-pers of joy to be;
Sweet-ly my soul is dream-ing, Long - ing Thy face to see;
Nev - er-more pain nor dy - ing,— Joy ev - er - more for me:
f
p
Oh, to be yon-der, up yon-der, Nev-er, no, nev-er to wan-der,
Ev - er Thy pow - er con-fess - ing,—Seeking Thy fa-vor and bless-ing,
Praising Thee ev - er and ev - er, Leav-ing Thee nev-er, no, nev - er,
f
Rit.
Ev - er my heart growing fond-er,—Fond-er, dear Mas-ter, of Thee.
Still is my soul ev - er press-ing,—Pressing yet near - er to Thee.
Dwelling in glo - ry for - ev - er,—Ev - er, for - ev - er with Thee.

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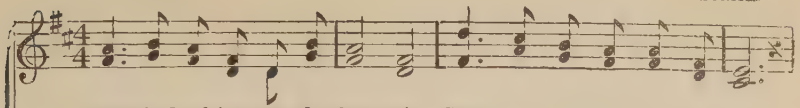
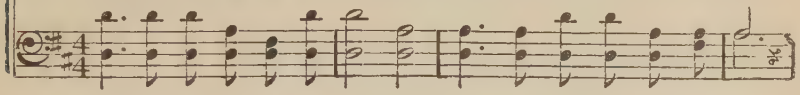
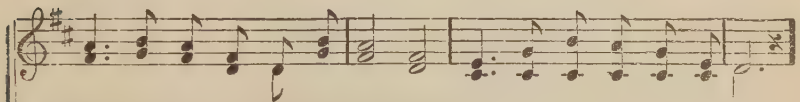
Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

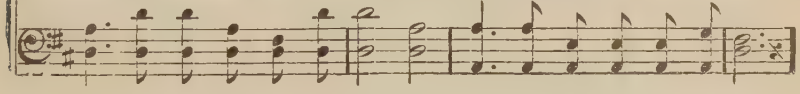


1. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Come, be-hold the crimson tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Look to Je-sus now and live,
4. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood,



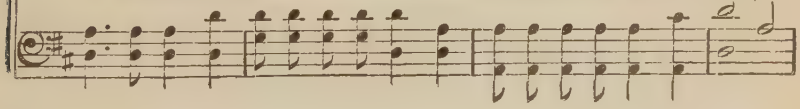


Flow-ing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur-den; All your wand'rings He'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav-ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.

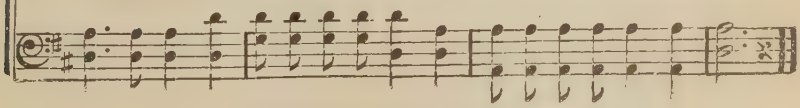


CHORUS.

O the fountain! blessed, healing fountain! I am glad 'tis flowing free,



O the fountain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



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154 We shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the
2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall
3. Wake, my soul, thy trib - ute bring, Thou shalt
an - gels we shall sing, By and by,..... by and
stand be - fore the King, By and by,..... by and
stand be - fore the King, By and by,..... by and
By and by.
by. Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing
by. There our sor - rows will be o'er, There His
by! Lay thy tro - phies at His feet, In His
by and by,
Him for ev - er more, By and by,..... by and by.
name we will a - dore, By and by,..... by and by.
likeness stand complete, By and by,..... by and by.
By and by, by and by.
Chorus.
We shall stand..... be - fore the King,.....With the angels we shall sing,
We shall stand before the King,

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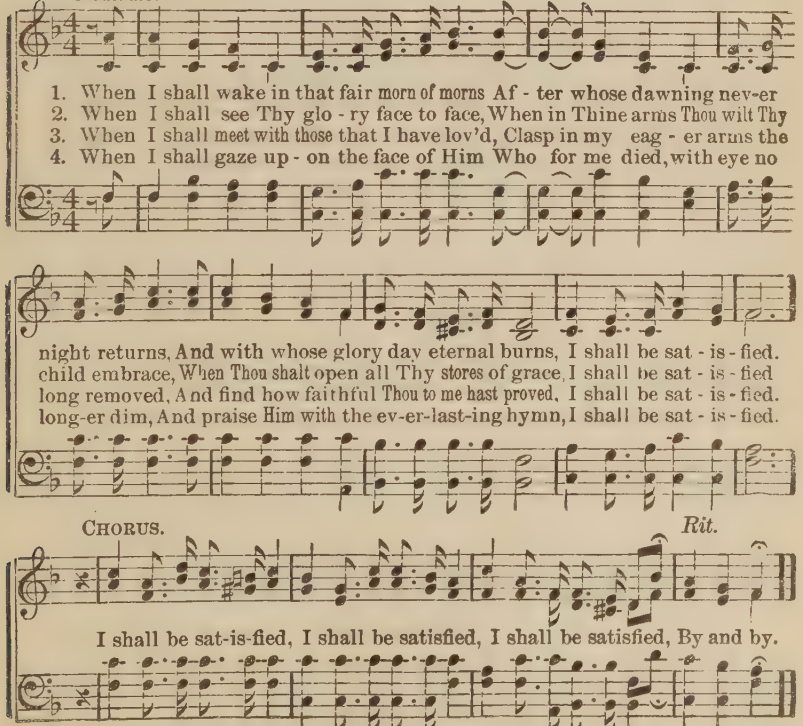
We shall Stand Before the King. Concluded.

155 I Shall be Satisfied.

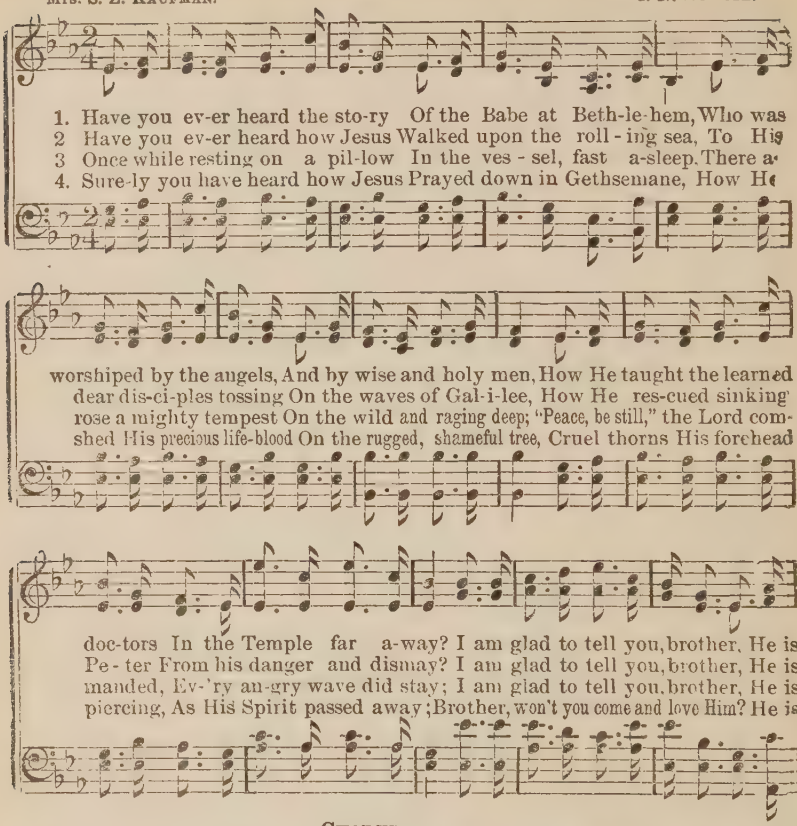
BONAR. *Moderato.* Rev. T. C. NEAL.


1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns Af - ter whose dawning nev-er
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy
3. When I shall meet with those that I have lov'd, Clasp in my eag - er arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with eye no
night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
child embrace, When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace, I shall be sat - is - fied
long removed, And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
long-er dim, And praise Him with the ev-er-last-ing hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.
CHORUS.
Rit.
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, By and by.

By permission.

156 He is just the Same To-day.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. I. N. McHOSE.


1. Have you ev-er heard the sto-ry Of the Babe at Beth-le-hem, Who was
2 Have you ev-er heard how Jesus Walked upon the roll-ing sea, To His
3 Once while resting on a pil-low In the ves-sel, fast a-sleep. There a-
4. Sure-ly you have heard how Jesus Prayed down in Gethsemane, How He
worshiped by the angels, And by wise and holy men, How He taught the learned
dear dis-ci-ples tossing On the waves of Gal-i-lee, How He res-cued sinking
rose a mighty tempest On the wild and raging deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord com-
shed His precious life-blood On the rugged, shameful tree, Cruel thorns His forehead
doc-tors In the Temple far a-way? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
Pe-ter From his danger and dismay? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
manded, Ev-'ry an-gry wave did stay; I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
piercing, As His Spirit passed away; Brother, won't you come and love Him? He is
CHORUS.
just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, Yes, just the same to-
day, I'm glad to tell you, broth-er, He is just the same to-day

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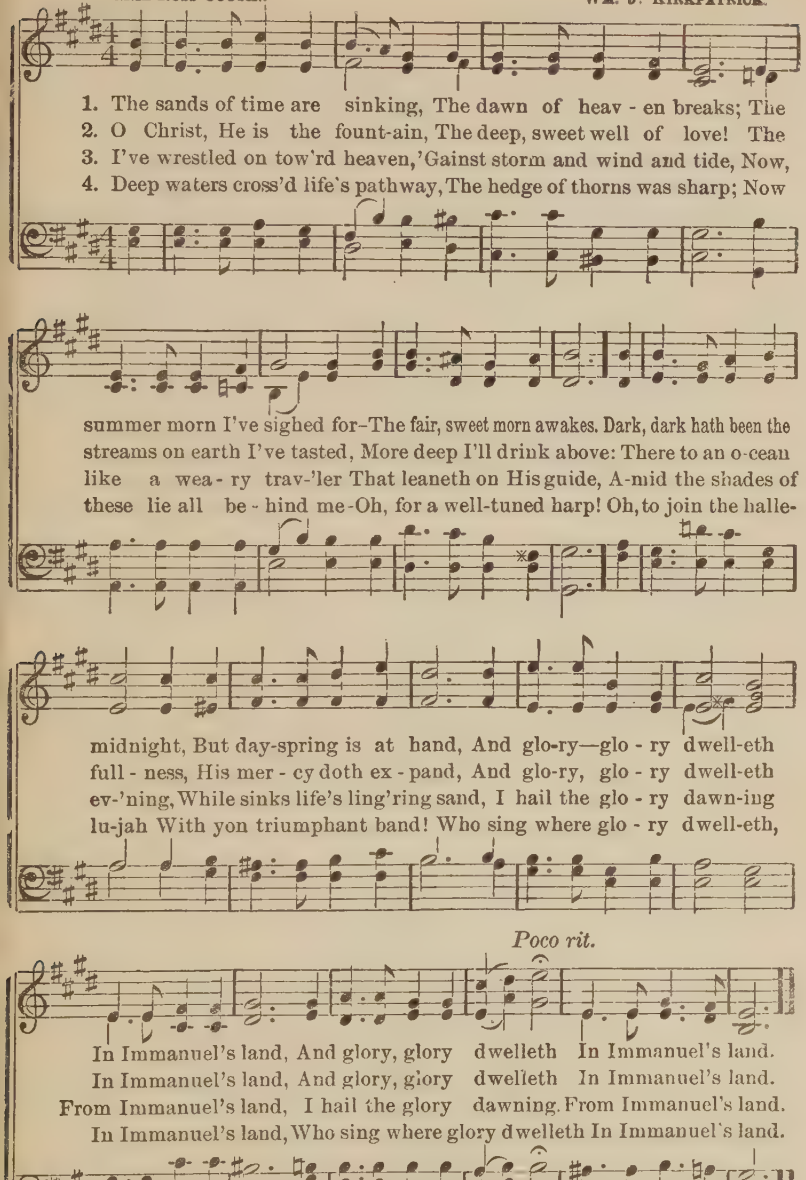
157 Immanuel's Land.

Mrs. Annie Ross Cousin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The
2. O Christ, He is the fount-ain, The deep, sweet well of love! The
3. I've wrestled on tow'rd heaven,'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now,
4. Deep waters cross'd life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now
summer morn I've sighed for–The fair, sweet morn awakes. Dark, dark hath been the
streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: There to an o-cean
like a wea - ry trav-'ler That leaneth on His guide, A-mid the shades of
these lie all be - hind me–Oh, for a well-tuned harp! Oh, to join the halle-
midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry—glo - ry dwell-eth
full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo-ry, glo - ry dwell-eth
ev-'ning, While sinks life's ling'ring sand, I hail the glo - ry dawn-ing
lu-jah With yon triumphant band! Who sing where glo - ry dwell-eth,
Poco rit.
In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
From Immanuel's land, I hail the glory dawning. From Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

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158 Calling for Thee.

J. P LANE. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Out on a des - ert all bar-ren and cold, See the Good Shepherd is
2. Far in the dis-tance He hears the sad cry Of the poor wand'rer so
3. On - ward He hast-ens the wand'rer to find, O - ver the mountain-way
4. Hark! the glad voice of the Mas - ter I hear, Loud-ly pro-claim-ing "The
seek - ing His own, Seek - ing the lamb that has strayed from the fold,
wea - ry and cold, Fam - ish - ing, faint-ing, and read - y to die,
rug - ged and steep, Yes, the Good Shepherd so lov - ing and kind,
lost has been found!" An - gels with ju - bi - lant voic - es and clear,
CHORUS.
Ten-der - ly calling, "Poor wand'rer, come home."
Out in the des - ert a - far from the fold.
Yearns for and anx-ious-ly seek-eth His sheep.
All thro' the heavens re - ech - o the sound.
Call-ing, call-ing,
mf Hear the Good Shepherd now
call-ing for thee, Call-ing, call - ing, call - ing for thee; Flee to the
call-ing for thee, Call-ing, yes, call-ing, yes, call-ing for thee;
Rit.
Sav-ior and nevermore roam, While He yet call-eth, "Poor wand'rer, come home."

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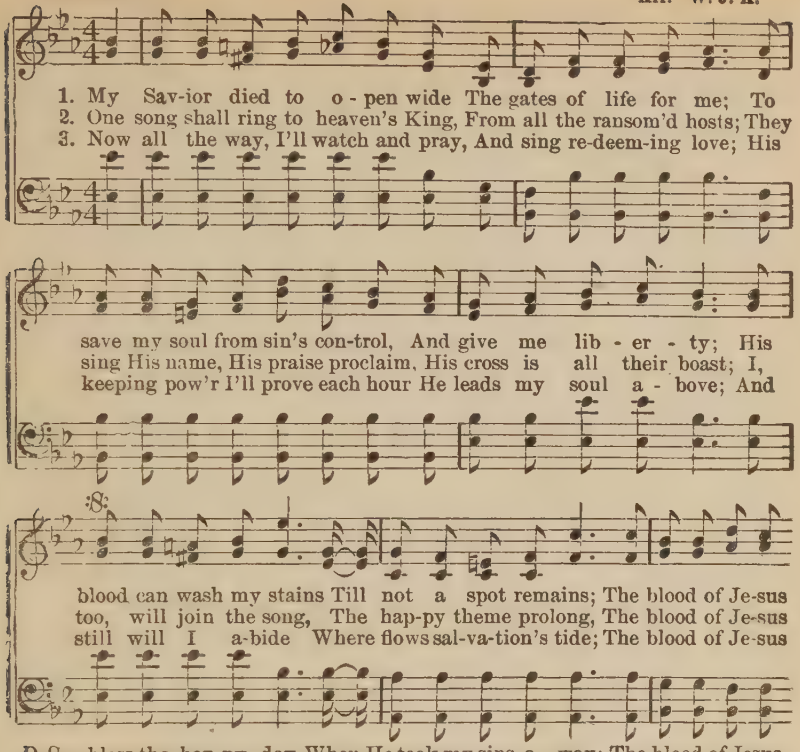
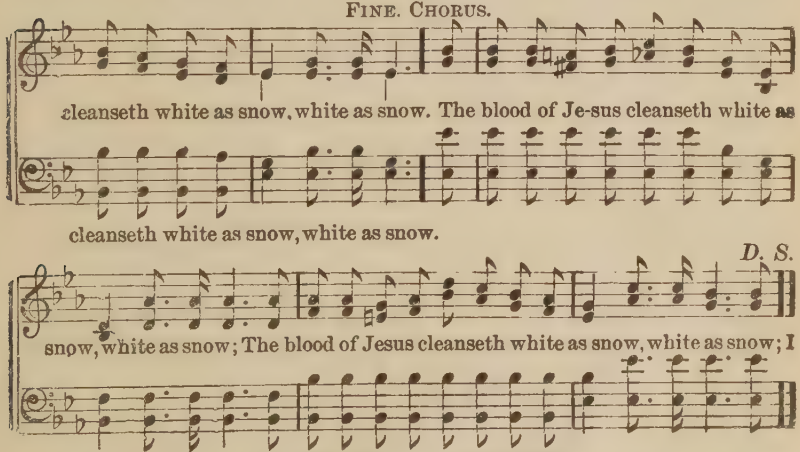
E. E. Hewitt. Arr. W. J. K.


1. My Sav-ior died to o - pen wide The gates of life for me; To
2. One song shall ring to heaven's King, From all the ransom'd hosts; They
3. Now all the way, I'll watch and pray, And sing re-deem-ing love; His
save my soul from sin's con-trol, And give me lib - er - ty; His
sing His name, His praise proclaim, His cross is all their boast; I,
keeping pow'r I'll prove each hour He leads my soul a - bove; And
:S:
blood can wash my stains Till not a spot remains; The blood of Je-sus
too, will join the song, The hap-py theme prolong, The blood of Je-sus
still will I a-bide Where flows sal-va-tion's tide; The blood of Je-sus
D.S.—bless the hap-py day When He took my sins a - way; The blood of Jesus

FINE. CHORUS.


cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Je-sus cleanseth white as
cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.
D. S.
snow, white as snow; The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I

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160 Bright, Beautiful Morning.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bright, beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Fair, glo-ri-ous day! Thy first ra-diant
2. To Him who for sin-ners His pre-cious life gave: To Him who hath
3. The tomb where they laid Him, With glo-ry is bright; He burst the dark
dawn-ing Still brightens our way. Glad hymns of re-joic-ing
con-quered Sin, death, and the grave. The cross where He suf-fered
pris-on, And filled it with light. So ev-'ry glad Eas-ter
Ex-ult-ant, we sing, While earth's fairest blossoms A tribute we bring.
On Cal-va-ry's brow, With ro-ses and lil-ies Is beau-ti-ful now.
Our praises we sing! All hail to our Conqueror! Hail Jesus our King!
CHORUS.
Bright,..... beau-ti-ful morn - - - ing!
Bright, beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Fair, glo-ri-ous day!
Fair,..... glo-ri-ous day!..... Bright,..... beauti-ful
Bright, beautiful morning! Fair, glorious day! Bright, beautiful morning!

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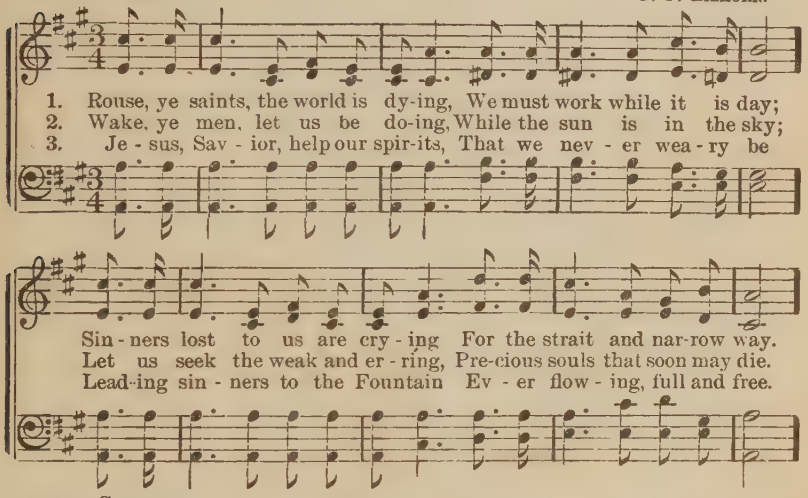
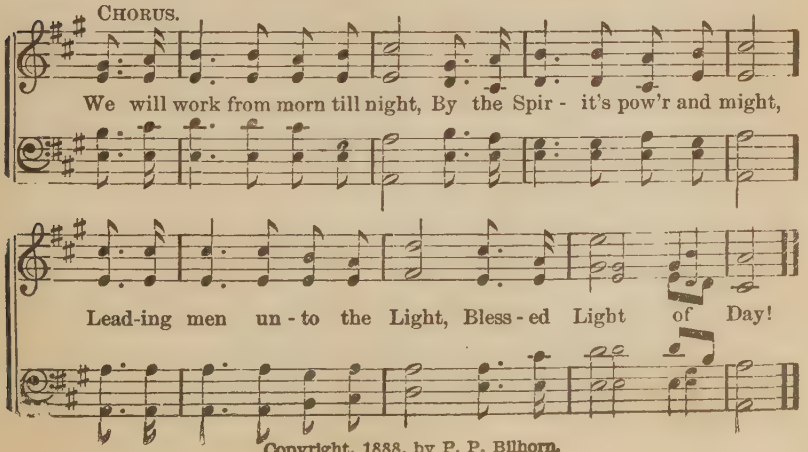
Bright, Beautiful Morning.—Concluded.

161 Rouse, Ye Saints.

C. H. YATMAN. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dy-ing, We must work while it is day;
2. Wake, ye men, let us be do-ing, While the sun is in the sky;
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, help our spir-its, That we nev - er wea - ry be
Sin - ners lost to us are cry - ing For the strait and nar-row way.
Let us seek the weak and er - ring, Pre-cious souls that soon may die.
Lead-ing sin - ners to the Fountain Ev - er flow - ing, full and free.

CHORUS.



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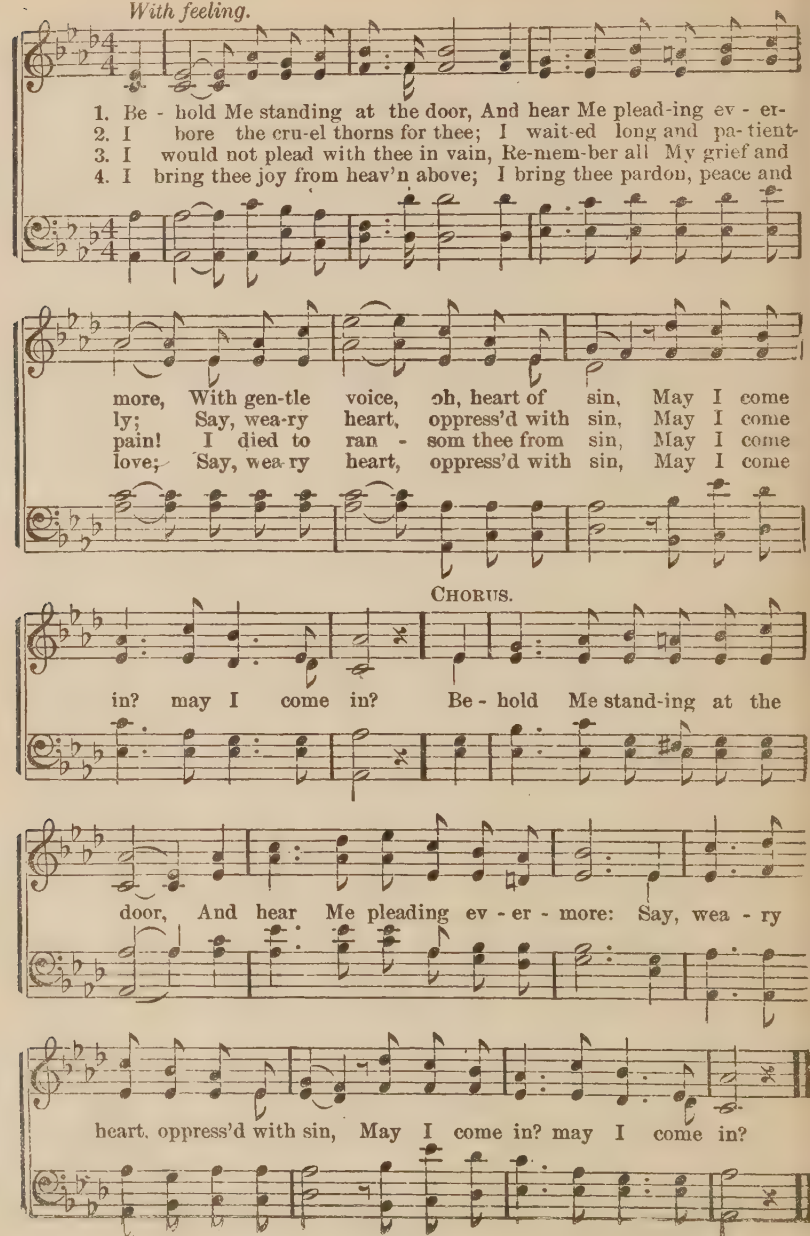
162 Behold Me Standing at the Door!

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per

With feeling.

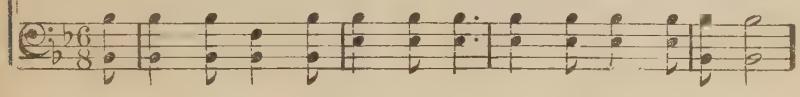

1. Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me plead-ing ev - er-
2. I bore the cru-el thorns for thee; I wait-ed long and pa-tient-
3. I would not plead with thee in vain, Re-mem-ber all My grief and
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above; I bring thee pardon, peace and
more, With gen-tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
ly; Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
love; Say, wea ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
CHORUS.
in? may I come in? Be - hold Me stand-ing at the
door, And hear Me pleading ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry
heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

163 Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

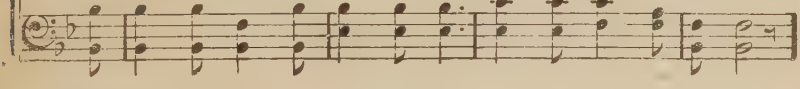
LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and arranged
by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

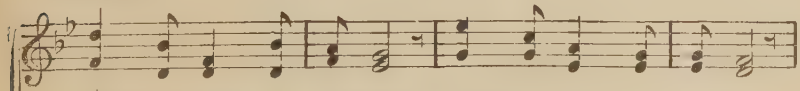
1 From that dear cross where Je - sus died, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a - way, Calv'ry's stream is flow ing;
3. For ev - 'ry con - trite, wounded soul, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach - ing heart Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;



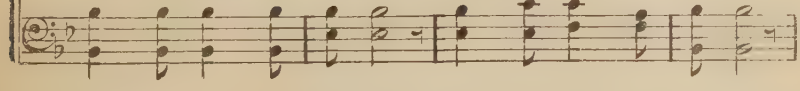
From bleeding hands and feet and side, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
Come, while 'tis called sal - va - tion's day, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
Step in just now, and be made whole, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
A ten - der heal - ing to im - part, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.



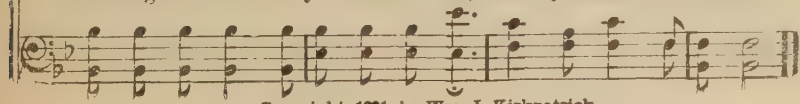
CHORUS.



Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;



Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.



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164 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting
more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
sun, Let us tell of all His wondrous love and care; Then when
saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore. And the
chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
Chorus.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
roll is called up yon der, I'll be there. When the roll is
roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.
called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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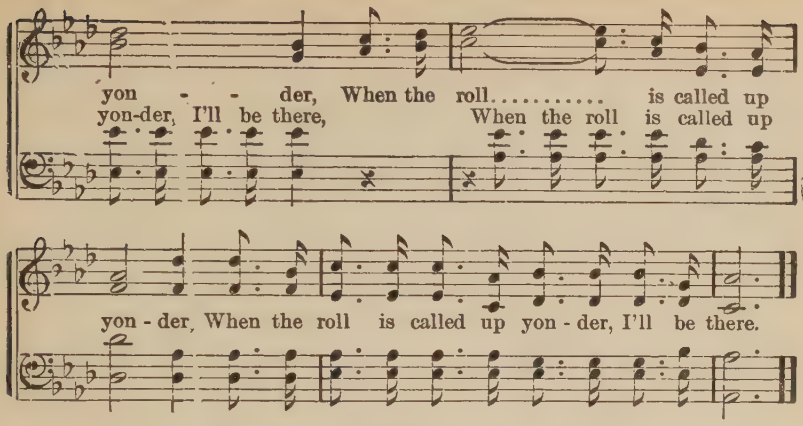
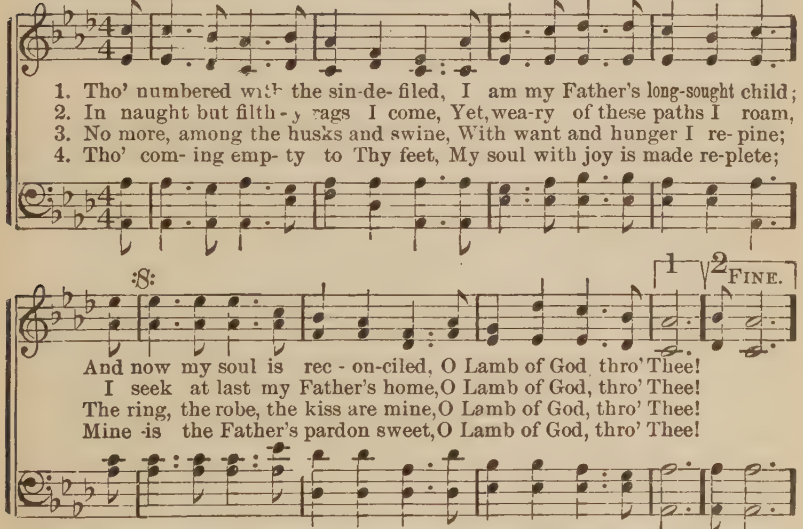
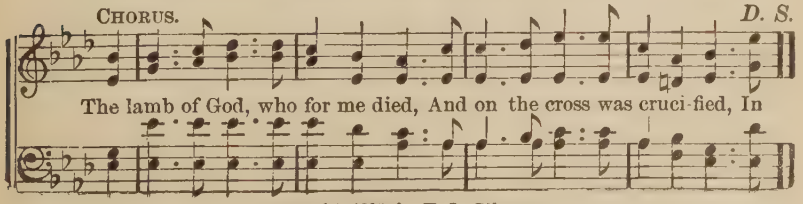

yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

165 My only Intercessor.

F. G. Burroughs. Isa. 59: 16. H. L. Gilmour.


1. Tho' numbered with the sin-de-filed, I am my Father's long-sought child;
2. In naught but filth-y rags I come, Yet, wea-ry of these paths I roam,
3. No more, among the husks and swine, With want and hunger I re-pine;
4. Tho' com-ing emp-ty to Thy feet, My soul with joy is made re-plete;
:S:
1
2 Fine.
And now my soul is rec-on-ciled, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
I seek at last my Father's home, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
The ring, the robe, the kiss are mine, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
Mine is the Father's pardon sweet, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
D.S.—my be-half points to His side, My on-ly In-ter-ces-sor.



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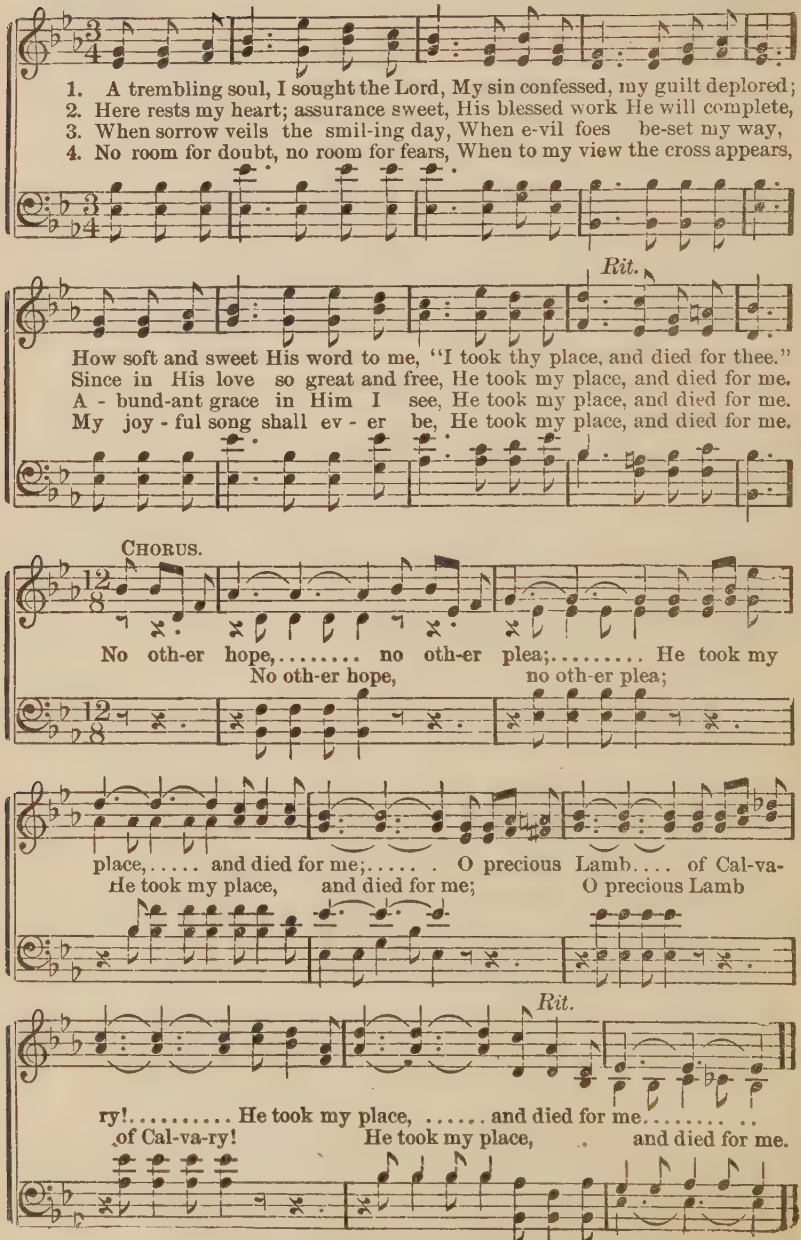
166 He Took My Place.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. A trembling soul, I sought the Lord, My sin confessed, my guilt deplored;
2. Here rests my heart; assurance sweet, His blessed work He will complete,
3. When sorrow veils the smil-ing day, When e-vil foes be-set my way,
4. No room for doubt, no room for fears, When to my view the cross appears,
Rit.
How soft and sweet His word to me, "I took thy place, and died for thee."
Since in His love so great and free, He took my place, and died for me.
A - bund-ant grace in Him I see, He took my place, and died for me.
My joy - ful song shall ev - er be, He took my place, and died for me.
Chorus.
No oth-er hope,..... no oth-er plea;..... He took my
No oth-er hope, no oth-er plea;
place,..... and died for me;..... O precious Lamb.... of Cal-va-
He took my place, and died for me; O precious Lamb
Rit.
ry!..... He took my place, ... and died for me.....
of Cal-va-ry! He took my place, and died for me.

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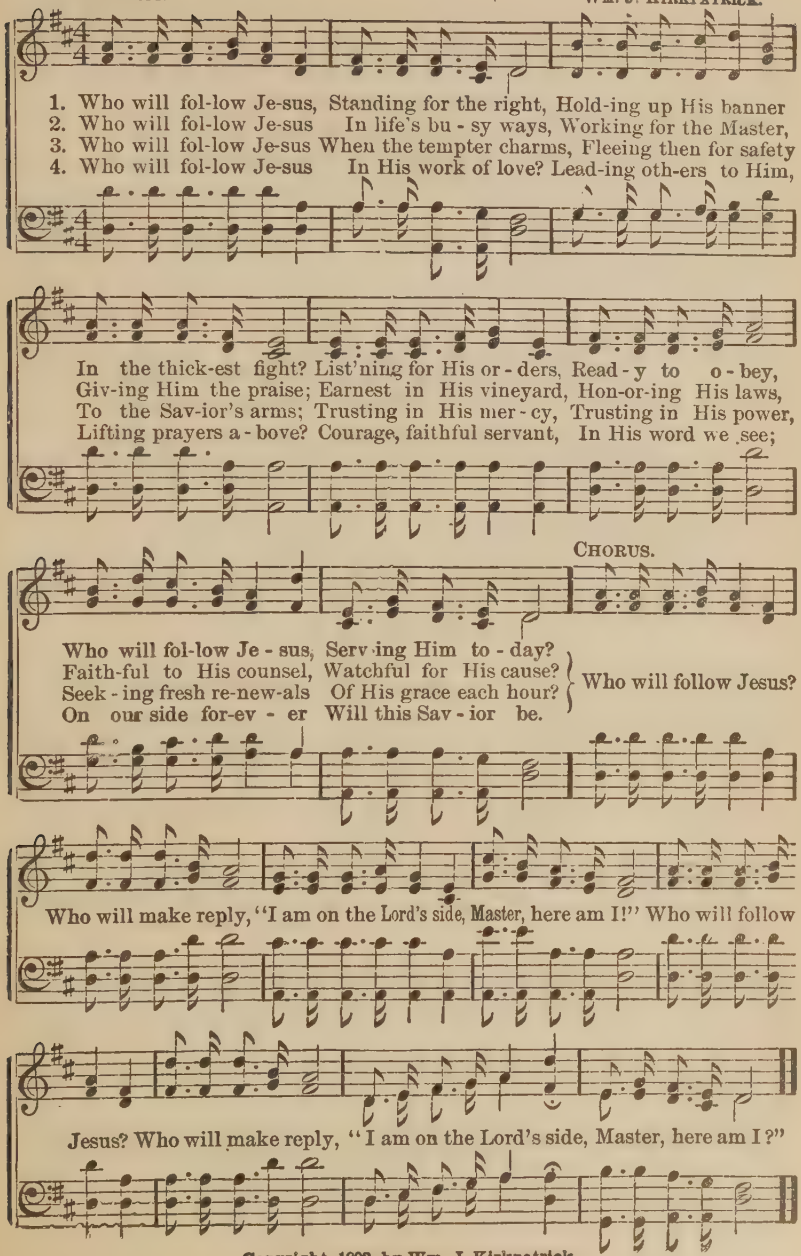
167 Who will Follow Jesus?

E. E. Hewitt — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Who will fol-low Je-sus, Standing for the right, Hold-ing up His banner
2. Who will fol-low Je-sus In life's bu - sy ways, Working for the Master,
3. Who will fol-low Je-sus When the tempter charms, Fleeing then for safety
4. Who will fol-low Je-sus In His work of love? Lead-ing oth-ers to Him,
In the thick-est fight? List'ning for His or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,
Giv-ing Him the praise; Earnest in His vineyard, Hon-or-ing His laws,
To the Sav-ior's arms; Trusting in His mer - cy, Trusting in His power,
Lifting prayers a - bove? Courage, faithful servant, In His word we see;
Chorus.
Who will fol-low Je - sus, Serv-ing Him to - day?
Faith-ful to His counsel, Watchful for His cause?
Seek - ing fresh re-new-als Of His grace each hour?
On our side for-ev - er Will this Sav - ior be.
Who will follow Jesus?
Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I!" Who will follow
Jesus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

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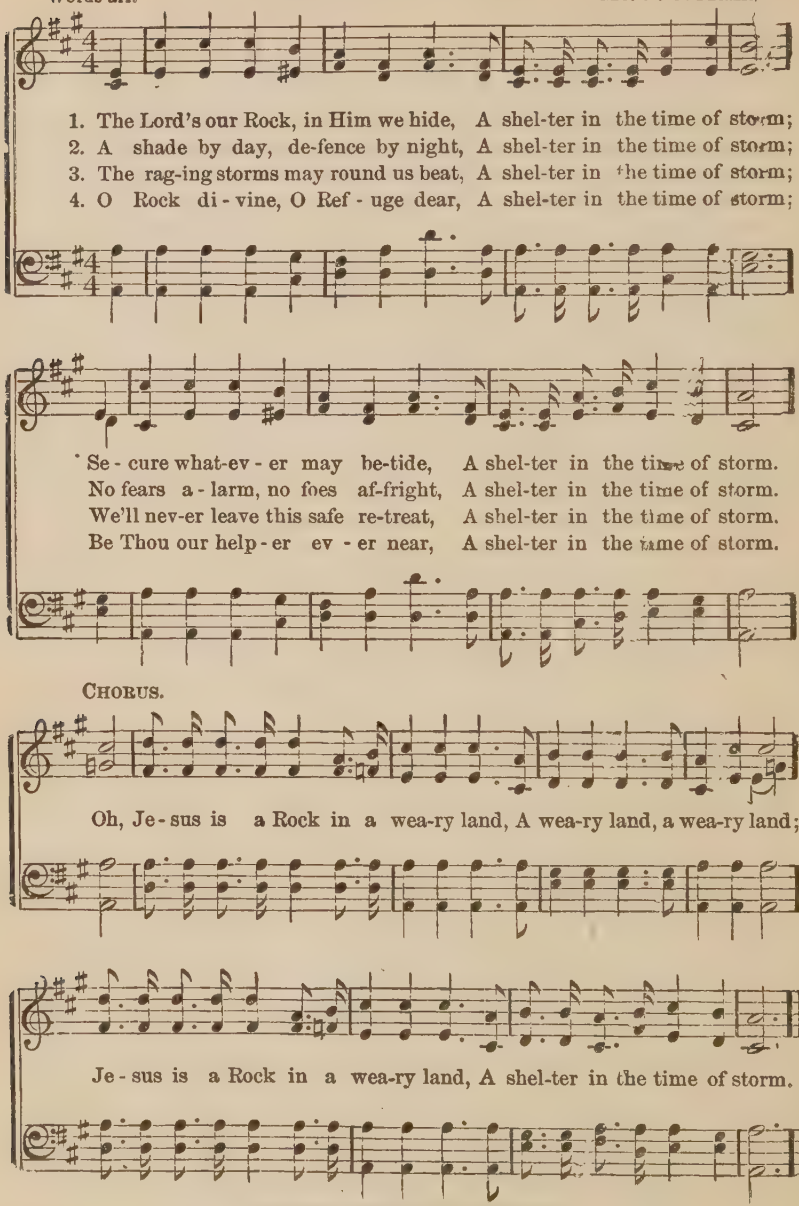
168 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Words arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave this safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
CHORUS.
Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;
Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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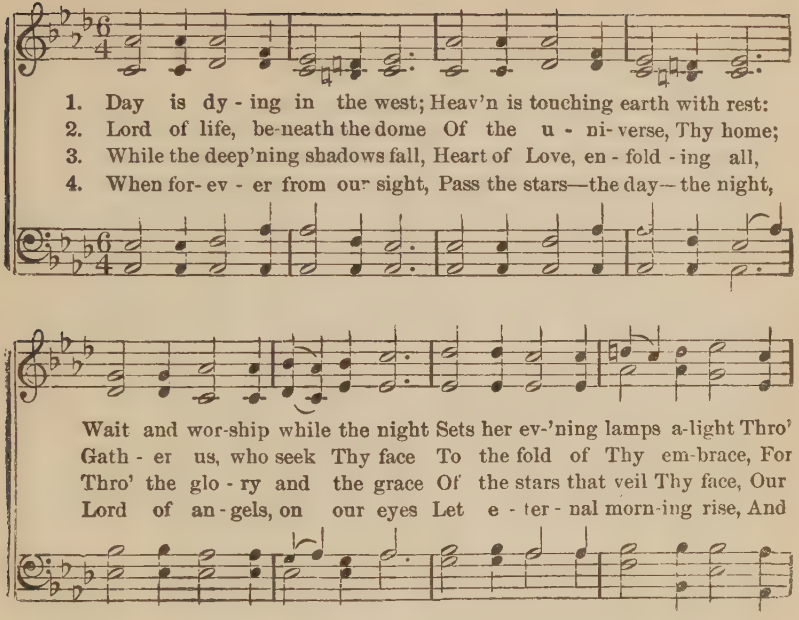
Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni- verse, Thy home;
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
4. When for- ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her ev-'ning lamps a-light Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And
FULL CHORUS.
p
all the sky.
Thou art nigh.
hearts as - cend.
shad - ows end.
Ho- ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

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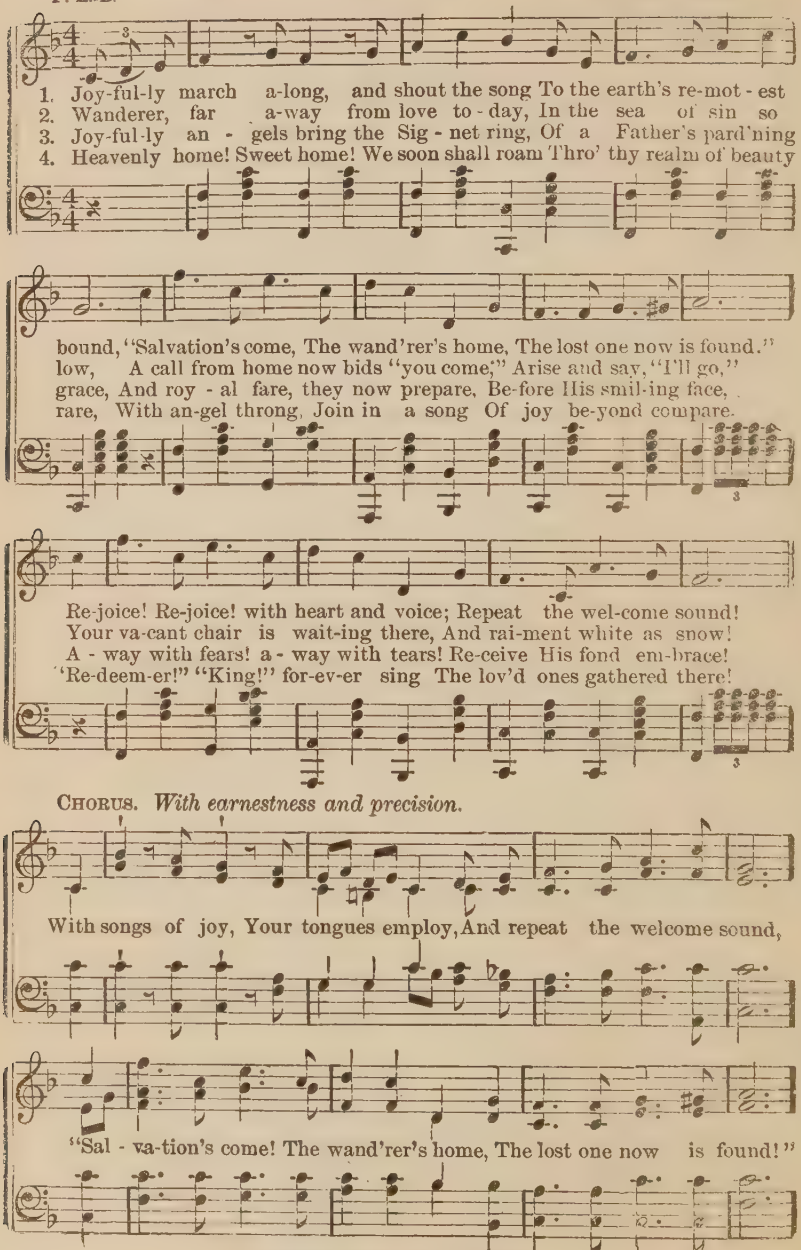
170 Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.


1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot - est
2. Wanderer, far a-way from love to - day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy-ful-ly an - gels bring the Sig - net ring, Of a Father's pard'ning
4. Heavenly home! Sweet home! We soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty
bound, "Salvation's come, The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found."
low, A call from home now bids "you come;" Arise and say, "I'll go,"
grace, And roy - al fare, they now prepare, Be-fore His smil-ing face,
rare, With an-gel throng, Join in a song Of joy be-yond compare.
Re-joice! Re-joice! with heart and voice; Repeat the wel-come sound!
Your va-cant chair is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow!
A - way with fears! a - way with tears! Re-ceive His fond em-brace!
"Re-deem-er!" "King!" for-ev-er sing The lov'd ones gathered there!
CHORUS. With earnestness and precision.
With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the welcome sound,
"Sal - va-tion's come! The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!"

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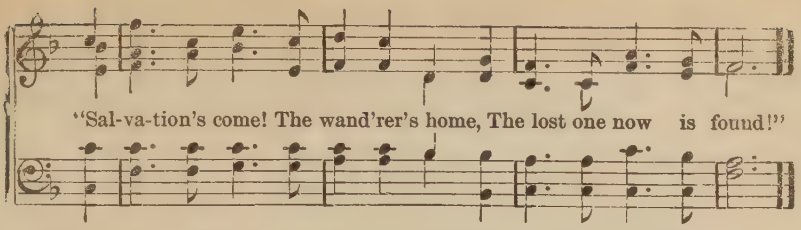
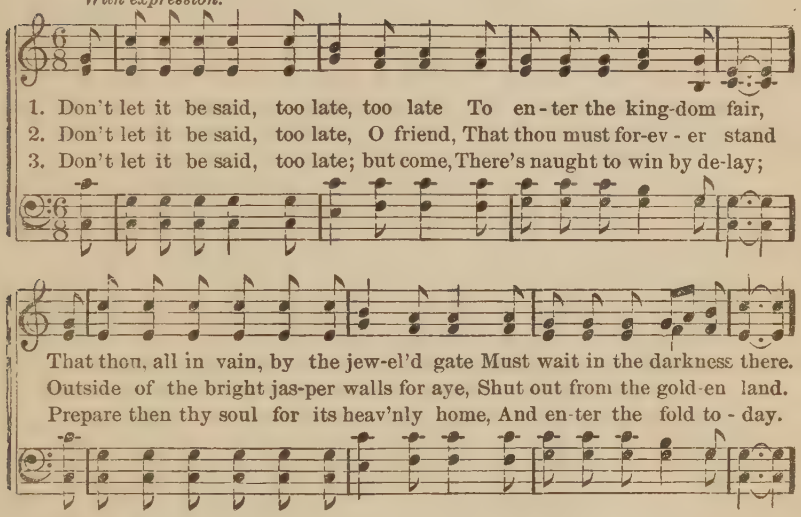


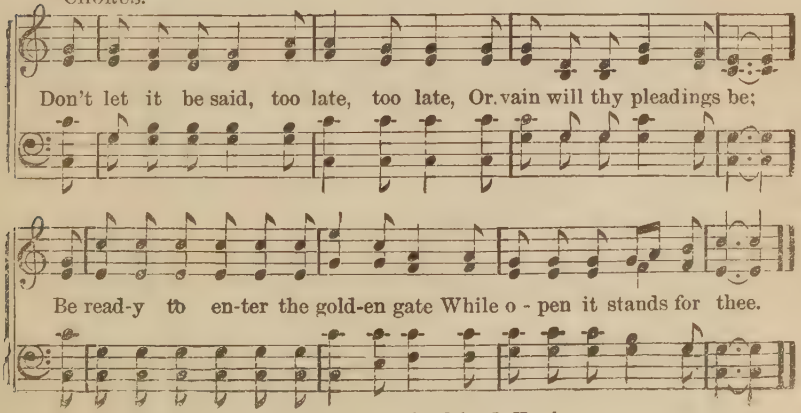
171 Don't Let it be Said, Too Late.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.


1. Don't let it be said, too late, too late To en-ter the king-dom fair,
2. Don't let it be said, too late, O friend, That thou must for-ev-er stand
3. Don't let it be said, too late; but come, There's naught to win by de-lay;
That thou, all in vain, by the jew-el'd gate Must wait in the darkness there.
Outside of the bright jas-per walls for aye, Shut out from the gold-en land.
Prepare then thy soul for its heav'nly home, And en-ter the fold to-day.

CHORUS.


Don't let it be said, too late, too late, Or vain will thy pleadings be;
Be read-y to en-ter the gold-en gate While o-pen it stands for thee.

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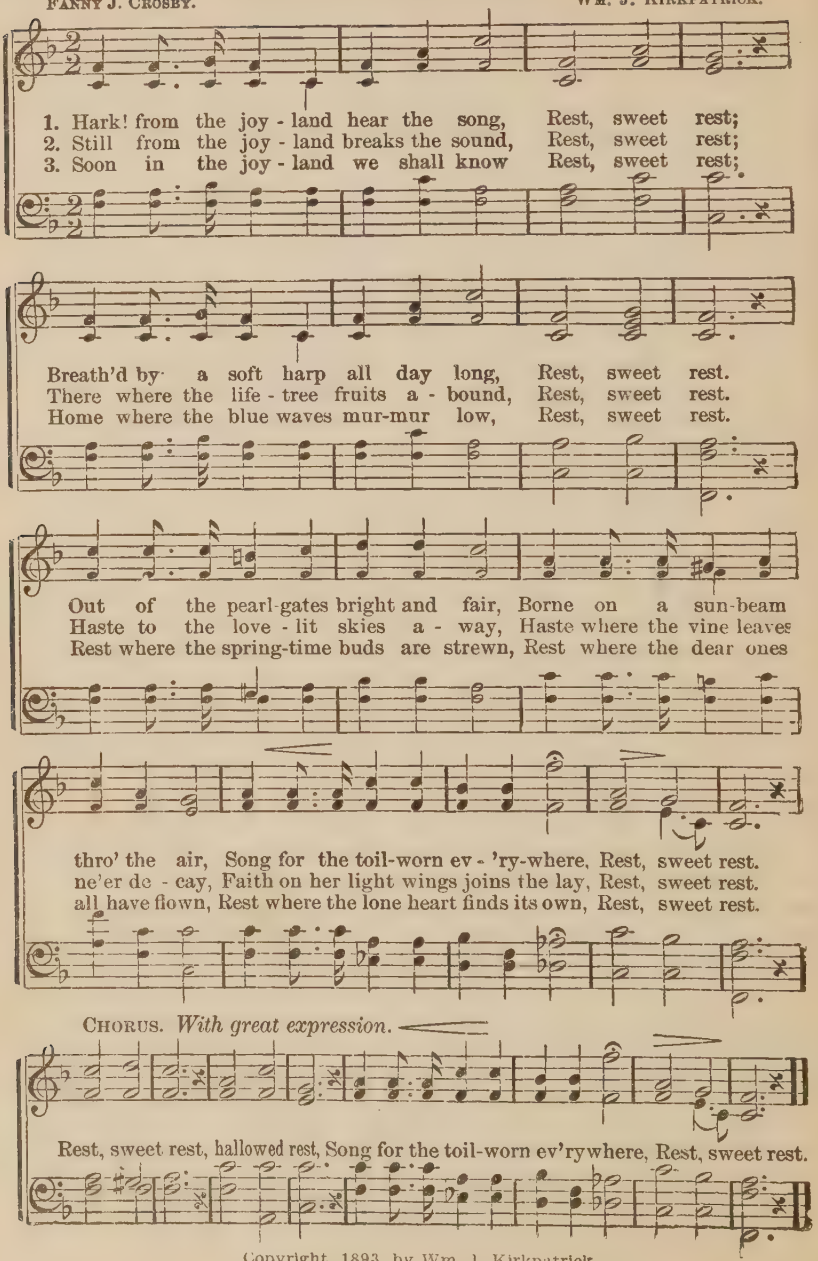
172 Rest, Sweet Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Hark! from the joy - land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest;
2. Still from the joy - land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest;
3. Soon in the joy - land we shall know Rest, sweet rest;
Breath'd by a soft harp all day long, Rest, sweet rest.
There where the life - tree fruits a - bound, Rest, sweet rest.
Home where the blue waves mur-mur low, Rest, sweet rest.
Out of the pearl-gates bright and fair, Borne on a sun-beam
Haste to the love - lit skies a - way, Haste where the vine leaves
Rest where the spring-time buds are strewn, Rest where the dear ones
thro' the air, Song for the toil-worn ev - 'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.
ne'er de - cay, Faith on her light wings joins the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
all have flown, Rest where the lone heart finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.
CHORUS. With great expression.
Rest, sweet rest, hallowed rest, Song for the toil-worn ev'rywhere, Rest, sweet rest.

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173 Oh, for a Vision of Jesus.

"I will manifest myself to him."—John 14: 21.

L. H. EDMUNDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of His face,
2. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! Seen in the won-der - ful Book!
3. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! When roll the bil-lows of grief!
4. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! When near the cold Jordan - tide!
CHO.—Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of His face,
FINE.
Ra-diant with heaven - ly glo - ry, Beaming with heaven - ly grace!
As in a clear-shin-ing mir - ror, In those dear pa - ges I look.
O - ver the wa-ters of sor - row, Sav-ior, Thy smile brings re-lief.
Mak-ing a path-way of glo - ry, E'en to the bright "oth-er side."
Radiant with heaven - ly glo - ry, Beaming with heaven - ly grace!
Not here to mor-tals 'tis giv - en, Veil-less His beau-ty to see,
There, Lamb of God, is Thy like - ness, There glows Thy image di - vine,
One look—the tempest is pass - ing; One word—the waves are at rest;
There in in - ef - fa - ble splen - dor, Man - i - fest, Lord, to our gaze,
D. C. CHORUS.
Yet in the soul's con-tem-pla - tion, Show Thyself, Sav-ior, to me.
So let me gaze till Thy Spir - it, Lord, is re-flect-ed in mine.
Sweet peace beyond under-stand-ing, Je - sus is there "man - i - fest."
More than the an-gels, we'll love Thee, More than the ser - a - phim, praise.

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Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. "I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 14. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win, His words im-plore us,
2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pasture where He feed - eth,
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us,
The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high; His
We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high; Then
But Je - sus, dear, to love us, There on high, there on high; We'll
lov - ing tones are call-ing, While sin is dark, ap - pall-ing; 'Tis
naught from Him shall sev - er, Our hope shall brighten ev - er, And
give Him best en - deav-or, And praise His name for - ev - er; His
CHORUS.
Je - sus gen - tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
pre-cious ones can nev - er, Nev-er die, nev - er die.
By and by we shall
meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in

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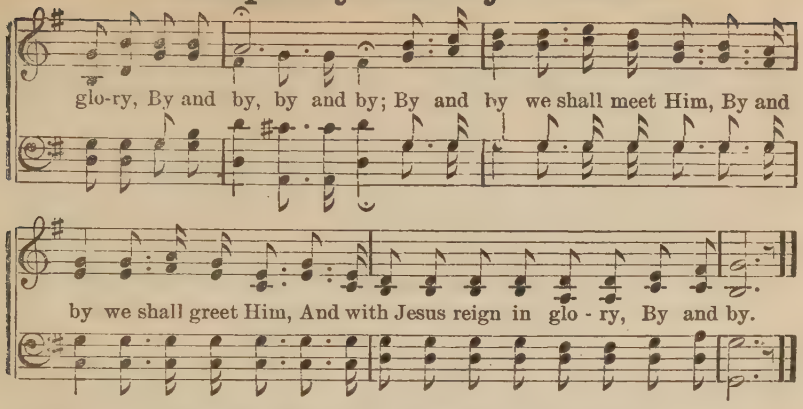
Triumph By and By. Concluded.



175 Wash Me, O Lamb of God.

H. B. BEEGLE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be used as a Duet.

1. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; By Thine a-
2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; I long to
3. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; I will not,
4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; By faith Thy
5. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; Thou, while I
ton - ing blood, Oh, make me clean; Purge me from ev - 'ry stain,
be like Thee, All pure with - in; Now let the crim - son tide
can - not rest Till pure with - in; All hu - man skill is vain,
cleansing blood Now makes me clean; So near Thou art to me,
trust in Thee, Wilt keep me clean; Each day to Thee I bring
Let me Thine im-age gain, In love and mer-cy reign O'er all with-in.
Shed from Thy wounded side Be to my heart applied, And make me clean.
But Thou canst cleanse each stain, Till not a spot remain, Made wholly clean.
So sweet my rest in Thee, Oh, bless-ed pur - i - ty! Saved, saved from sin.
Heart, life, yea, ev-'ry-thing; Saved while to Thee I cling, Saved from all sin.

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I will Follow Jesus.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus ev - 'ry day, I will fol - low,
2. I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus in the night, Walking if He
3. I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus by His grace; He will strengthen
:S:
fol - low Je - sus all the way; I am safe when by His side, There I
wills, by faith and not by sight; He will lead me by the hand, As I
me to run the dai - ly race; Ev-'ry weight I lay a-side, Looking
D. S.—I will fol - low, fol - low on In - to
FINE
ev - er would a-bide; I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus all the way.
fol-low His command; He will lead me forth in - to the bless-ed light.
to the Cru - ci - fied, I am pressing, pressing on to see His face.
heav'n where He has gone, I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus all the way.
CHORUS.
I will fol - - low, fol - low Je - - sus,
I will fol - low, fol - low Je - sus, fol - low, fol - low ev - 'ry day,

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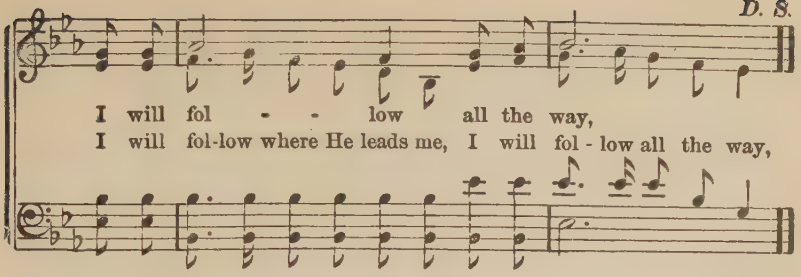
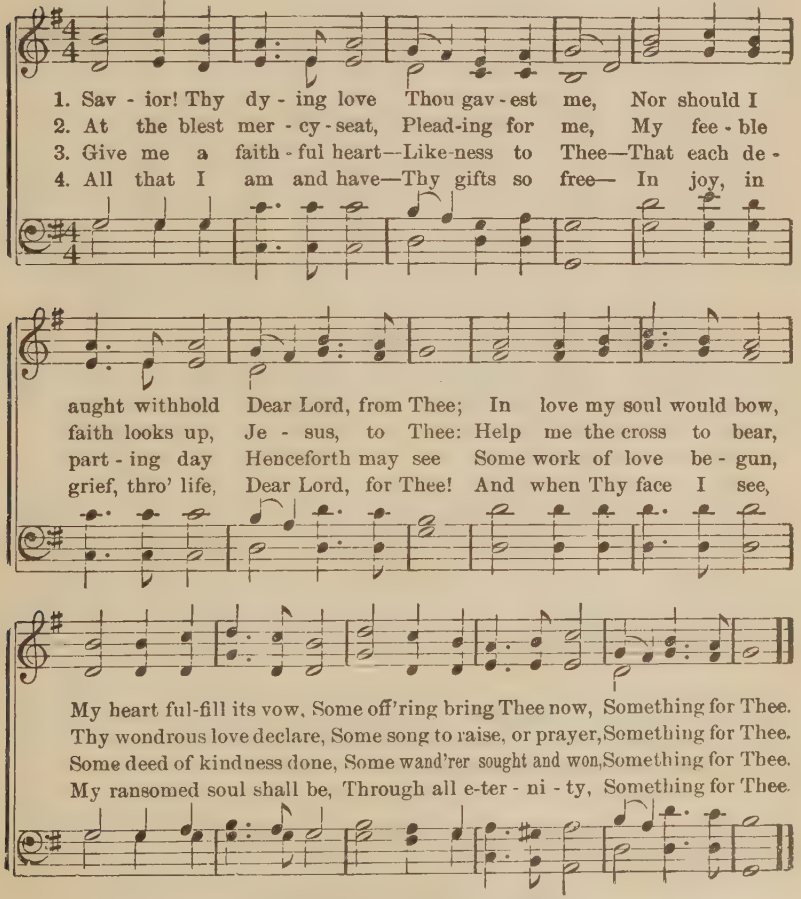
I will Follow Jesus. Concluded.

D. S.



177 Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de -
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in
aught withhold Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e-ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

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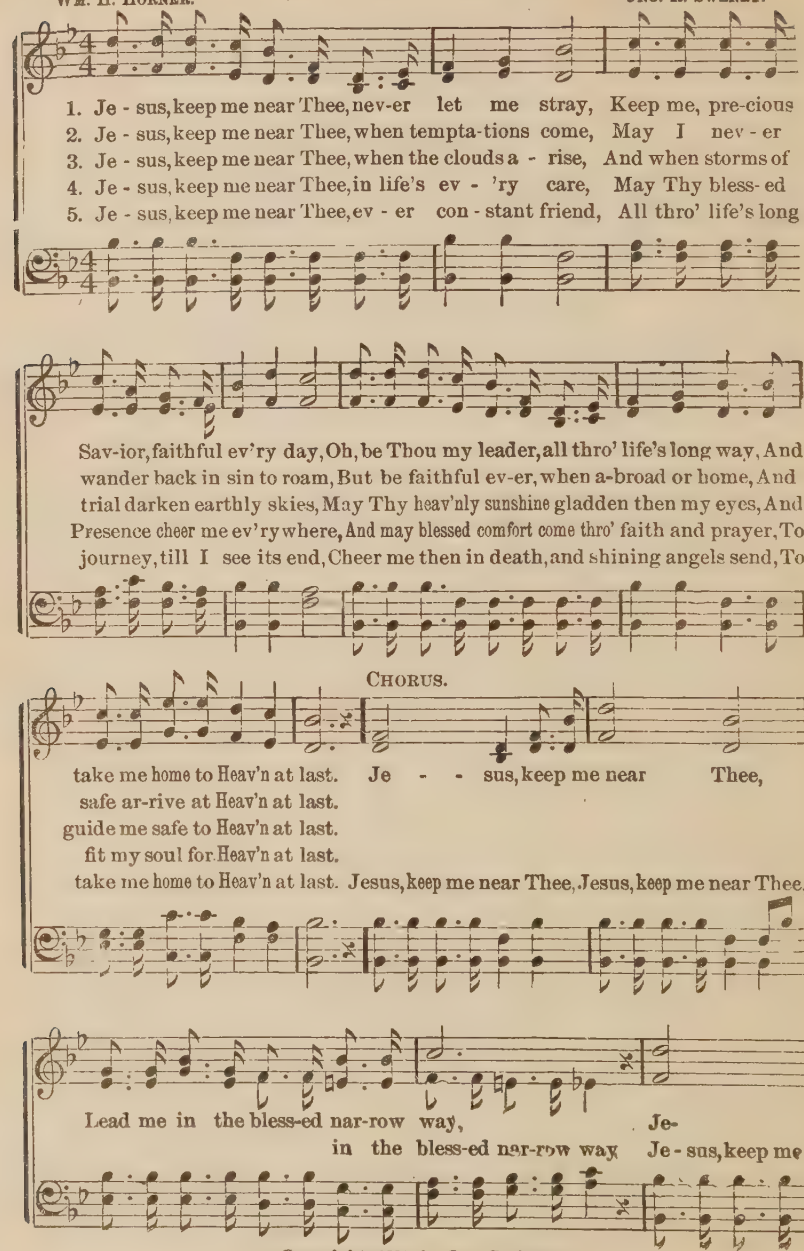
178 Jesus, keep me near Thee.

Wm. H. Horner. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, nev-er let me stray, Keep me, pre-cious
2. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when tempta-tions come, May I nev - er
3. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when the clouds a - rise, And when storms of
4. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, in life's ev - 'ry care, May Thy bless- ed
5. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, ev - er con - stant friend, All thro' life's long
Sav-ior, faithful ev'ry day, Oh, be Thou my leader, all thro' life's long way, And
wander back in sin to roam, But be faithful ev-er, when a-broad or home, And
trial darken earthly skies, May Thy heav'nly sunshine gladden then my eyes, And
Presence cheer me ev'ry where, And may blessed comfort come thro' faith and prayer, To
journey, till I see its end, Cheer me then in death, and shining angels send, To
Chorus.
take me home to Heav'n at last. Je - - sus, keep me near Thee,
safe ar-rive at Heav'n at last.
guide me safe to Heav'n at last.
fit my soul for Heav'n at last.
take me home to Heav'n at last. Jesus, keep me near Thee, Jesus, keep me near Thee,
Lead me in the bless-ed nar-row way, Je-
in the bless-ed nar-row way Je - sus, keep me

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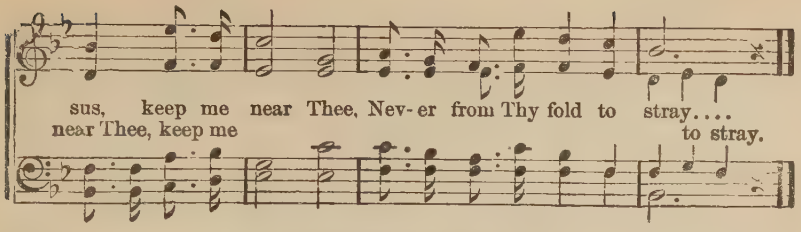
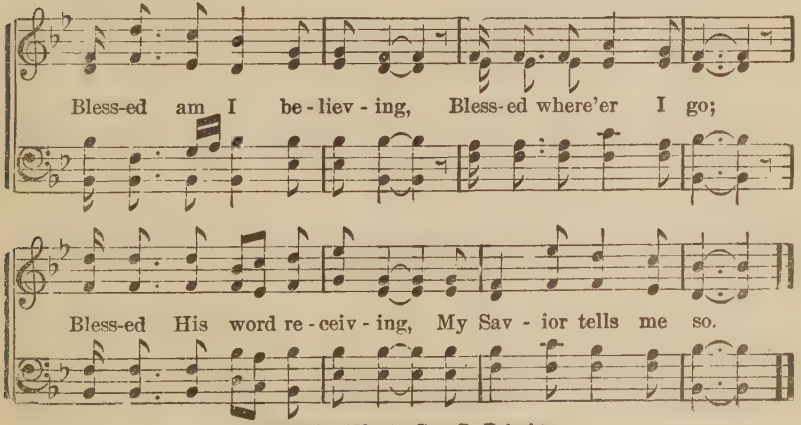


179 Blessed Am I.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. My sins are all for-giv-en, My Sav-ior tells me so;
2. I'm free from con-dem-na-tion, My Sav-ior tells me so;
3. No foe shall o-ver-come me, My Sav-ior tells me so;
4. With Him I'll be for-ev-er, My Sav-ior tells me so;
And ev-'ry chain is riv-en, My Sav-ior tells me so.
He'll shield me in tempt-a-tion, My Sav-ior tells me so.
For strength di-vine He'll give me, My Sav-ior tells me so.
At home where naught can sev-er, My Sav-ior tells me so.

CHORUS.



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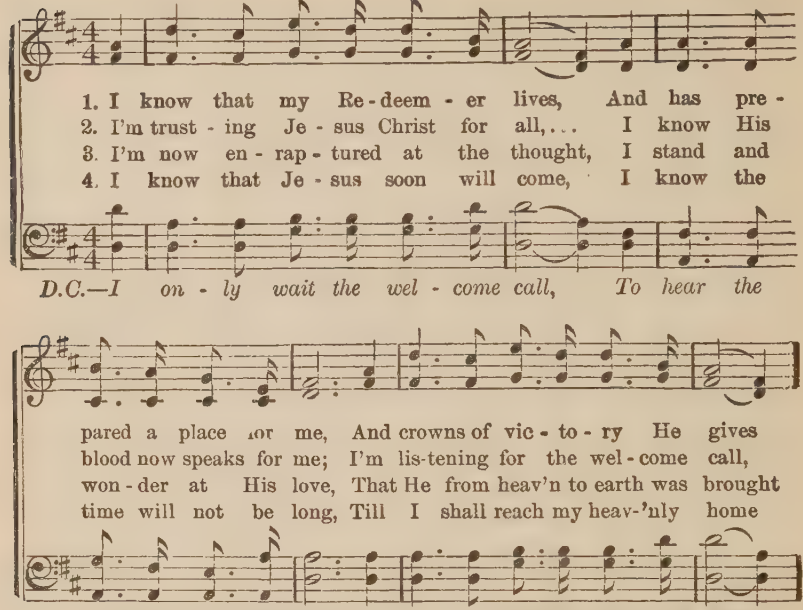
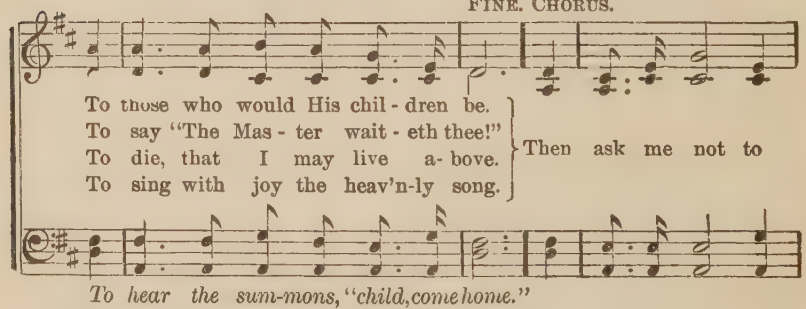
180 I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

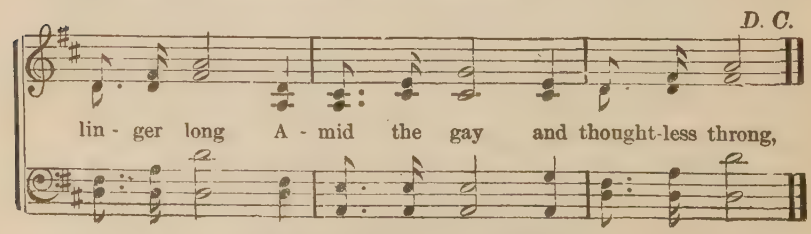
Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt. Arr. by GEO. D. ELDERKIN.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has pre-
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, . . . I know His
3. I'm now en-rap-tured at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the
D.C.—I on-ly wait the wel-come call, To hear the
pared a place for me, And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives
blood now speaks for me; I'm lis-tening for the wel-come call,
won-der at His love, That He from heav'n to earth was brought
time will not be long, Till I shall reach my heav-'nly home
summons, "child, come home," I on-ly wait the wel-come call,

FINE. CHORUS.


To those who would His chil-dren be.
To say "The Mas-ter wait-eth thee!"
To die, that I may live a-bove.
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.
Then ask me not to
To hear the sum-mons, "child, come home."

D. C.



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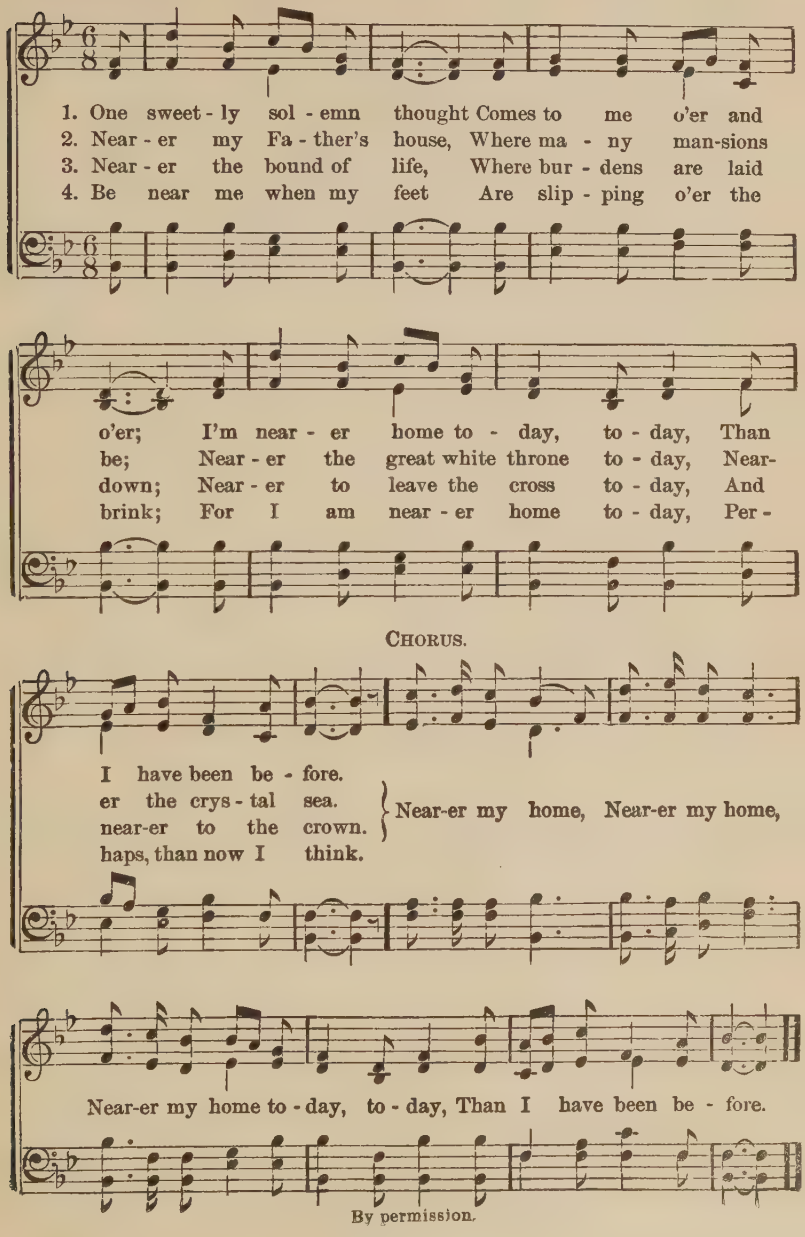
181 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly." HEB. 11: 16.

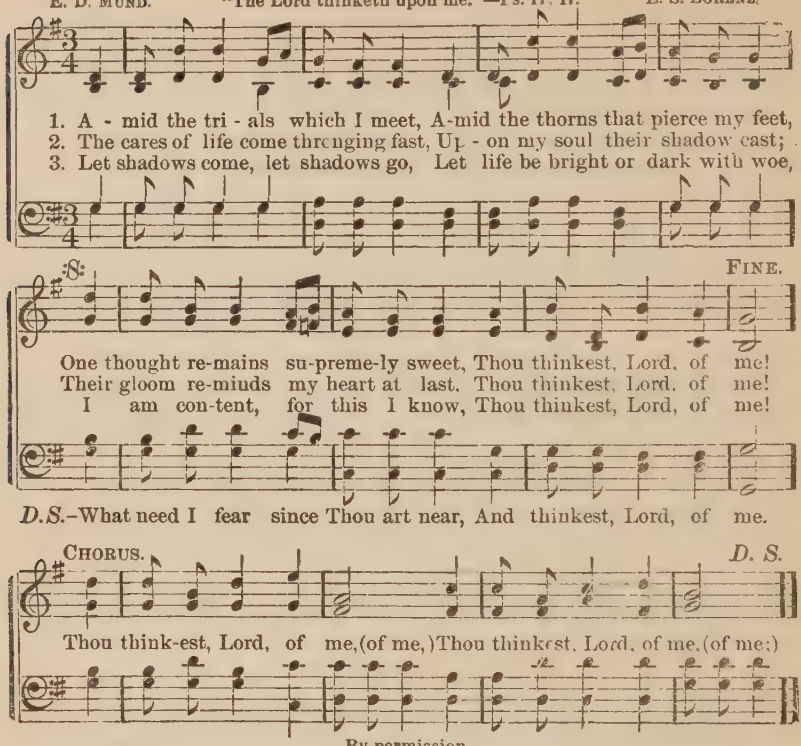
PHŒBE CARY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the
o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than
be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near-
down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And
brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per -
CHORUS.
I have been be - fore.
er the crys - tal sea.
near-er to the crown.
haps, than now I think.
Near-er my home, Near-er my home,
Near-er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

By permission.

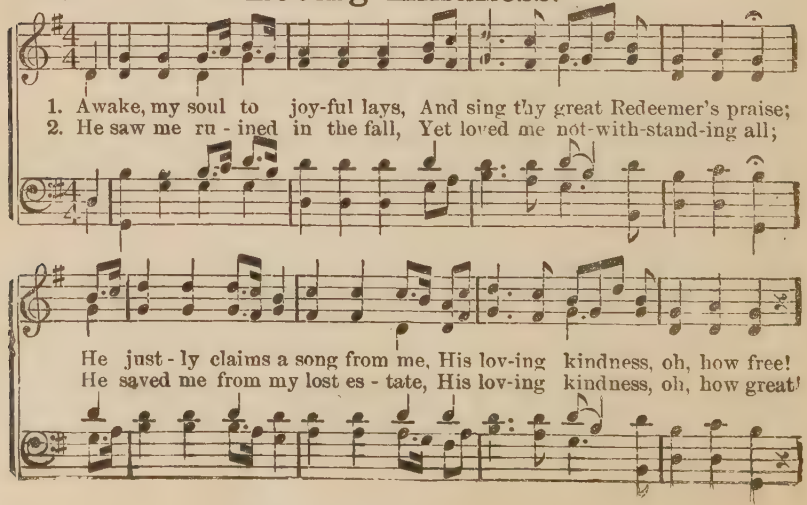
182 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

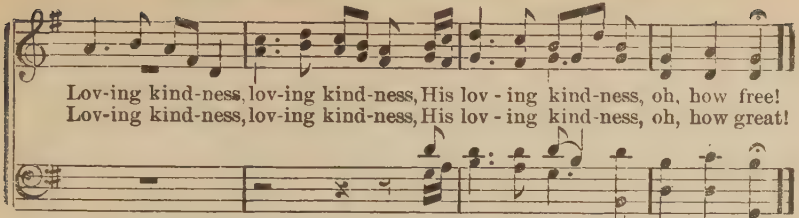
E. D. Mund. "The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 11: 17. E. S. Lorenz.


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A-mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,
Fine.
One thought re-mains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
D.S.–What need I fear since Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.
Chorus.
D. S.
Thou think-est, Lord, of me,(of me,)Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,(of me;)

By permission.

183 Loving Kindness.


1. Awake, my soul to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great!

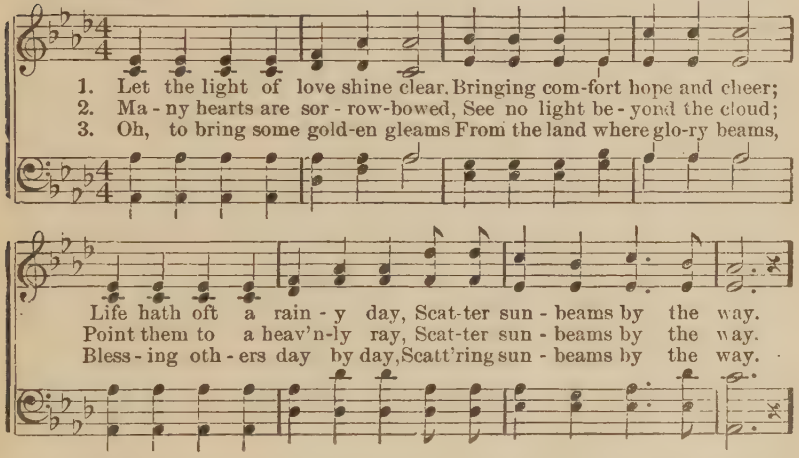

Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how great!

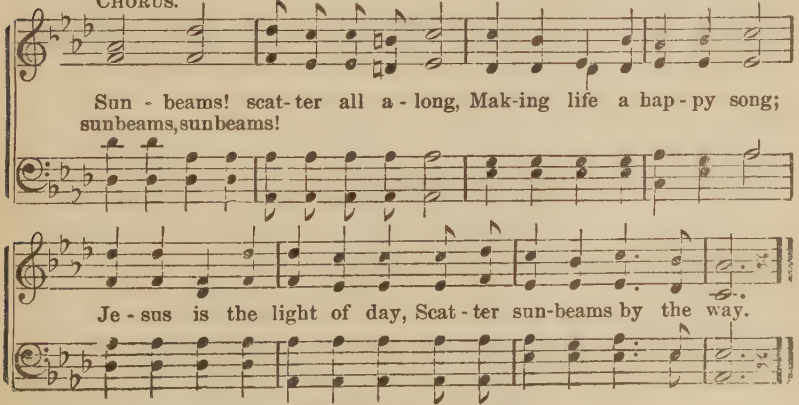
3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh, how good!

184 Scatter Sunbeams.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R Sweney.


1. Let the light of love shine clear, Bringing com-fort hope and cheer;
2. Ma - ny hearts are sor - row-bowed, See no light be - yond the cloud;
3. Oh, to bring some gold-en gleams From the land where glo-ry beams,
Life hath oft a rain - y day, Scat-ter sun - beams by the way.
Point them to a heav'n-ly ray, Scat-ter sun - beams by the way.
Bless - ing oth - ers day by day, Scatt'ring sun - beams by the way.


Chorus.
Sun - beams! scat-ter all a - long, Mak-ing life a hap - py song;
sunbeams, sunbeams!
Je - sus is the light of day, Scat - ter sun-beams by the way.

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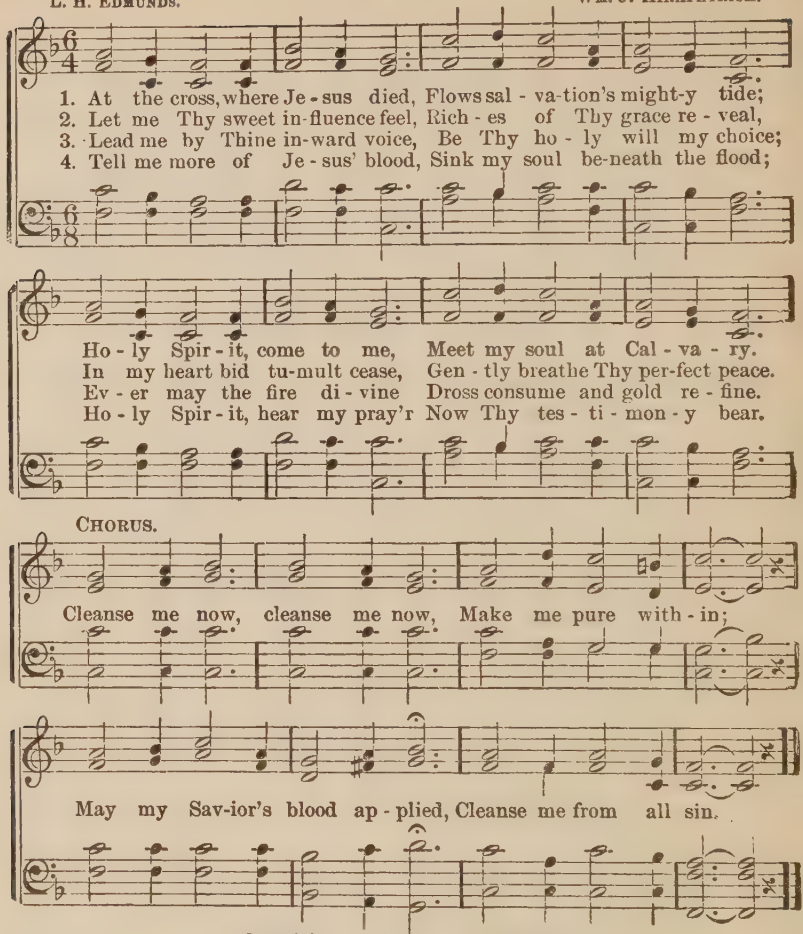
185 Cleanse Me Now.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. At the cross, where Je - sus died, Flows sal - va-tion's might-y tide;
2. Let me Thy sweet in-fluence feel, Rich - es of Thy grace re - veal,
3. Lead me by Thine in-ward voice, Be Thy ho - ly will my choice;
4. Tell me more of Je - sus' blood, Sink my soul be-neath the flood;
Ho - ly Spir - it, come to me, Meet my soul at Cal - va - ry.
In my heart bid tu-mult cease, Gen - tly breathe Thy per-fect peace.
Ev - er may the fire di - vine Dross consume and gold re - fine.
Ho - ly Spir - it, hear my pray'r Now Thy tes - ti - mon - y bear.
CHORUS.
Cleanse me now, cleanse me now, Make me pure with - in;
May my Sav-ior's blood ap - plied, Cleanse me from all sin.

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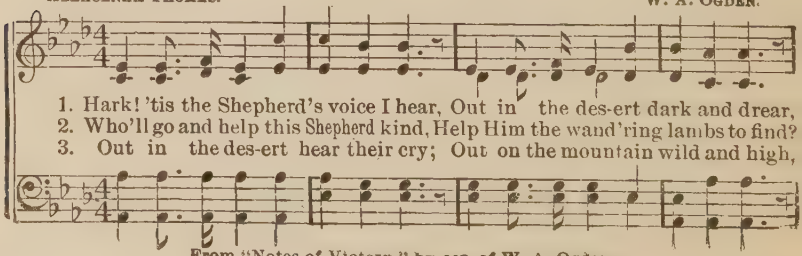
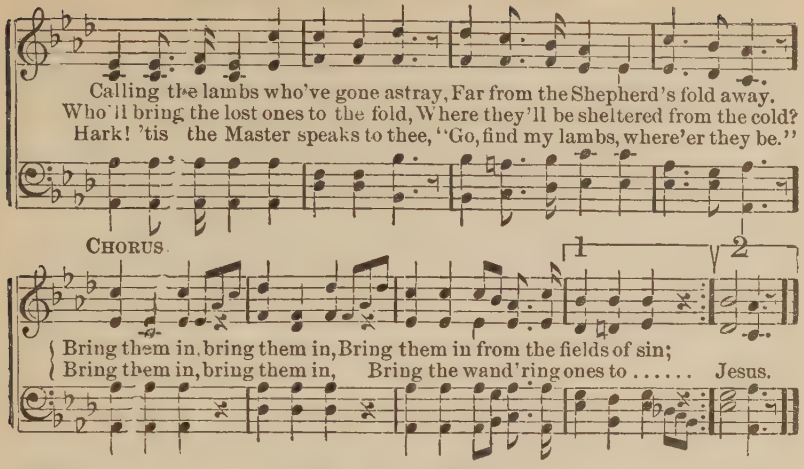
186 Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

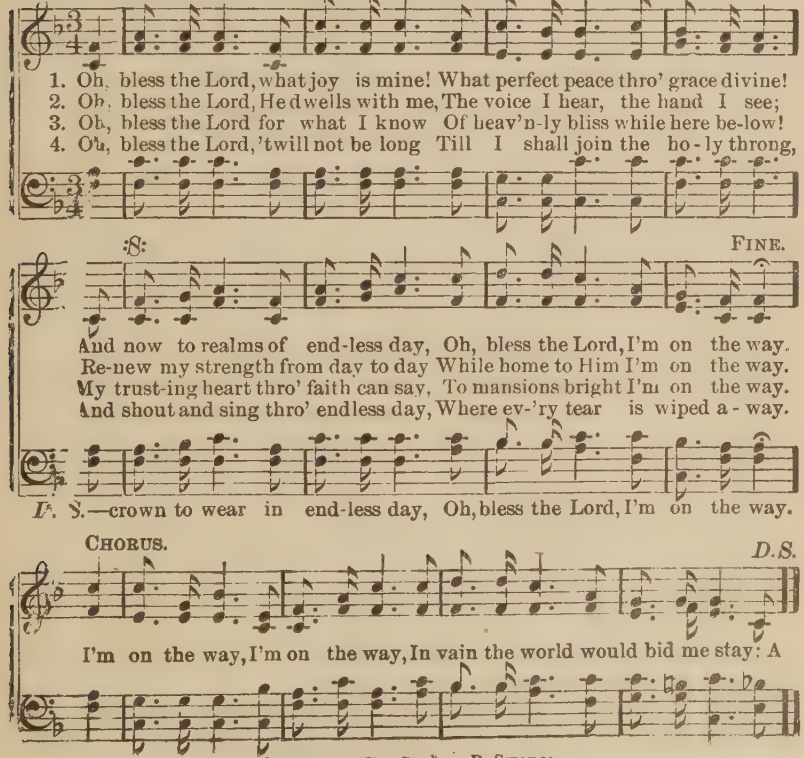

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,

From "Notes of Victory," by per. of W. A. Ogden.

Bring Them In. Concluded.


Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs, where'er they be."
CHORUS.
1
2
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to ..... Jesus.

187 LIZZIE EDWARDS. On the Way. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. Oh, bless the Lord, He dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see;
3. Oh, bless the Lord for what I know Of heav'n-ly bliss while here be-low!
4. Oh, bless the Lord, 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho-ly throng,
:S:
FINE.
And now to realms of end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
Re-new my strength from day to day While home to Him I'm on the way.
My trust-ing heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where ev-'ry tear is wiped a-way.
D. S.—crown to wear in end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
CHORUS.
D.S.
I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

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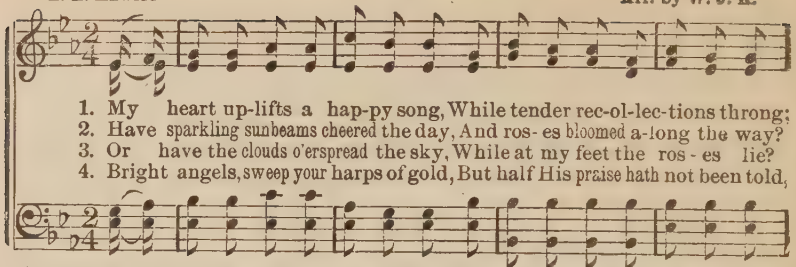
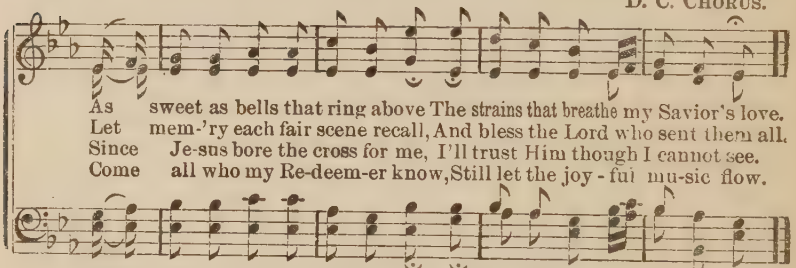
188 A Song of Praise.

E. E. Hewitt — Arr. by W. J. K.


1. My heart up-lifts a hap-py song, While tender rec-ol-lec-tions throng;
2. Have sparkling sunbeams cheered the day, And ros- es bloomed a-long the way?
3. Or have the clouds o'erspread the sky, While at my feet the ros - es lie?
4. Bright angels, sweep your harps of gold, But half His praise hath not been told,
Cho.—And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

D. C. Chorus.


As sweet as bells that ring above The strains that breathe my Savior's love.
Let mem-'ry each fair scene recall, And bless the Lord who sent them all.
Since Je-sus bore the cross for me, I'll trust Him though I cannot see.
Come all who my Re-deem-er know, Still let the joy - ful mu-sic flow.
And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

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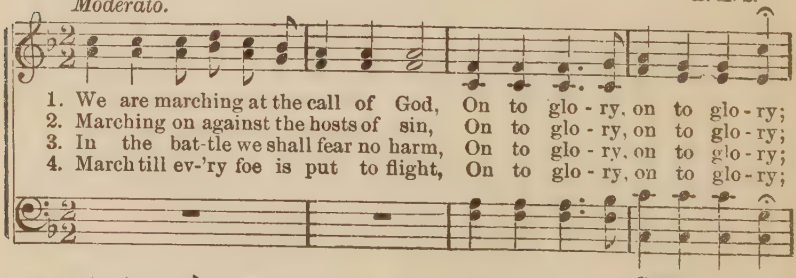
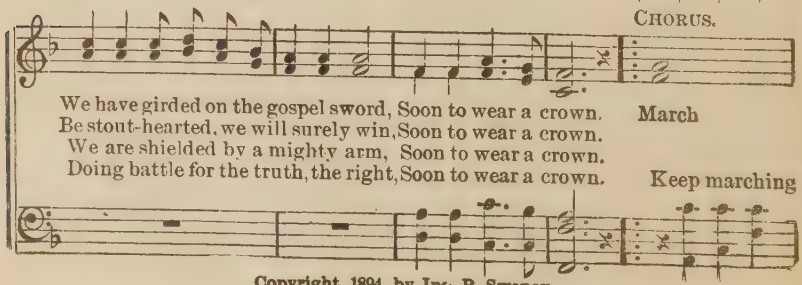
189 Keep Marching on.

J. B. Mackay. *Moderato.* — B. H. S.


1. We are marching at the call of God, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
2. Marching on against the hosts of sin, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
3. In the bat-tle we shall fear no harm, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
4. March till ev-'ry foe is put to flight, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;

Chorus.


We have girded on the gospel sword, Soon to wear a crown. March
Be stout-hearted, we will surely win, Soon to wear a crown.
We are shielded by a mighty arm, Soon to wear a crown.
Doing battle for the truth, the right, Soon to wear a crown. Keep marching

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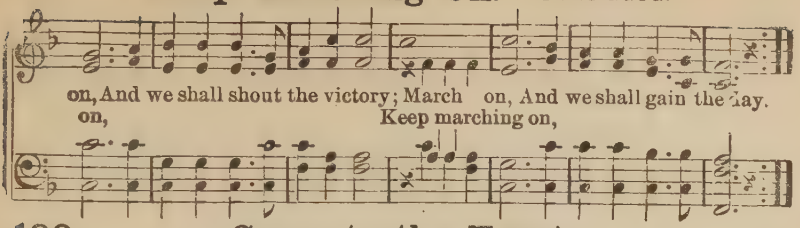
Keep Marching On. Concluded.

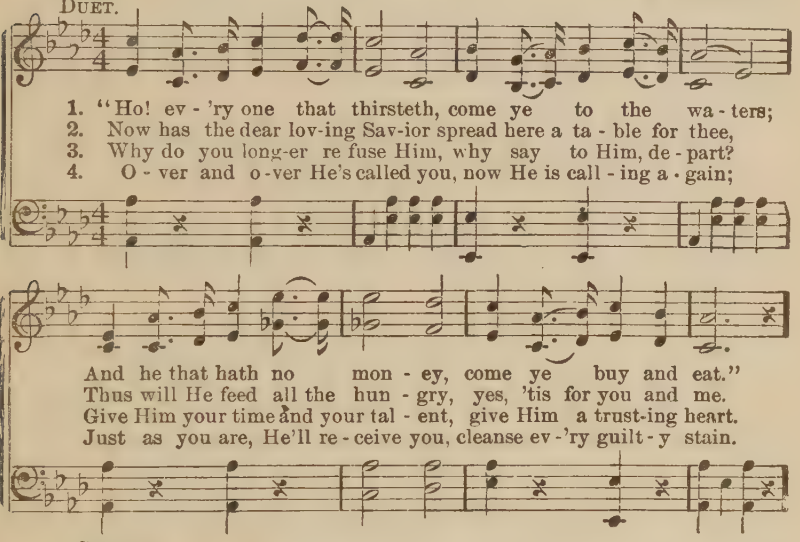


190 Come to the Feast.

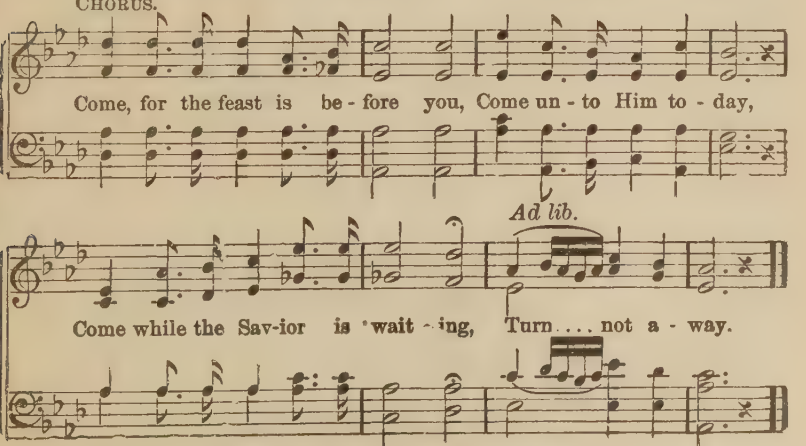
F. A. G.

F. A GRAVES.

DUET.


1. "Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come ye to the wa - ters;
2. Now has the dear lov-ing Sav-ior spread here a ta - ble for thee,
3. Why do you long-er re fuse Him, why say to Him, de - part?
4. O - ver and o-ver He's called you, now He is call - ing a - gain;
And he that hath no mon - ey, come ye buy and eat."
Thus will He feed all the hun - gry, yes, 'tis for you and me.
Give Him your time and your tal - ent, give Him a trust-ing heart.
Just as you are, He'll re - ceive you, cleanse ev - 'ry guilt - y stain.

CHORUS.



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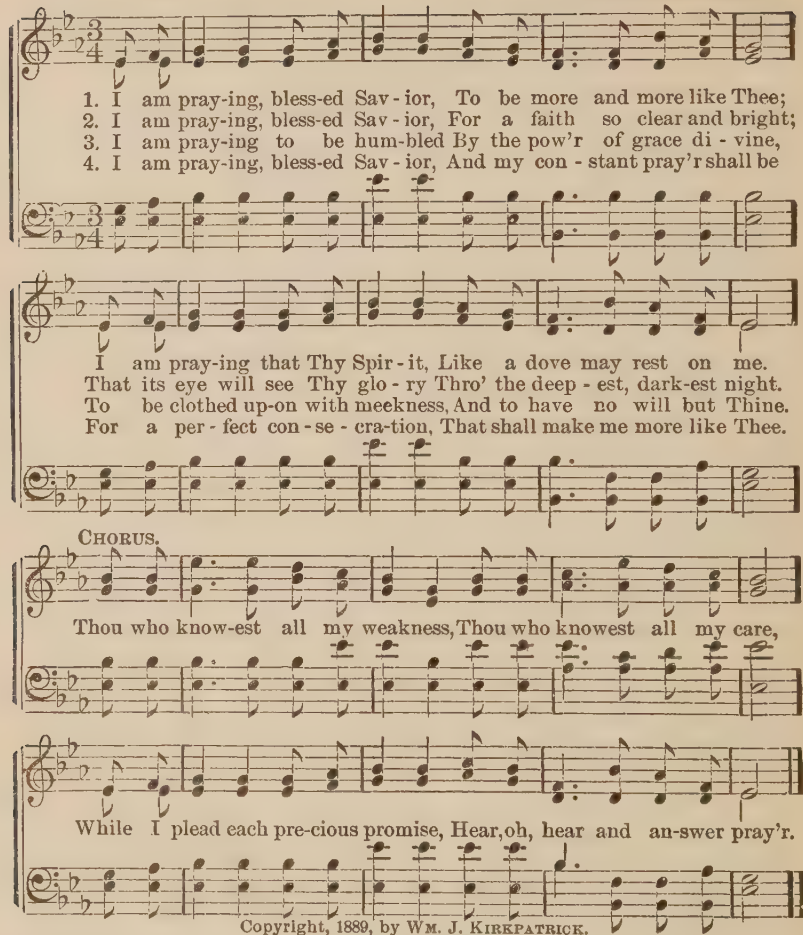
191 Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, To be more and more like Thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, For a faith so clear and bright;
3. I am pray-ing to be hum-bled By the pow'r of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, And my con-stant pray'r shall be
I am pray-ing that Thy Spir-it, Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, dark-est night.
To be clothed up-on with meekness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion, That shall make me more like Thee.
CHORUS.
Thou who know-est all my weakness, Thou who knowest all my care,
While I plead each pre-cious promise, Hear, oh, hear and an-swer pray'r.

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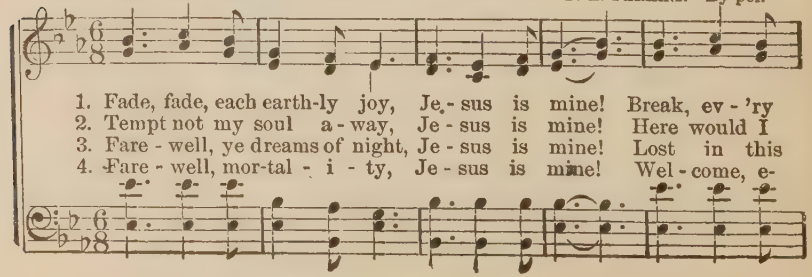
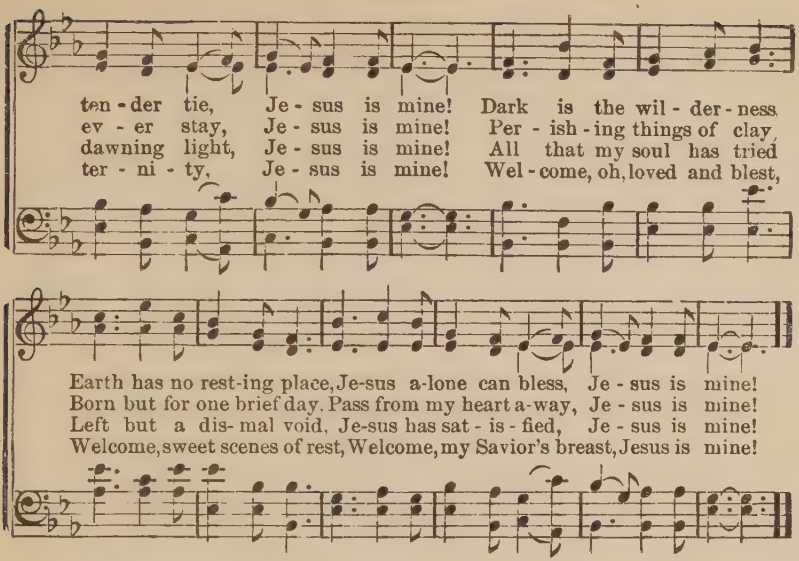
192 Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS. By per.

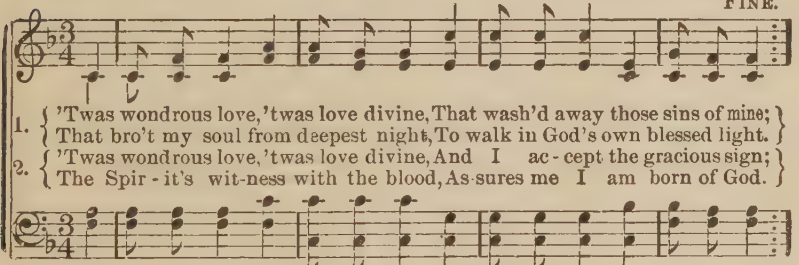

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-

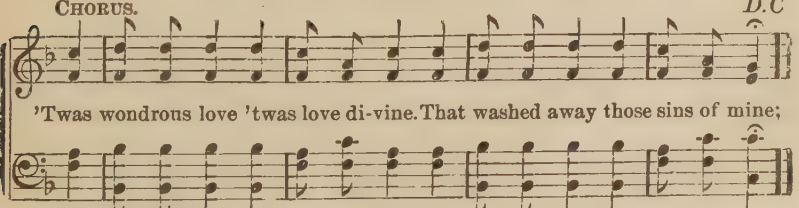
Jesus is Mine. Concluded.


ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, oh, loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day. Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis- mal void, Je-sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Jesus is mine!

193 Wondrous Love.

WM. H. CLARK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


FINE.
1. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, That wash'd away those sins of mine;
That bro't my soul from deepest night, To walk in God's own blessed light.
2. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, And I ac - cept the gracious sign;
The Spir - it's wit-ness with the blood, As-sures me I am born of God.
D. C. And I am hap - py all the day, Be-cause my sins are washed a-way.



3 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine,
That drew this wand'ring heart of mine
To Thee, dear Lord, that I may be,
A branch that beareth fruit for Thee.

4 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine.
'Twas God the Father's grand design;
And heaven is filled with joy to know
A soul's redeemed from endless woe

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194 He Heard My Prayer.

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A sin - ner lost, and yet I came, With all my guilt oppressed,
2. A sin - ner lost,—oh, fear - ful state! But this my on - ly plea,
3. A sin - ner bound in cap - tive chains, But Je - sus set me free,
4. A sin - ner lost, re-deemed by grace, My lat - est song shall be,
And, kneel-ing down at Je - sus' feet, I prayed to Him for rest.
Dear Sav - ior, Thou hast died for all, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.
And taught my heart with joy to sing His pre - cious love to me.
All praise to Him who shed His blood To pur - chase life for me.
CHORUS.
I prayed in faith: He heard my prayer, My weight of guilt He bore;
He saved me then,—He saves me now, And saves me ev - er-more.

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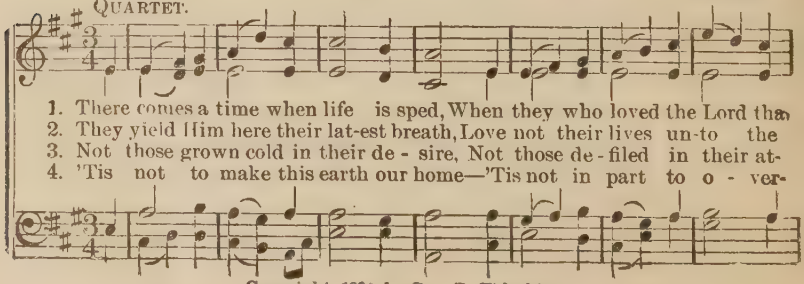
195 Shall Walk in White.

H. G. S. QUARTET. H. G. SPAFFORD.


1. There comes a time when life is sped, When they who loved the Lord than
2. They yield Him here their lat-est breath, Love not their lives un-to the
3. Not those grown cold in their de - sire, Not those de - filed in their at-
4. 'Tis not to make this earth our home—'Tis not in part to o - ver-

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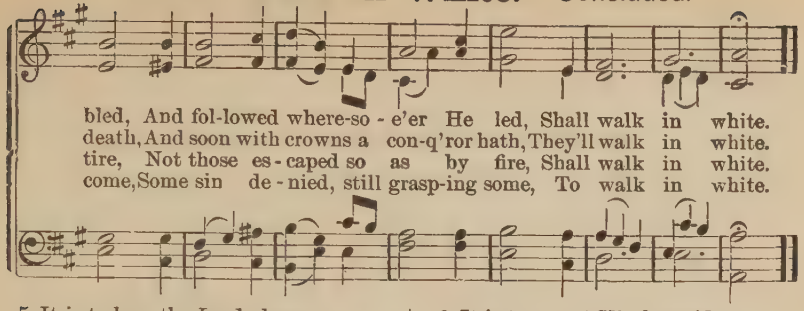
bled, And fol-lowed where-so - e'er He led, Shall walk in white.
death, And soon with crowns a con-q'ror hath, They'll walk in white.
tire, Not those es - caped so as by fire, Shall walk in white.
come, Some sin de - nied, still grasp-ing some, To walk in white.

5 It is to love the Lord alone;
It is to hear Well done! well done;
It is to share the Savior's throne,
To walk in white.

6 It is to sup at His dear side;
It is within His robe to hide;
Ah, heart! it is to be His bride,
To walk in white.

196 What will it Matter.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
2. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
3. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether the
4. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether I
cross - es were heav-y or light, Whether my pathway was cloudy or bright,
tri - als were ma- ny or few, Whether the world was unfaith-ful or true,
wa - ters were bit- ter or sweet, Mur-muring gen-tly or sad at my feet,
pass with the morning a - way, Whether at noon-tide or clos- ing of day
When I shall walk with the ransomed in white, Safe in that beautiful land?
When my Redeemer in glo - ry I view, Home in that beautiful land?
When the de-part-ed, with rapture, I meet, Home in that beautiful land?
When in the val-ley of E - den I stray, Home in that beautiful land?

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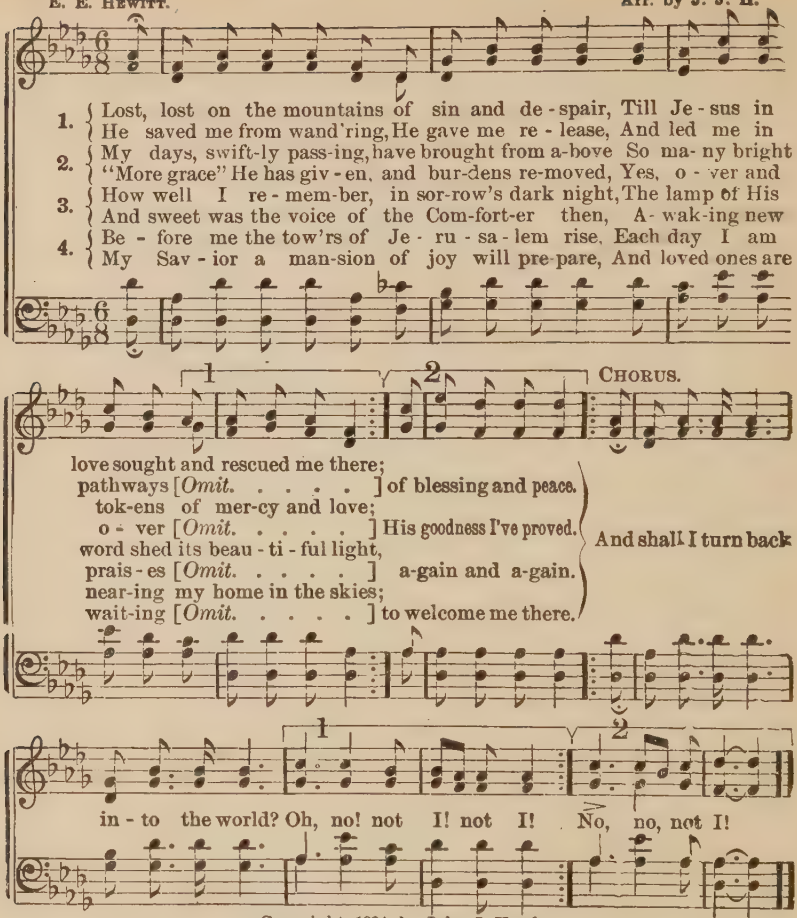
197 Shall I Turn Back.

E. E. Hewitt. Arr. by J. J. H.


1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de - spair, Till Je - sus in
He saved me from wand'ring, He gave me re - lease, And led me in
2. My days, swift-ly pass-ing, have brought from a-bove So ma- ny bright
"More grace" He has giv - en, and bur-dens re-moved, Yes, o - ver and
3. How well I re - mem-ber, in sor-row's dark night, The lamp of His
And sweet was the voice of the Com-fort-er then, A- wak-ing new
4. Be - fore me the tow'rs of Je - ru - sa - lem rise, Each day I am
My Sav - ior a man-sion of joy will pre-pare, And loved ones are
1
2
Chorus.
love sought and rescued me there;
pathways [Omit. . . . .] of blessing and peace.
tok-ens of mer-cy and love;
o - ver [Omit. . . . .] His goodness I've proved.
word shed its beau - ti - ful light,
prais - es [Omit. . . . .] a-gain and a-gain.
near-ing my home in the skies;
wait-ing [Omit. . . . .] to welcome me there.
And shall I turn back
1
2
in - to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I! No, no, not I!

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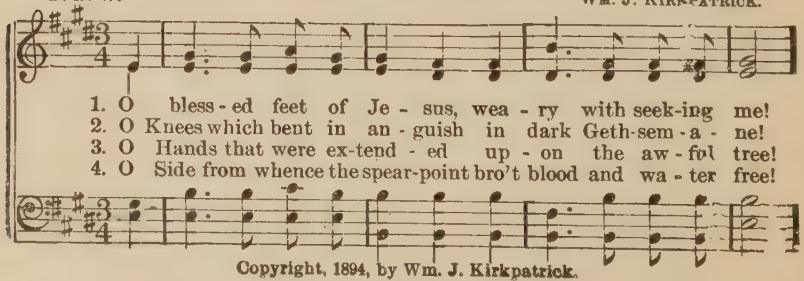
198 Intercede for me.

D. E. W. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O bless - ed feet of Je - sus, wea - ry with seek-ing me!
2. O Knees which bent in an - guish in dark Geth-sem - a - ne!
3. O Hands that were ex-tend - ed up - on the aw - ful tree!
4. O Side from whence the spear-point bro't blood and wa - ter free!

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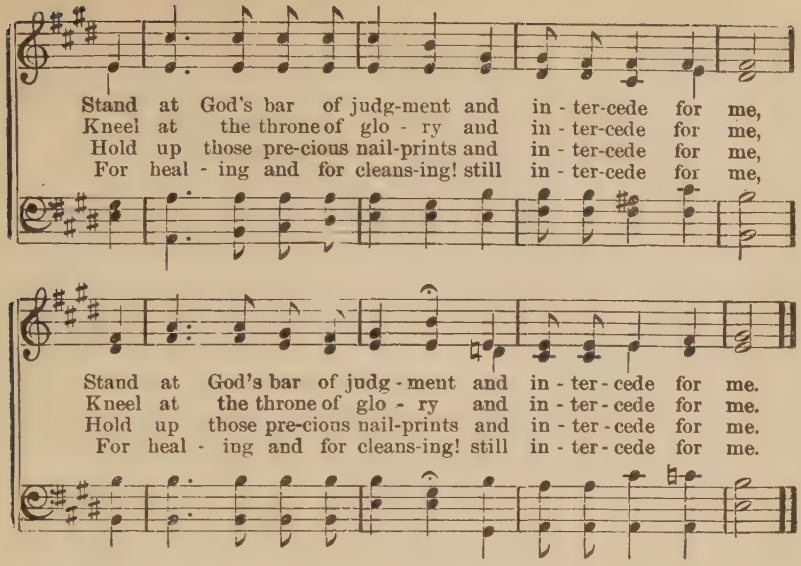
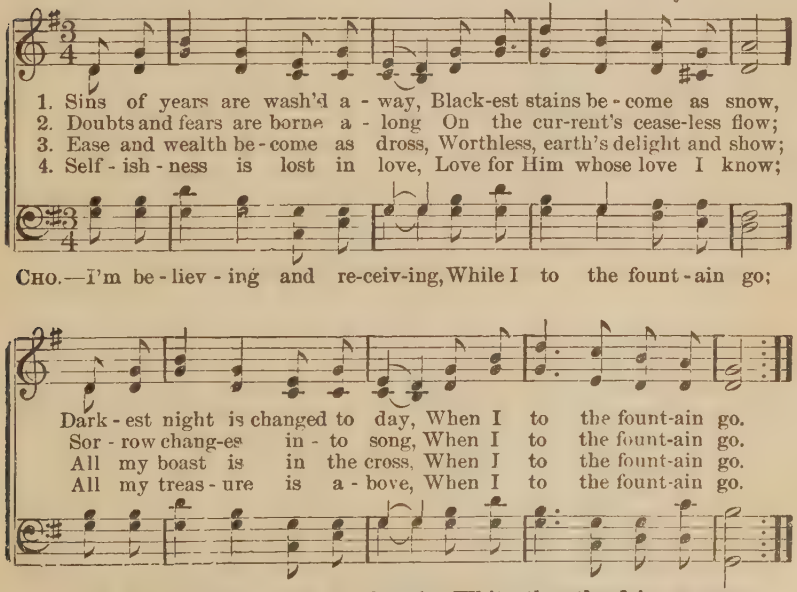

Stand at God's bar of judg-ment and in - ter-cede for me,
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry and in - ter-cede for me,
Hold up those pre-cious nail-prints and in - ter-cede for me,
For heal - ing and for cleans-ing! still in - ter-cede for me,
Stand at God's bar of judg - ment and in - ter - cede for me.
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry and in - ter - cede for me.
Hold up those pre-cious nail-prints and in - ter - cede for me.
For heal - ing and for cleans-ing! still in - ter - cede for me.

199 I'm Believing and Receiving.

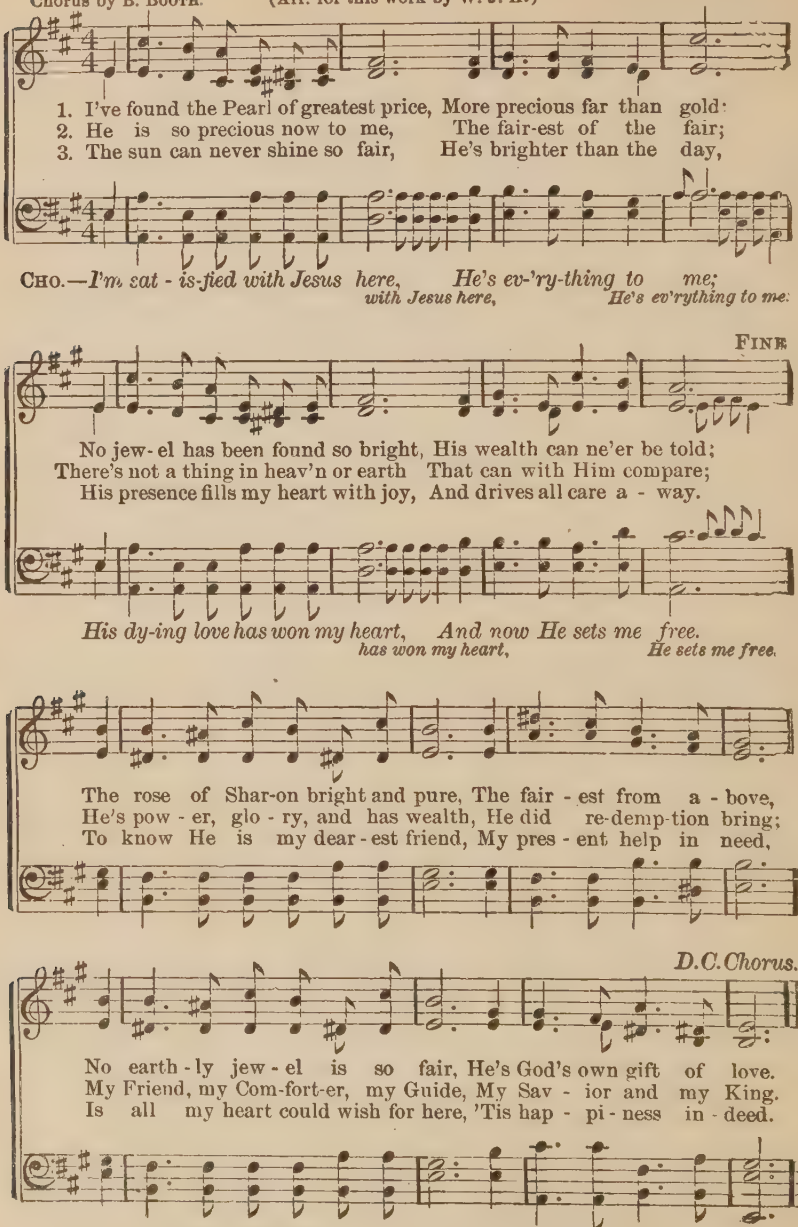
Arr. by W. J. K.


1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Black-est stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur-rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worthless, earth's delight and show;
4. Self - ish - ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love I know;
Cho.—I'm be - liev - ing and re-ceiv-ing, While I to the fount - ain go;
Dark - est night is changed to day, When I to the fount-ain go.
Sor - row chang-es in - to song, When I to the fount-ain go.
All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fount-ain go.
All my treas - ure is a - bove, When I to the fount-ain go.
And my heart the waves are cleansing Whiter than the driv - en snow.

By permission.

200 I'm Satisfied with Jesus.

W. E. Catlin. Melody by Wm. A. Huntley.
Chorus by B. Booth. (Arr. for this work by W. J. K.)


1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price, More precious far than gold:
2. He is so precious now to me, The fair-est of the fair;
3. The sun can never shine so fair, He's brighter than the day,
Cho.—I'm sat - is-fied with Jesus here, He's ev-'ry-thing to me;
with Jesus here, He's ev'rything to me.
Fine
No jew-el has been found so bright, His wealth can ne'er be told;
There's not a thing in heav'n or earth That can with Him compare;
His presence fills my heart with joy, And drives all care a - way.
His dy-ing love has won my heart, And now He sets me free.
has won my heart, He sets me free.
The rose of Shar-on bright and pure, The fair - est from a - bove,
He's pow - er, glo - ry, and has wealth, He did re-demp-tion bring;
To know He is my dear - est friend, My pres - ent help in need,
D.C. Chorus.
No earth - ly jew - el is so fair, He's God's own gift of love.
My Friend, my Com-fort-er, my Guide, My Sav - ior and my King.
Is all my heart could wish for here, 'Tis hap - pi - ness in - deed.

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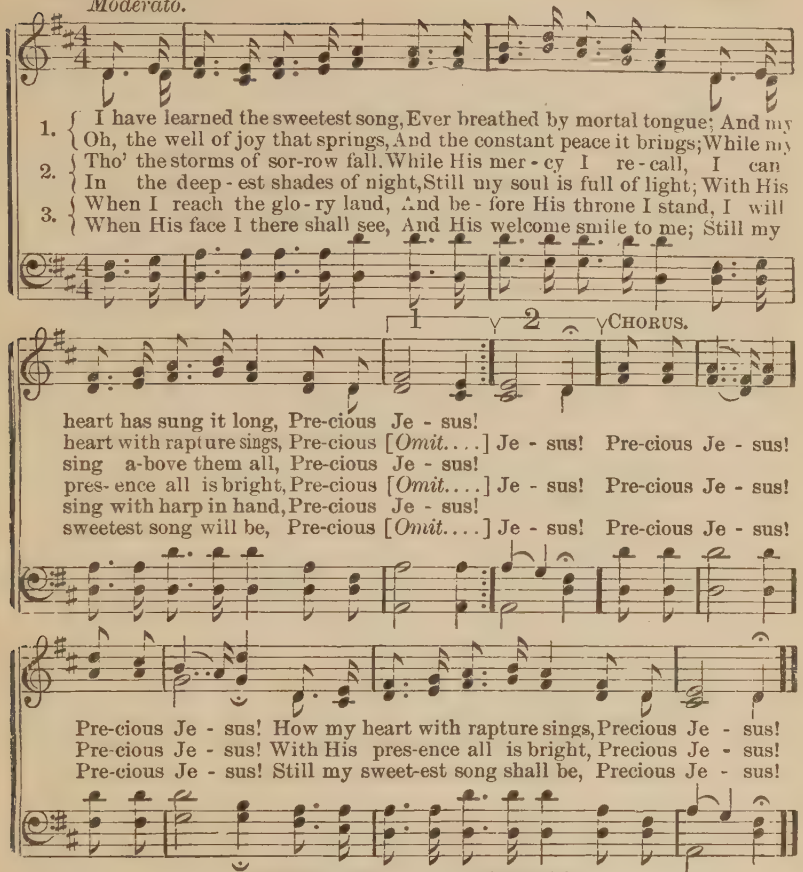
201 Precious Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.


1. I have learned the sweetest song, Ever breathed by mortal tongue; And my
Oh, the well of joy that springs, And the constant peace it brings; While my
2. Tho' the storms of sor-row fall. While His mer - cy I re - call, I can
In the deep - est shades of night, Still my soul is full of light; With His
3. When I reach the glo - ry land, And be - fore His throne I stand, I will
When His face I there shall see, And His welcome smile to me; Still my
1
2
CHORUS.
heart has sung it long, Pre-cious Je - sus!
heart with rapture sings, Pre-cious [*Omit....*] Je - sus! Pre-cious Je - sus!
sing a-bove them all, Pre-cious Je - sus!
pres- ence all is bright, Pre-cious [*Omit....*] Je - sus! Pre-cious Je - sus!
sing with harp in hand, Pre-cious Je - sus!
sweetest song will be, Pre-cious [*Omit....*] Je - sus! Pre-cious Je - sus!
Pre-cious Je - sus! How my heart with rapture sings, Precious Je - sus!
Pre-cious Je - sus! With His pres-ence all is bright, Precious Je - sus!
Pre-cious Je - sus! Still my sweet-est song shall be, Precious Je - sus!

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202 Some Day.

See tune on opposite page.

1 Some day in that bright home above,
Around His blessed throne,
I'll sing with Him forever there,
In my immortal home.
There life with joy is all complete,
It's glories are for me;
I'll sing that new, that new sweet song,
Thro' all eternity.

CHO.—Oh, heaven, how blessed is the
Where from all care set free; [place
No pain, no death, no sorrow there,
What joy prepared for me!

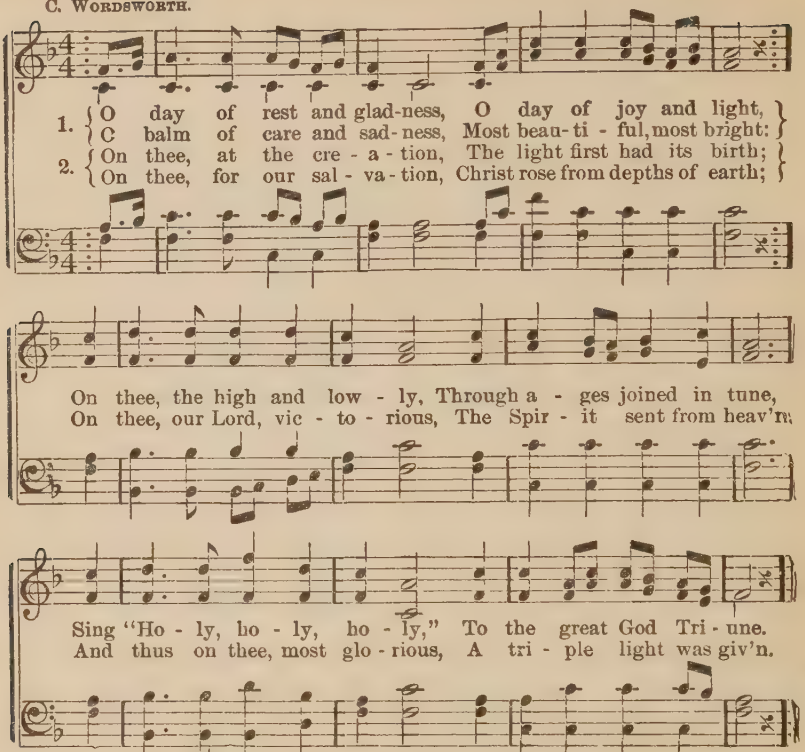
2 Some day I'll see that great white
With angel bands so fair, [throne,
I'll walk the golden streets of life,
Prepared for me o'er there.
Some day we'll clasp each other's hands
In that bright world above;
Here pain and sorrow always come;
But yonder all is love.

3 Some day I'll see my mother's face,
She taught my lips to pray,
And look to Him in every hour,
To guide me in this way.
How glad will be that joyous hour,
When loved ones we shall see,
And there to join in that sweet song;
How happy we will be.

J. H. WARREN.

203 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH.

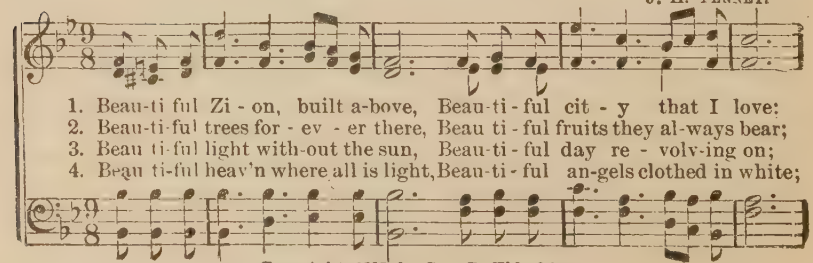

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
C balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright:
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n;
Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was giv'n.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

204 Beautiful Zion.

J. H. TENNEY.


1. Beau-ti ful Zi - on, built a-bove, Beau-ti - ful cit - y that I love:
2. Beau-ti-ful trees for - ev - er there, Beau ti - ful fruits they al-ways bear;
3. Beau ti-ful light with-out the sun, Beau-ti - ful day re - volv-ing on;
4. Beau ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti - ful an-gels clothed in white;

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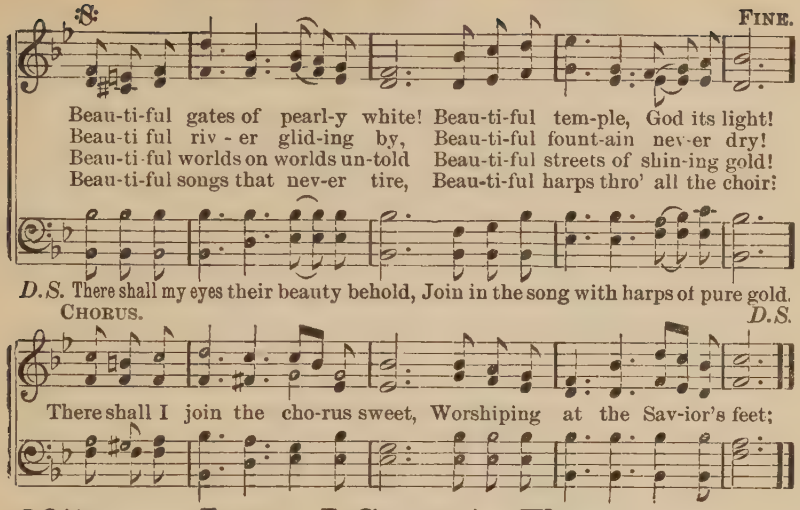
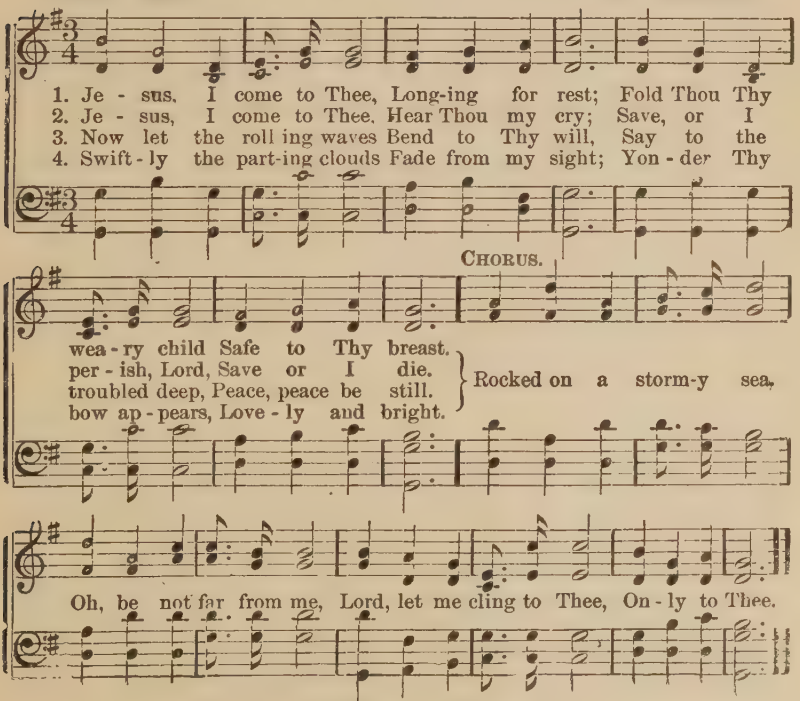
Beautiful Zion. Concluded.


FINE.
Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white! Beau-ti-ful tem-ple, God its light!
Beau-ti ful riv - er glid-ing by, Beau-ti-ful fount-ain nev-er dry!
Beau-ti-ful worlds on worlds un-told Beau-ti-ful streets of shin-ing gold!
Beau-ti-ful songs that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir!
D.S. There shall my eyes their beauty behold, Join in the song with harps of pure gold.
CHORUS.
D.S.
There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Worshiping at the Sav-ior's feet;

205 Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Long-ing for rest; Fold Thou Thy
2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the roll ing waves Bend to Thy will, Say to the
4. Swift - ly the part-ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der Thy
CHORUS.
wea - ry child Safe to Thy breast.
per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.
bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.
Rocked on a storm-y sea,
Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

206 Send Another Pentecost.

Arr. by Mrs. G. D. Elderkin.

1. Lord, see us now with one ac - cord, All wait-ing at Thy cross;
Our hearts are bare, our mo-tives pure, We count all things but loss.
2. The rush-ing wind, the tongue of flame, Oh, let them now de - scend
And sit on each that's gathered here; Then self-ish aims will end.
3. Push heaven's windows o - pen wide, Let streams of mer - cy flow;
The ho - ly fire on all de-scend; Thy en - e - mies o'er-throw
Chorus.
Oh, send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain;
Quick-en Thy saints, bring back the lost, Re - vive Thy work a - gain.

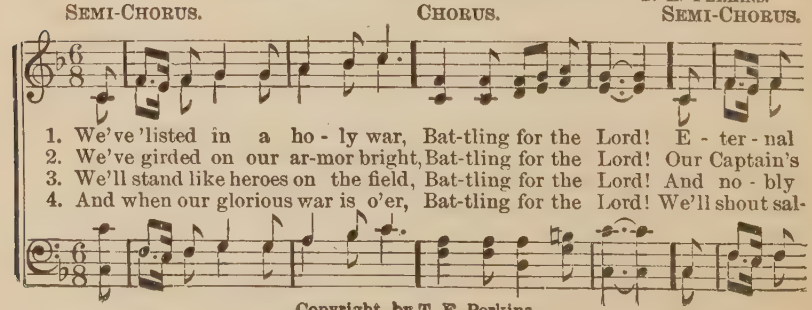
Copyright, 1892, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

4 Let saints be quickened by Thy pow'r,
And hearts made all aflame;
A burning zeal for dying souls,
Reveal Thy work again.

5 The sinner smite with holy might;
Back-sliders now reclaim;
Let hov'ring spirits bear the news
That souls are born again.

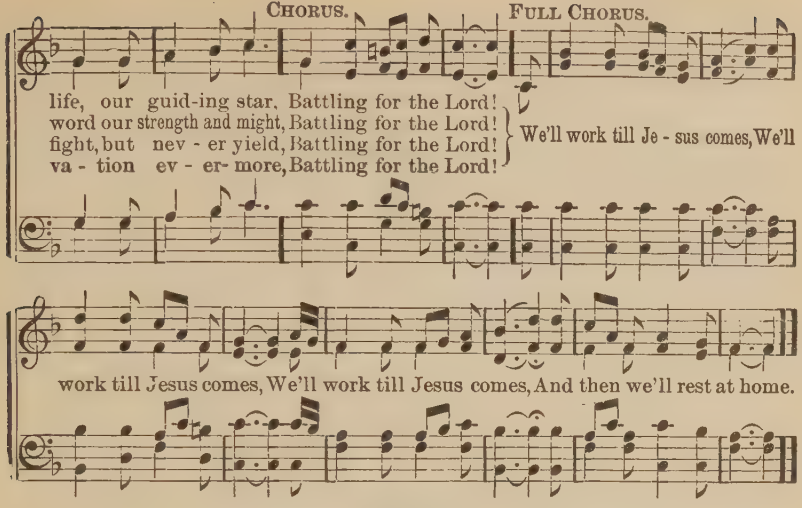
207 Battling for the Lord.

T. E. Perkins.


Semi-Chorus.
Chorus.
Semi-Chorus.
1. We've 'listed in a ho - ly war, Bat-tling for the Lord! E - ter - nal
2. We've girded on our ar-mor bright, Bat-tling for the Lord! Our Captain's
3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Bat-tling for the Lord! And no - bly
4. And when our glorious war is o'er, Bat-tling for the Lord! We'll shout sal-

Copyright, by T. E. Perkins.

Battling for the Lord. Concluded.


CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
life, our guid-ing star, Battling for the Lord!
word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord!
fight, but nev - er yield, Battling for the Lord!
va - tion ev - er- more, Battling for the Lord!
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

India's Awakening.

208

Tune, WEBB. Key of B Flat.

1 From out their night awaking,
To greet the opening day;
Lo! India's anxious thousands
With earnest longings pray.
For faithful Gospel heralds
Have borne the message there,
Revealing God's great purpose,
To save them from despair.

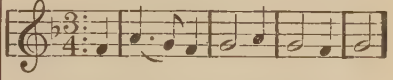
2 The Star of Hope is beaming
O'er all the hills and plains,
Proclaiming by its brightness,
That Christ, Messiah reigns;
That now the truth receiving,
As taught within His word,
Led by the Spirit's teaching,
These souls shall know their Lord.

3 This forward movement telling
The triumph of our King,
Inspires us now to rally
And larger offerings bring.
Thus shall all souls rejoicing,
In Him, and by Him blest,
Press onward still victorious,
To heaven's eternal rest.

4 Then He will smile upon us,
To whom our love was shown;
And all shall take their places
Before the Victor's throne.
While through the endless ages,
With praise and holy songs,
We'll crown Him King Eternal
To whom all power belongs.

REV. JOHN F. DODD, D. D.

And Can it Be?



1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be [me?
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for

2 He left His Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite His grace!—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

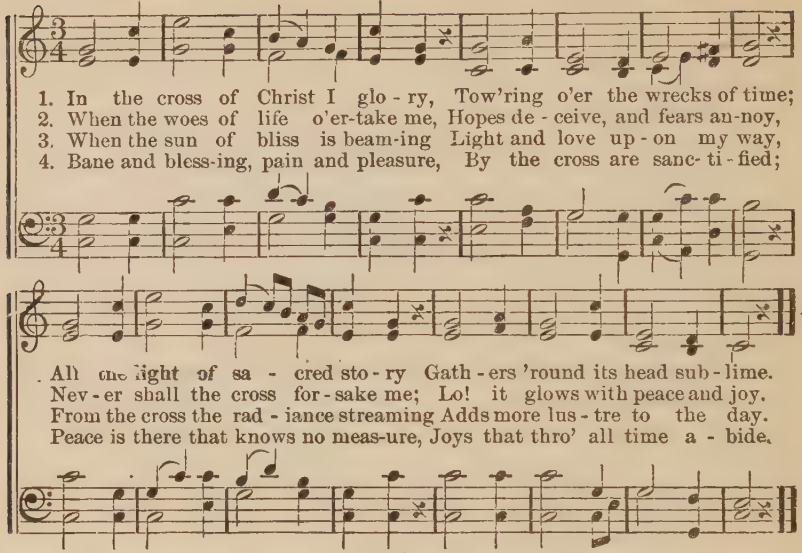
3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eyes diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

4 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne, [own.
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my

C. WESLEY.

209 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. Bowring. Tune, Rathbun. 8, 7.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc- ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the rad - iance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

210 Take Me as I Am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me, I must die:
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

Refrain.

Take me as I am,
Take me as I am,
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove,
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!

211 Precious Presence of Jesus.

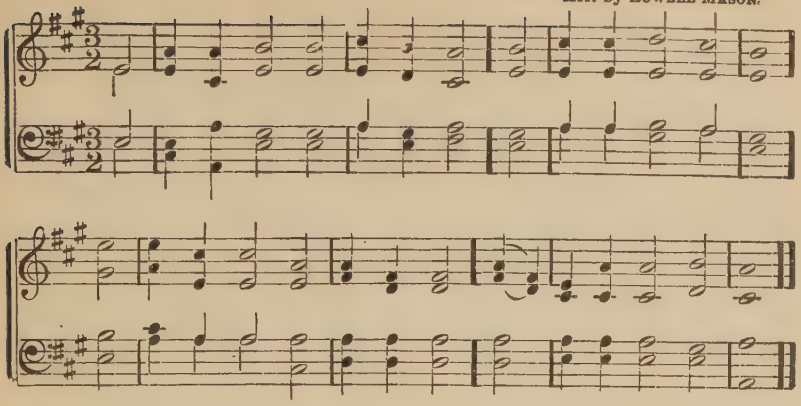
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter then music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear.
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

Azmon.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



212 O for a Closer Walk.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

213 How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

214 Jesus, the Name.

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

2 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

3 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

215 O for a Faith

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

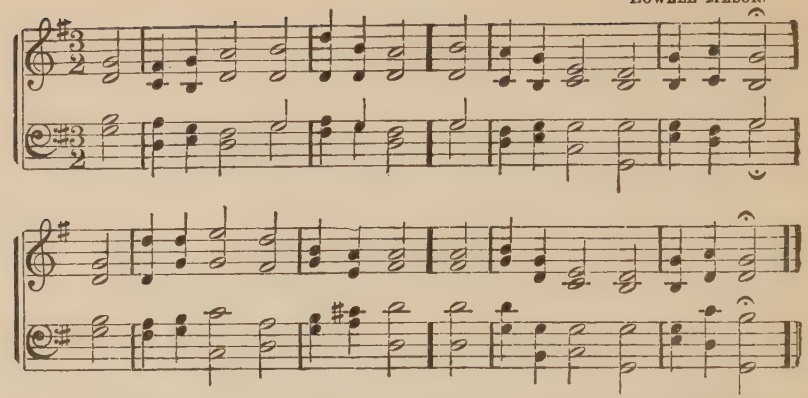
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile:
That seas of trouble cannot drown
Nor Satan's arts beguile

Rockingham.

LOWELL MASON.



216 Delights of the Sabbath.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King;
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

217 Invitation.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
Oh, let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

218 Of Him who did Salvation bring.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood:
He closed His eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

219 While Life Prolongs.

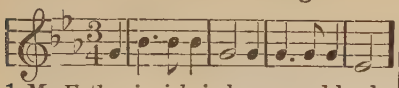
1 While life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

220 The Child of a King.



1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in
His hands! [gold,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and
His coffers are full,—He has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus, my Savior,
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Savior of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest
of them;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by
and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's writ-
ten down,—
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over
there! [sing:
Though exiled from home, yet still I may
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

221 I Believe Jesus Saves.

TUNE.—SWEET BY AND BY. Key of G.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest, [snow.
To be washed and made whiter than

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves, [snow;
And His blood washes whiter than
I believe Jesus saves, [snow.
And His blood washes whiter than

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore, [snow.
To be washed and made whiter than

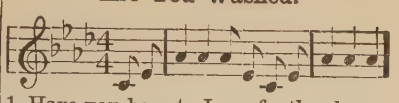
3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call, [snow.
Till His blood washes whiter than

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth fully atone, [snow.
I am washed and made whiter than

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above;
I am washed and made whiter than
snow.

WM. MCDONALD.

222 Are You Washed?



1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleans-
ing power? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you fully trusting in His grace this
hour? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the
Lamb? [white as snow?
Are your garments spotless? are they
Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's
side? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Do you rest each moment in the Cruci-
fied? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will
your robes be white, [Lamb?
Pure and white in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the mansions
bright? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

223 Only Trust Him.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save yo
He will save you now.

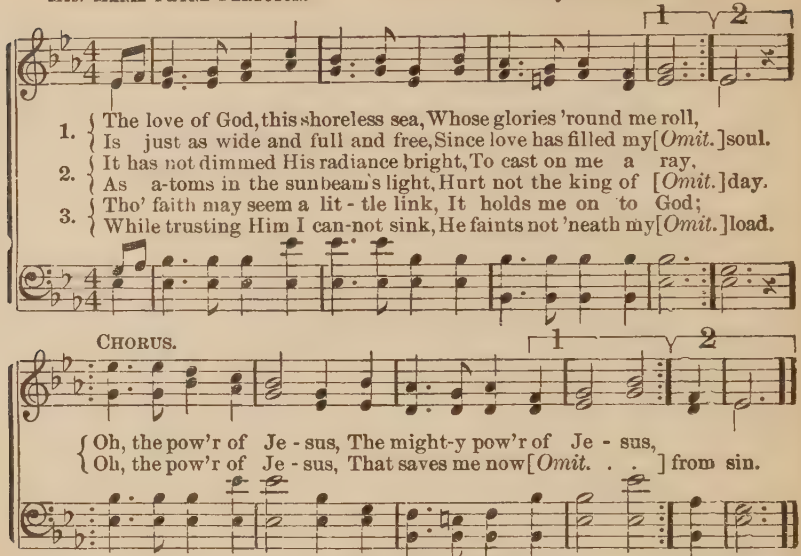
2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way.
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

224 Oh, the Power of Jesus.

Mrs. Manie Payne Ferguson. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1 2
1. The love of God, this shoreless sea, Whose glories 'round me roll,
Is just as wide and full and free, Since love has filled my [Omit.] soul.
2. It has not dimmed His radiance bright, To cast on me a ray,
As a-toms in the sunbeam's light, Hurt not the king of [Omit.] day.
3. Tho' faith may seem a lit - tle link, It holds me on to God;
While trusting Him I can-not sink, He faints not 'neath my [Omit.] load.
Chorus.
1 2
Oh, the pow'r of Je - sus, The might-y pow'r of Je - sus,
Oh, the pow'r of Je - sus, That saves me now [Omit. . .] from sin.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Without a fear, my all I leave,
On this foundation great;
And dread not that the rock will give,
Beneath my little weight.

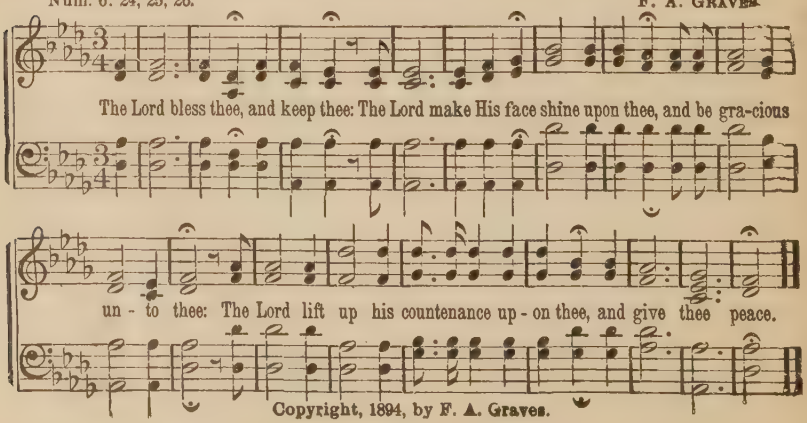
5 No doubts nor fears this heart shall [grieve,]
Beneath the cleansing blood;
I know, I know whom I believe,
And trust the mighty God.

Also sing to above tune, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," with the following chorus:

Chorus. { *Oh, the blood of Jesus, The precious blood of Jesus.*
Oh, the blood of Jesus, It cleanses from all sin. }

225 The Lord Bless Thee.

Num. 6: 24, 25, 26. F. A. Graves.


The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gra-cious
un - to thee: The Lord lift up his countenance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

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Those marked with a * will be found in No. 2.

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He took my place	166*
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Those marked with a * will be found in No. 2.

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Those marked with a * will be found in No. 2.

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Those marked with a * will be found in No. 2.

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Those marked with a * will be found in No. 2.

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Those marked with a * will be found in No. 2.

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Those marked with a * will be found in No. 2.

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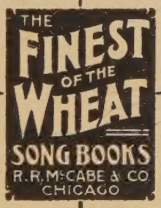

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